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SEPTEMBER 2000!

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WORLD PHOTO EXCLUSIVE. P. 140

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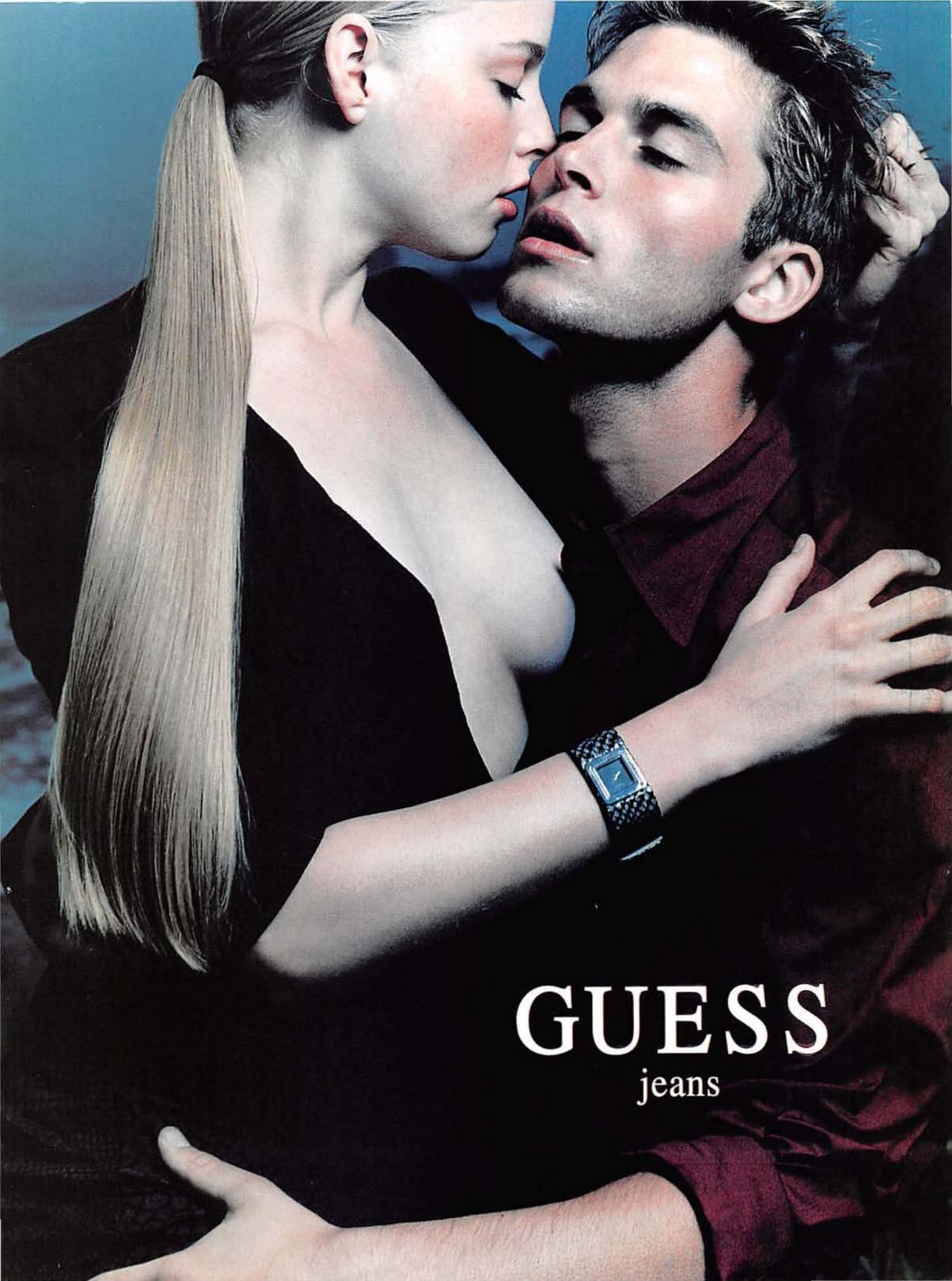
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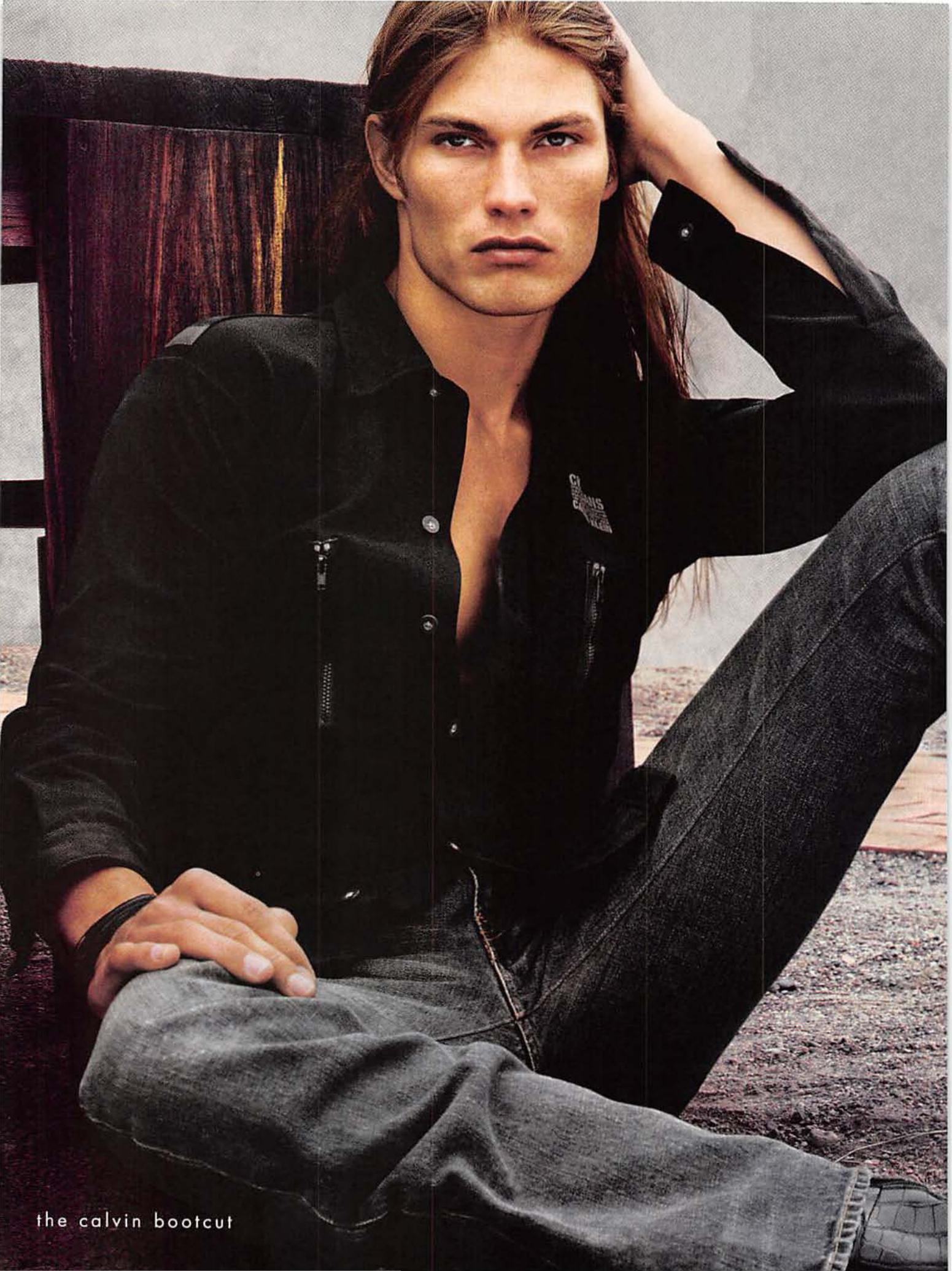
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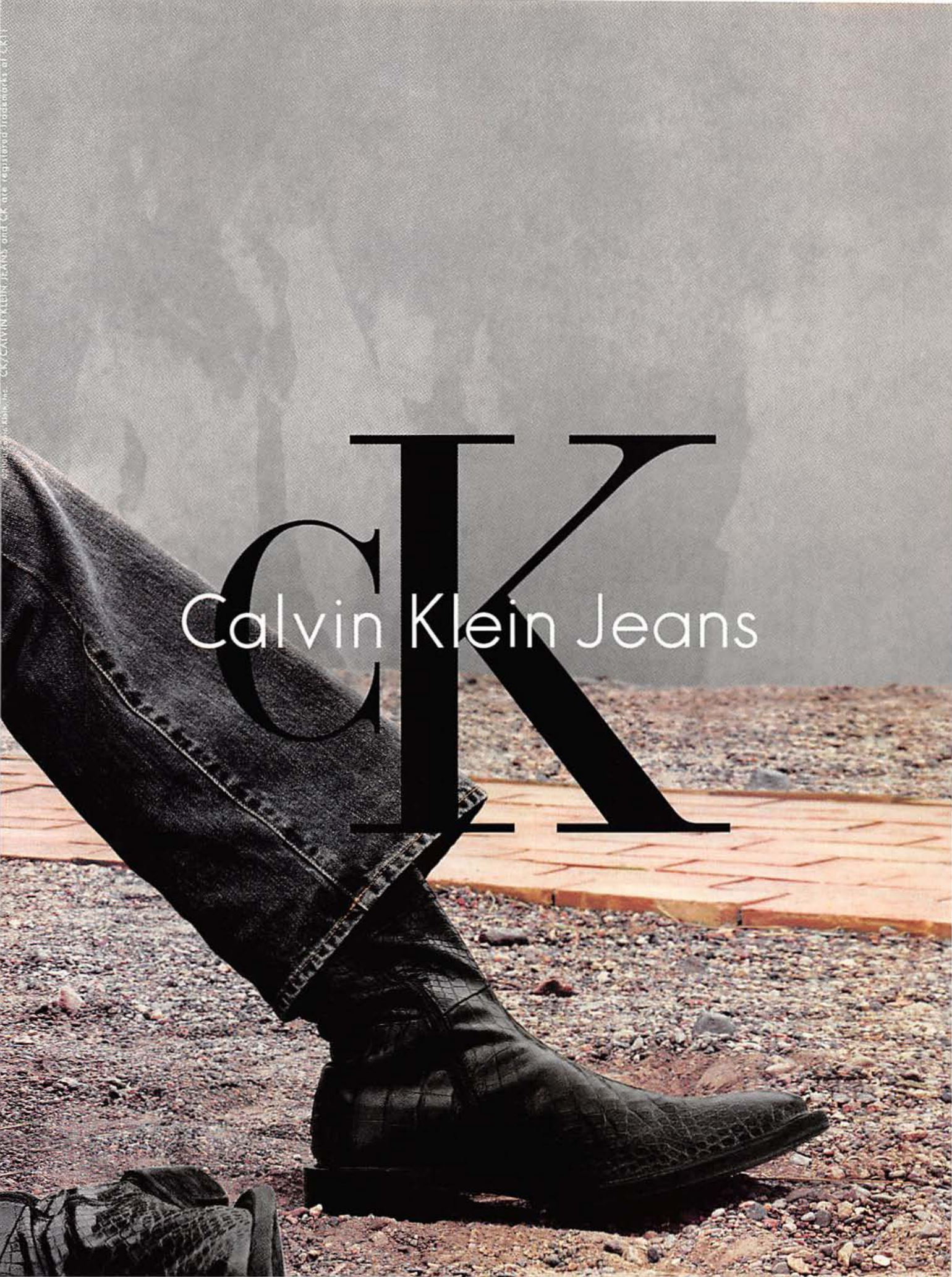

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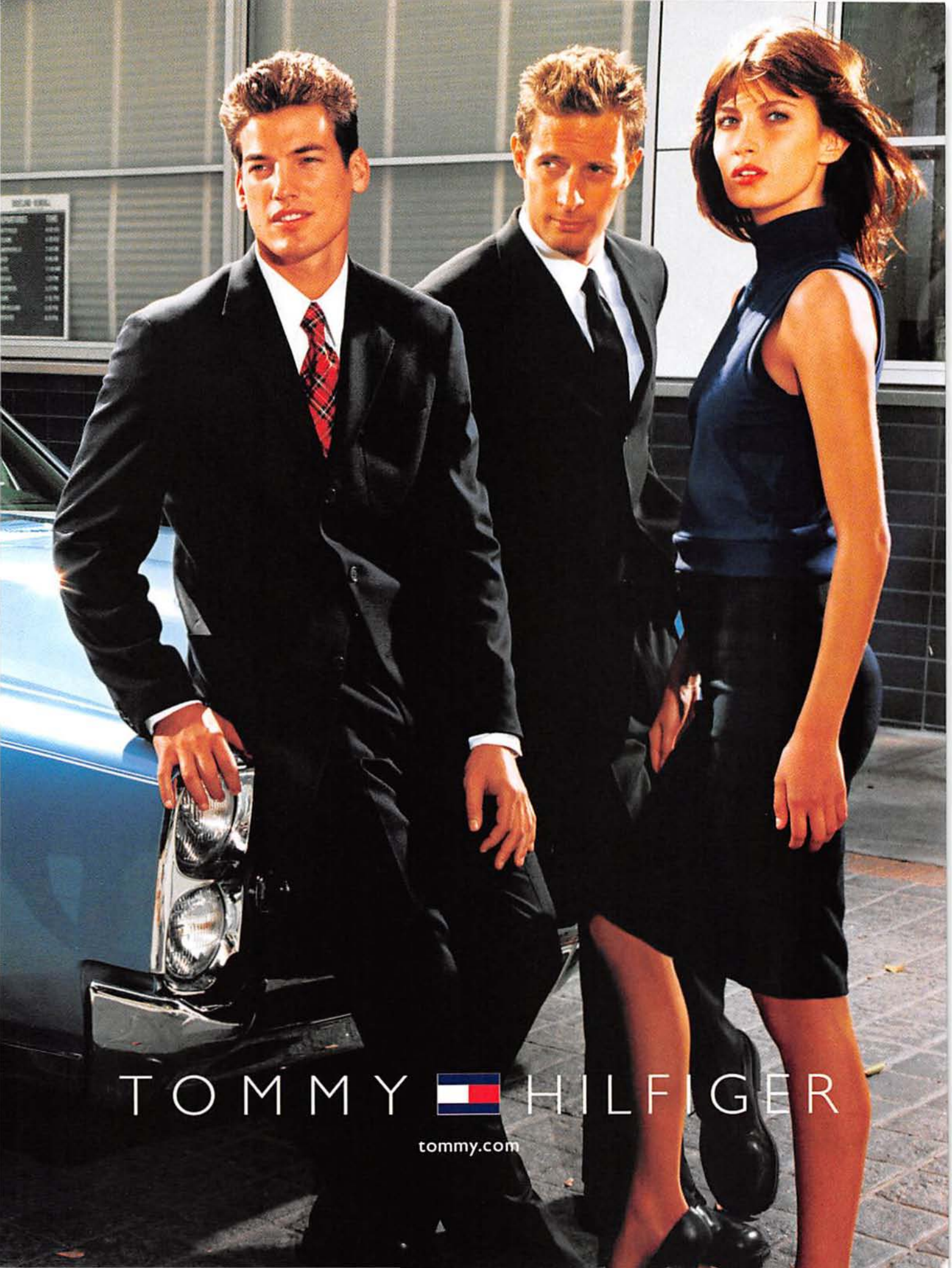
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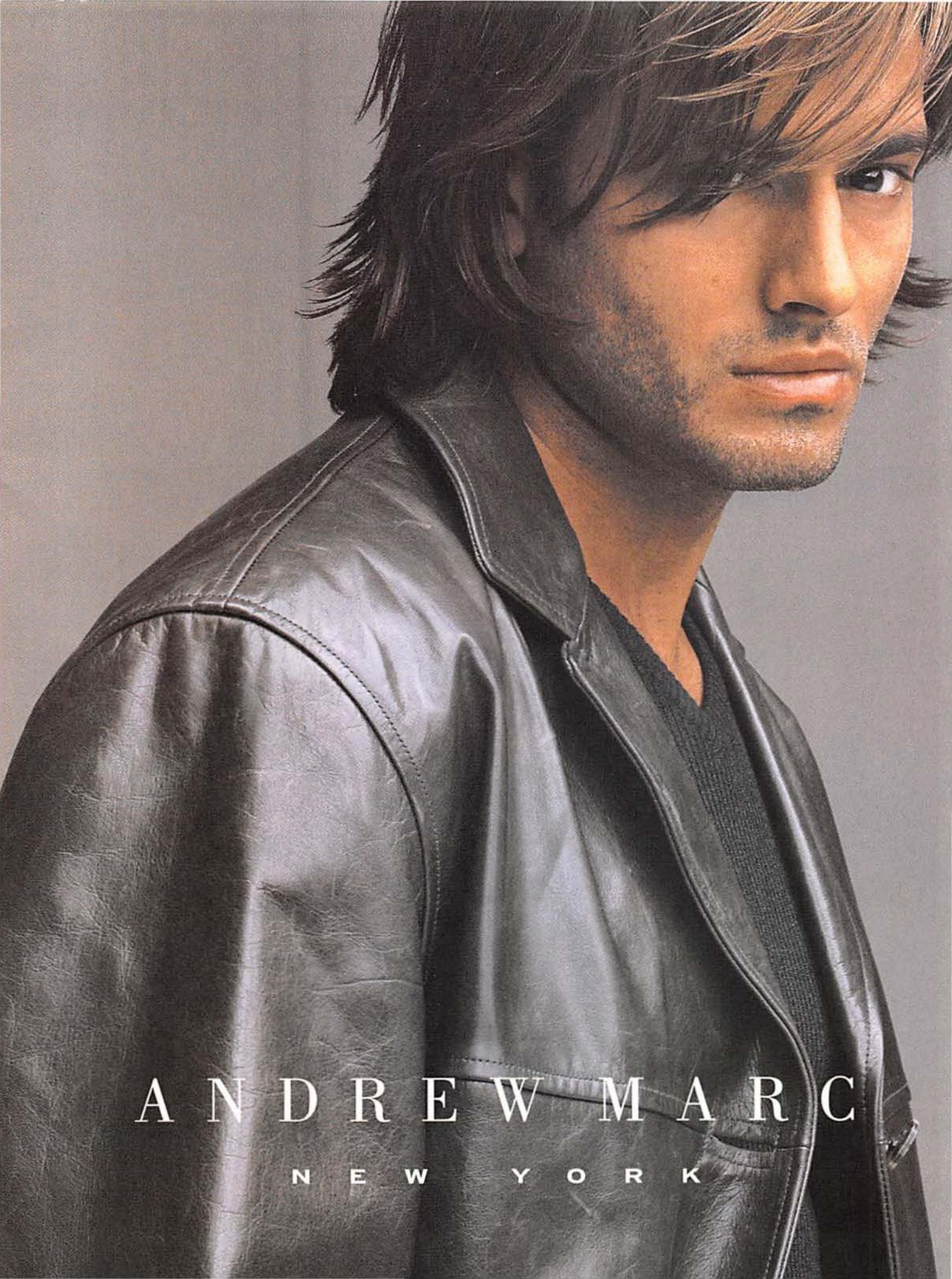
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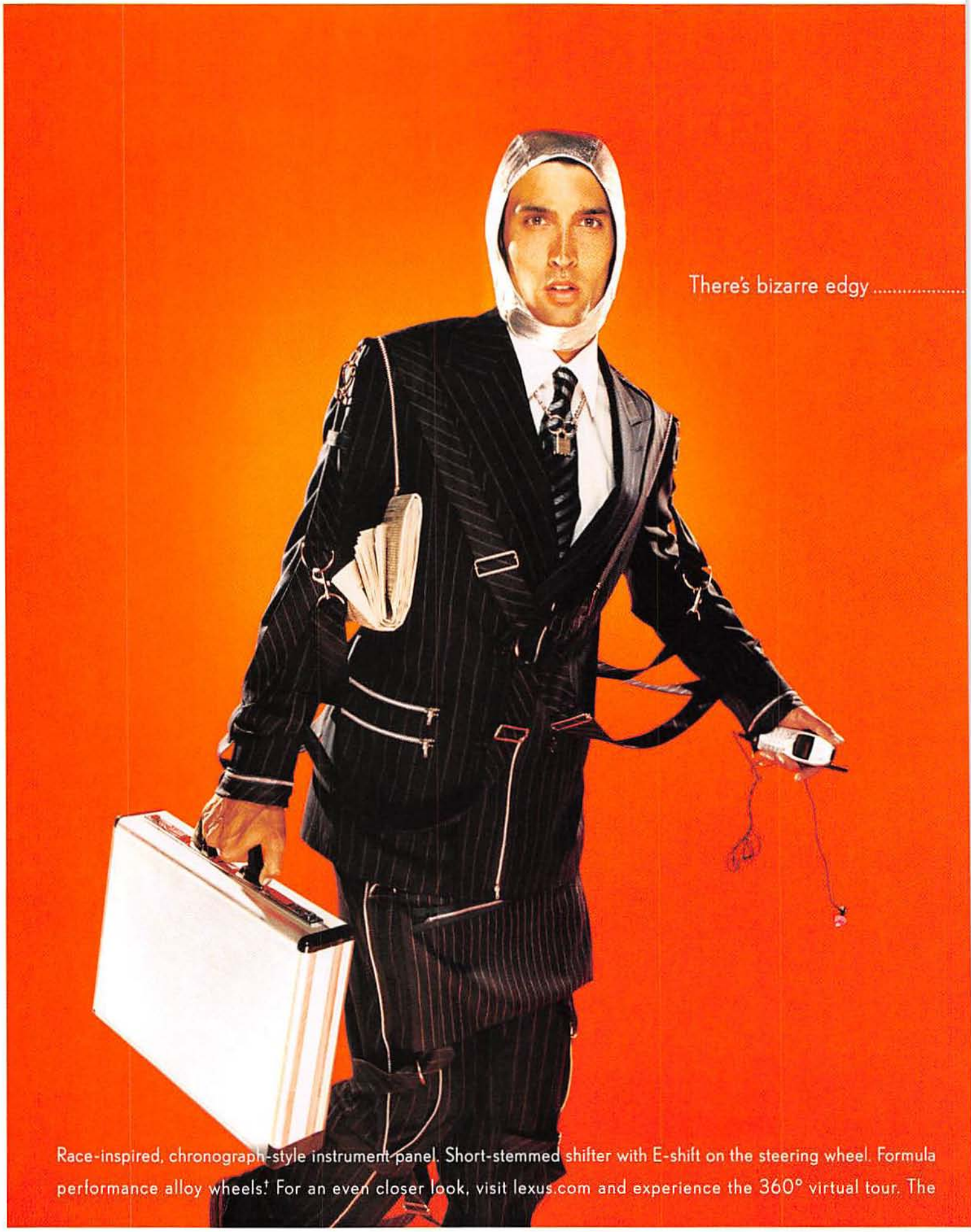
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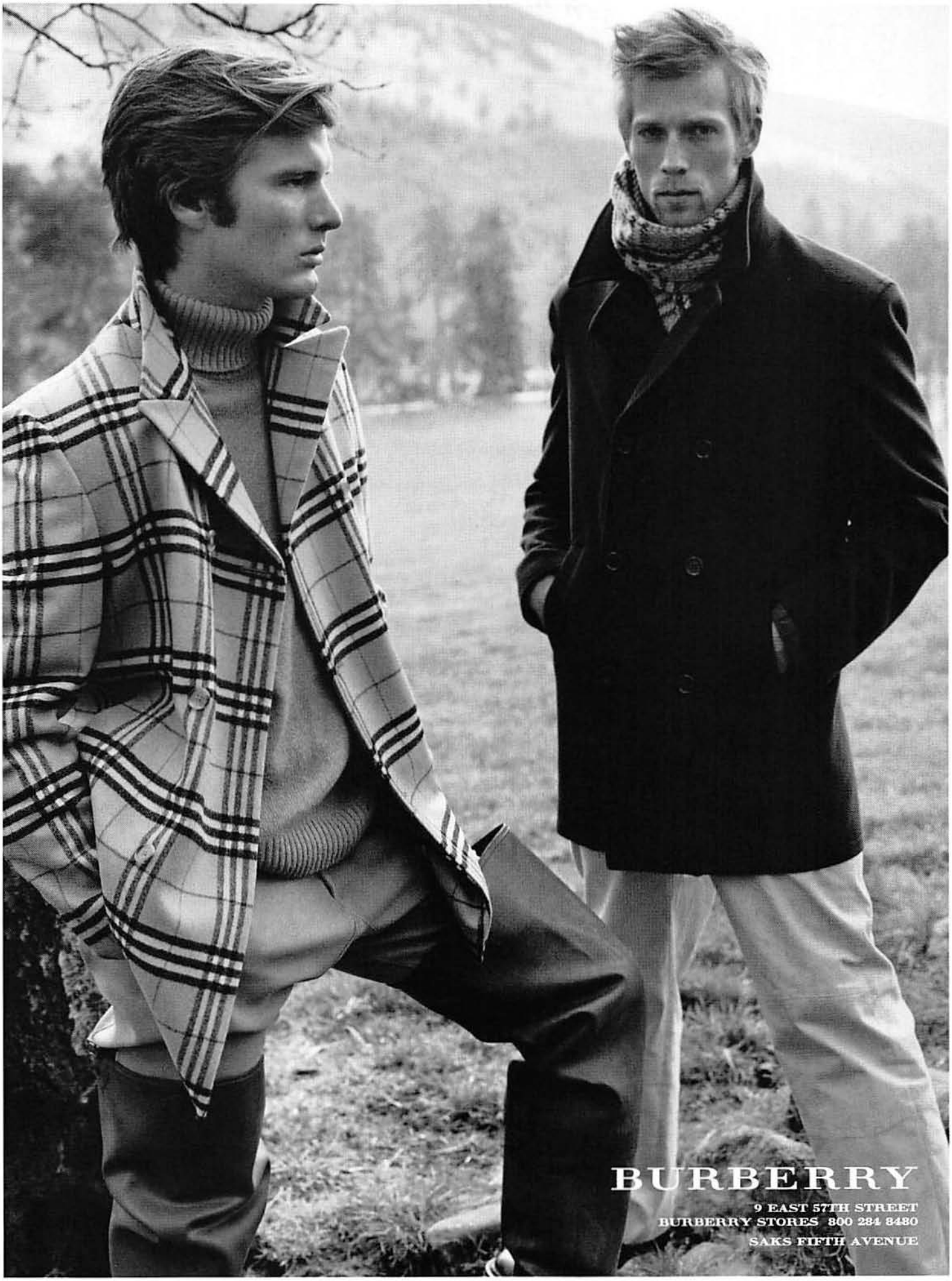
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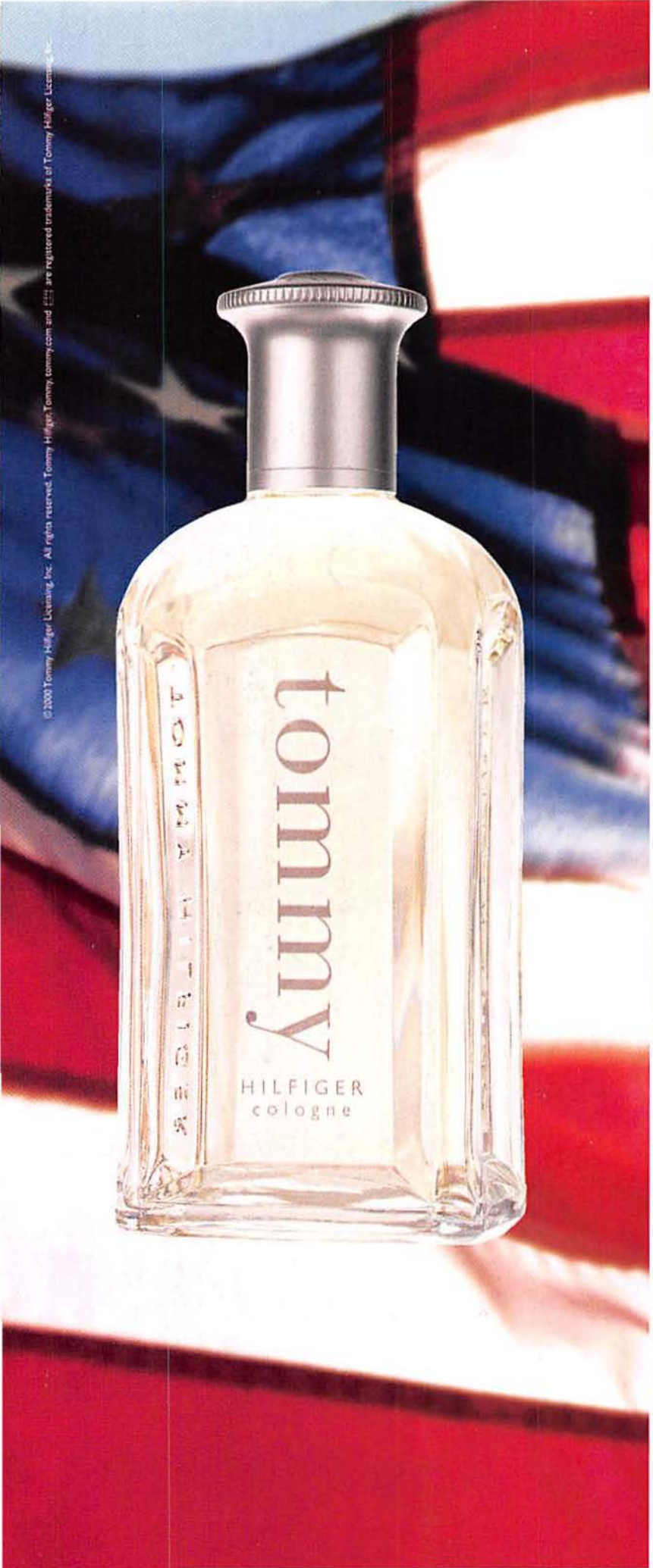

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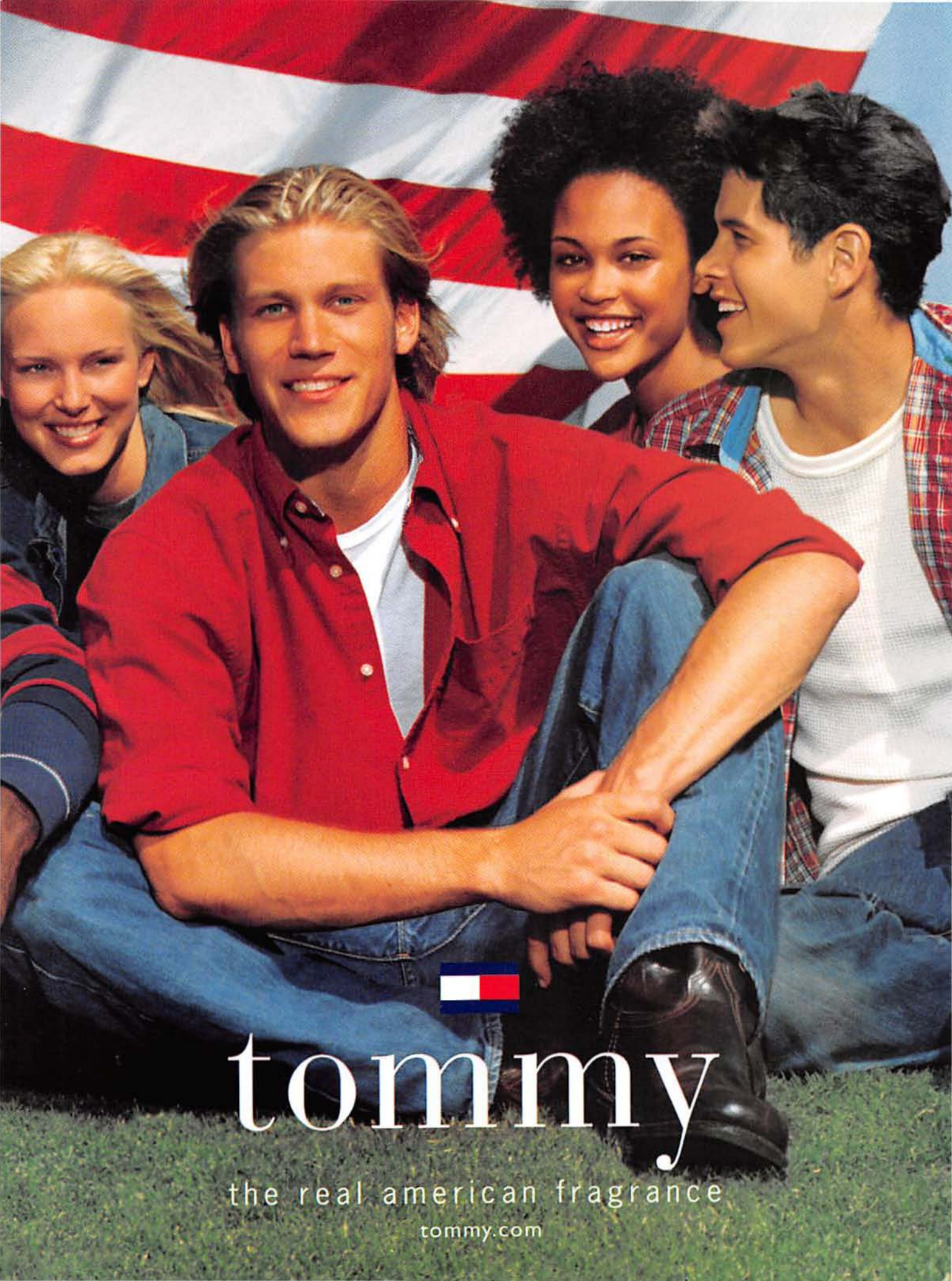
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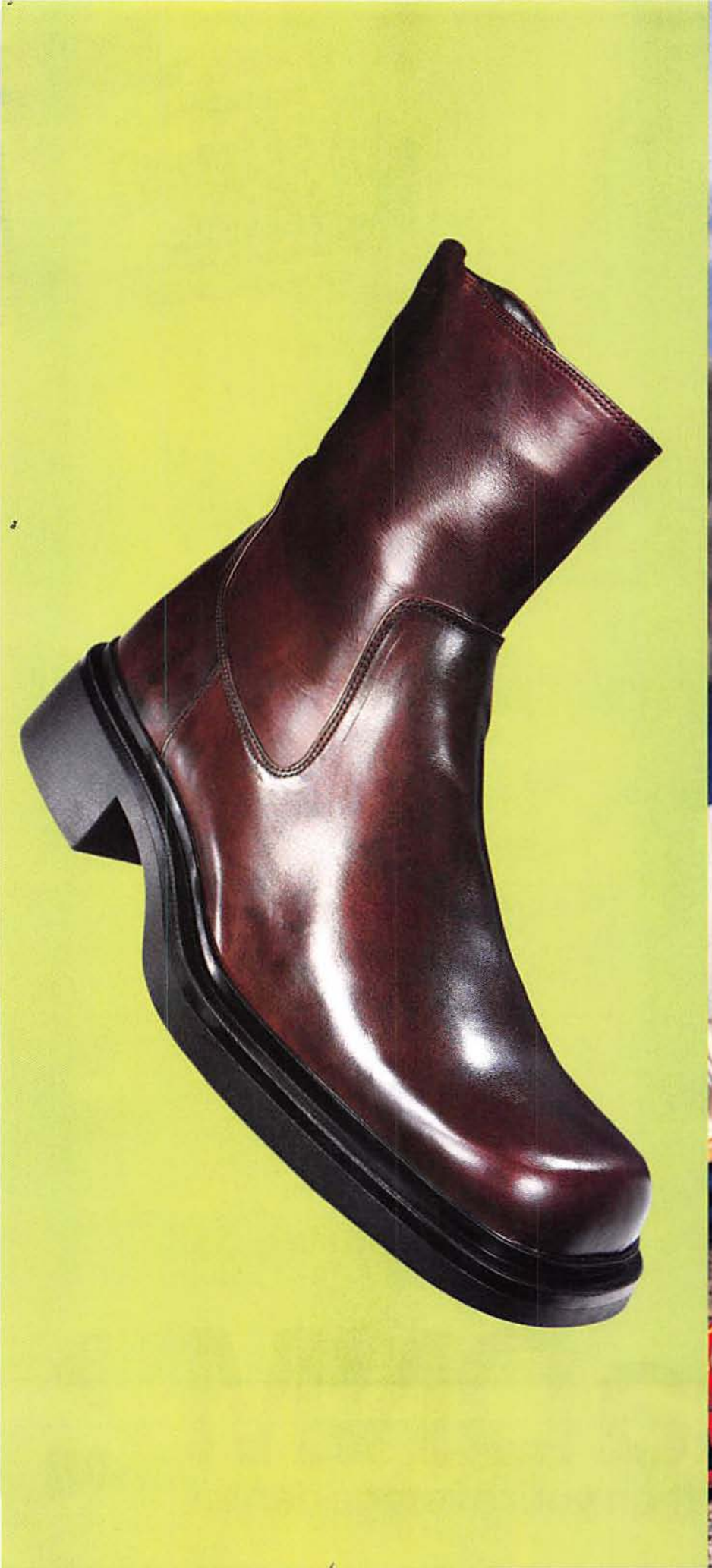

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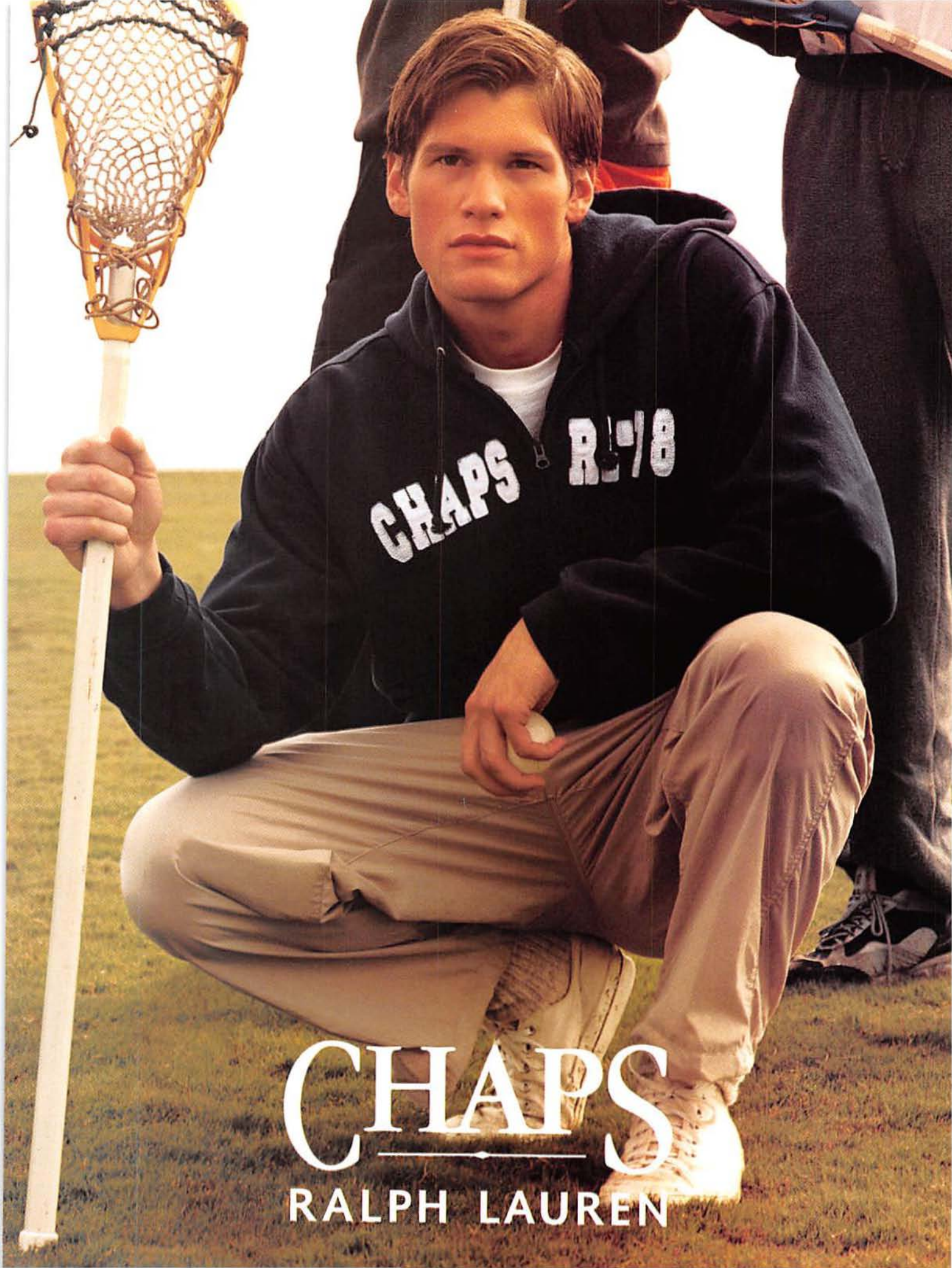
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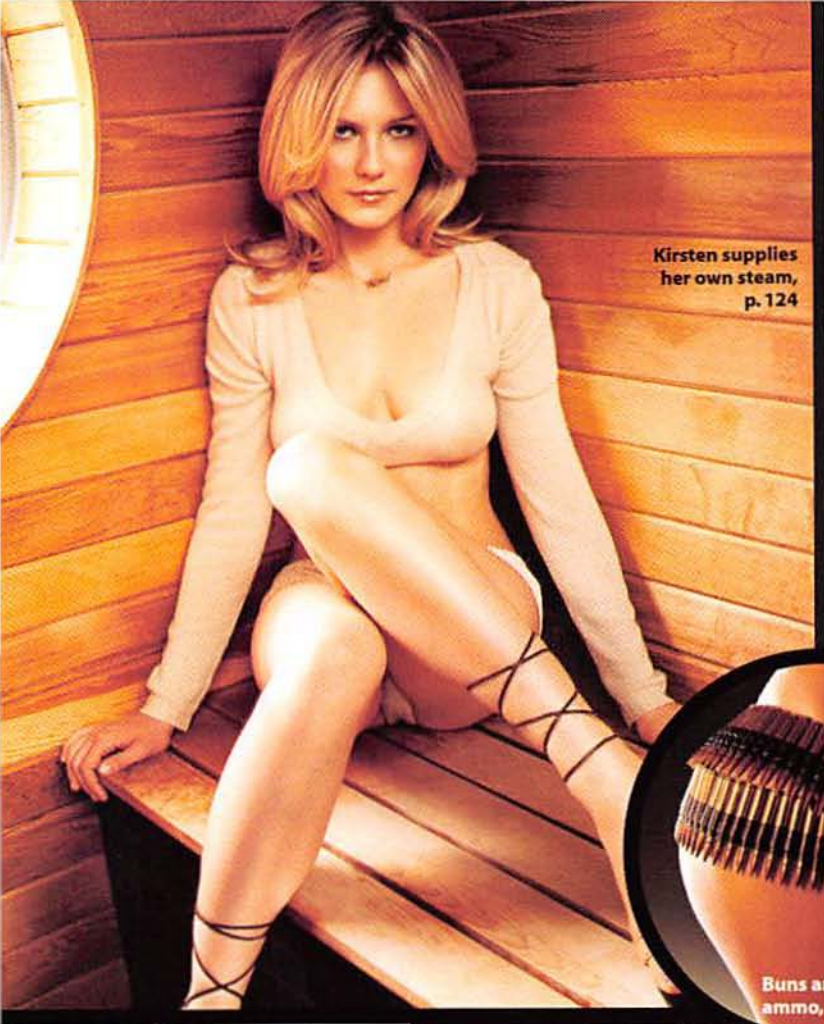
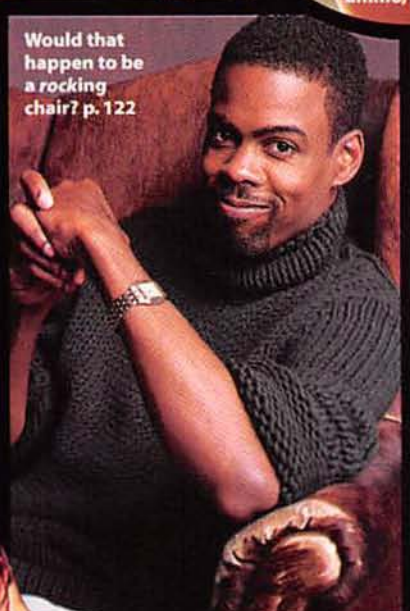

Kirsten supplies her own steam, p. 124

Buns and ammo, p. 154

You medaling kids, p. 132


Would that happen to be a *rocking* chair? p. 122

Our candidate tables another important issue, p. 152

"Dad! You're embarrassing us!" p. 162

SEPTEMBER 2000

MAXIM

FEATURES

WE WANT ANSWERS!

122 CHRIS ROCK

Chris Rock is on a killing spree! Sort of. Check out what America's most badass comedian has to say about hit men, sex, race, and his latest flicks—*Nurse Betty* and *Down to Earth*.

COVER GIRL

124 KIRSTEN DUNST

She got her start as an 11-year-old bloodsucking ghoul in *Interview With the Vampire*. Now, with *Virgin Suicides* and this month's *Bring It On*, Kirsten's one of Hollywood's fastest-growing stars. And no former-child-star crime spree yet!

ATHLETIC SUPPORTERS

132 MAXIM SAVES THE OLYMPICS!

NBC will be airing 441 hours of Olympic competition this month. Here's how to cut through the yawn-inducing crap and focus on the best of the Games—from jocks who crack under pressure to heads that crack like eggs.

SPECIAL BONUS: GIRLS OF SUMMER

140 THE GOLD STANDARD

Sure, we're sports fans. But let's face it: The Olympics are also about checking out the most fine-tuned female bodies on the planet. So we got eight top athletes to drop their training routines and slip into some sexy getups for our photographers. Let the Games begin!

ANDRIJ FOR PRESIDENT

152 HAIL TO THE VEEP!

Last month our presidential candidate—Andrij Witiuk—launched his campaign to take Washington. Now he's got a running mate—*The In Crowd*'s sexy Susan Ward.

BURY THE HATCHET

154 THE ART OF WAR

So you want to win an argument with your girlfriend? Just *once*!?! We grilled every relationship expert we could find to put together this step-by-step guide to winning the battle of the sexes! Spine not included.

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY

162 PAY DIRT

Wanna know how your paycheck stacks up against that of an NFL lineman? A cab driver? The president of the United States? Hey, don't blame us, we just work here.

ISLAND PARADISE

172 GARCELLE BEAUVAIS

This hottie-from-Haiti is the *real* reason to watch *The Jamie Foxx Show*.

Fowl play! p. 132

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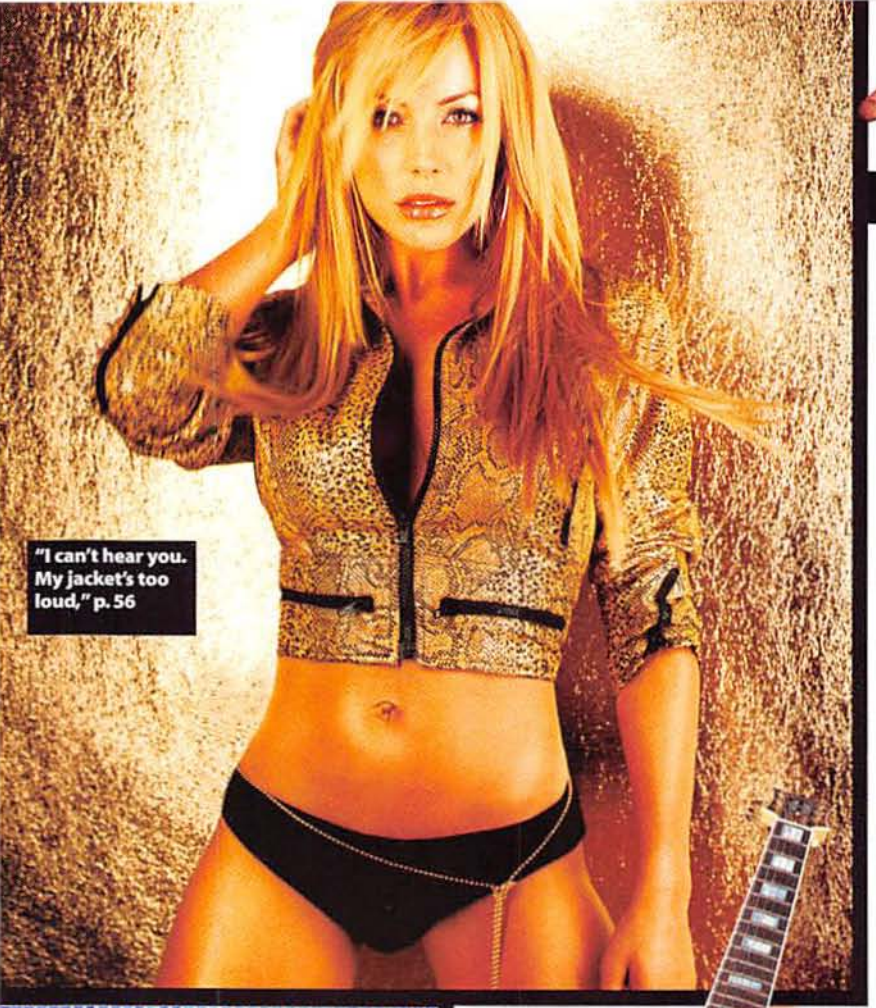

"I can't hear you. My jacket's too loud," p. 56

"Eileen? No. Why do you ask?" p. 114

Letters from Leos, p. 58

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42 LETTERS
Viagra pranks? Missing nipples? Watermelons stuffed with dynamite? Yup, it's another month in the *Maxim* mailroom.

50 JOKES
What the hell's so damn funny? You are!

54 CIRCUS MAXIMUS
Nasal douche, the summer's sketchiest roller coasters, the NRA restaurant, and more!

80 HOW TO
Fight a duel, get into any ball game, pick a nympho out of a crowd, screw with telemarketers, and score at a funeral ("Hey, come here often?").

EYEWITNESS
88 BLAZING SANDALS!
What happens when you throw thousands of drugged-up freaks in a field, turn up the tunes, then set the place on fire? EMT Pete Magnani remembers Woodstock '99.

SAYS HER
96 PLAY HER LIKE A FIDDLE!
So you wanna hold on to your girlfriend, but you're not ready to get, uh, you know...hitched? Our female reporter tells you how to keep her on ice.

BODY SHOP
102 ASK DR. MAXIM
Are you a drunk or just a boozer? Does it matter that your intestines are spilling out? Dr. Maxim answers your health questions.

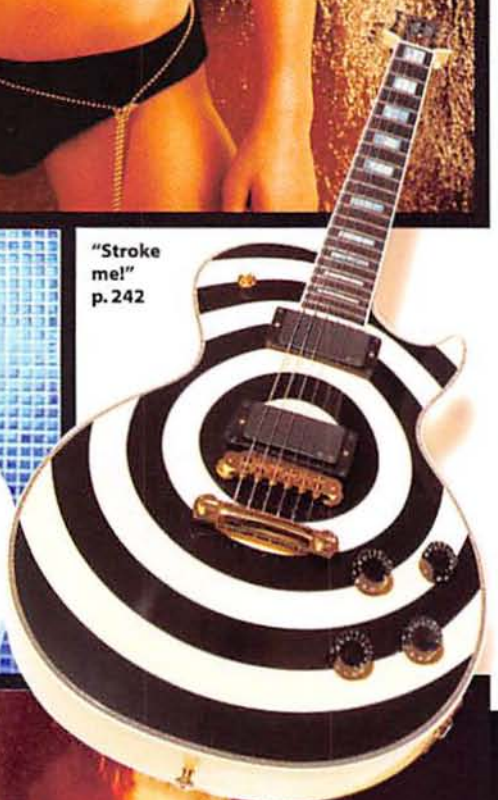
SPORTS
108 WATCH LIKE A PRO!
To get you in shape for football, we got two QBs—Buffalo's Doug Flutie and Tampa Bay's Shaun King—to school you on how to watch a game.

OFF THE GRID
114 MONTREAL EXPOSÉ
All-nude strip clubs! Twenty-four-hour casinos! A very lame baseball team! Our reporter hits the streets to discover the *real* Montreal.

"Why can't my tight end get open?" p. 108

"Stroke me!" p. 242

Recovering the last of the Oscars, p. 102



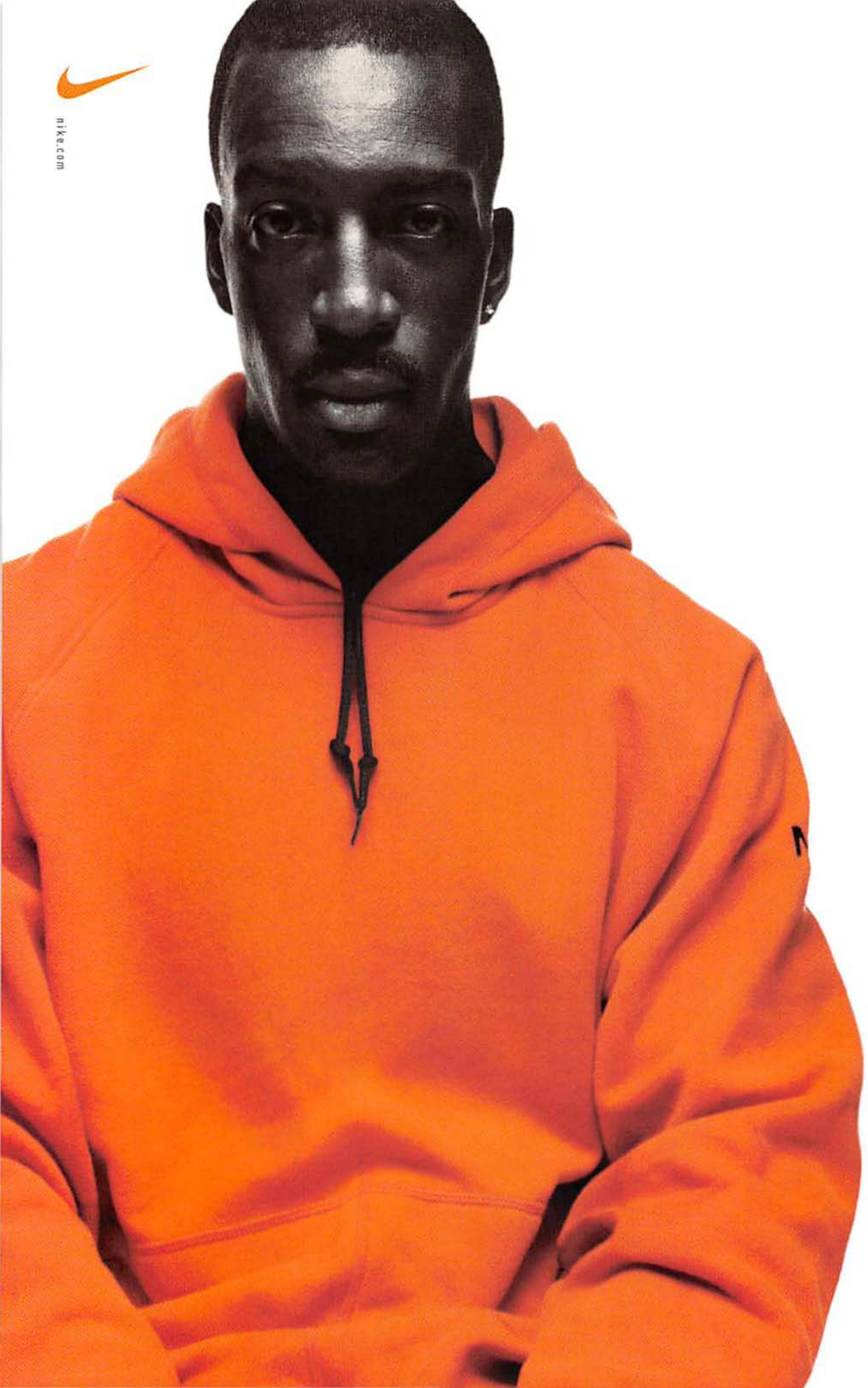
Weenie roast, p. 88

179 MAXIMWEAR
Think fall's all about lumberjack duds and chain saws? Check out these denim jackets, preppy punks, and some cool duds modeled by Formula One speed freak Pedro Diniz. It's our annual fall fashion spectacular!

"We fold," p. 204

221 REVIEWS
Maxim's POV on all the latest: Jennifer Lopez in *The Cell*, FastBall's new CD, flying vids to get you high, and more. We also torture-tested wireless PDAs in a bar, threw together the ultimate amateur film studio, and stroked the planet's hottest axes with guitar guru Steve Vai.

252 WHAT IF...
...dogs ruled the world?



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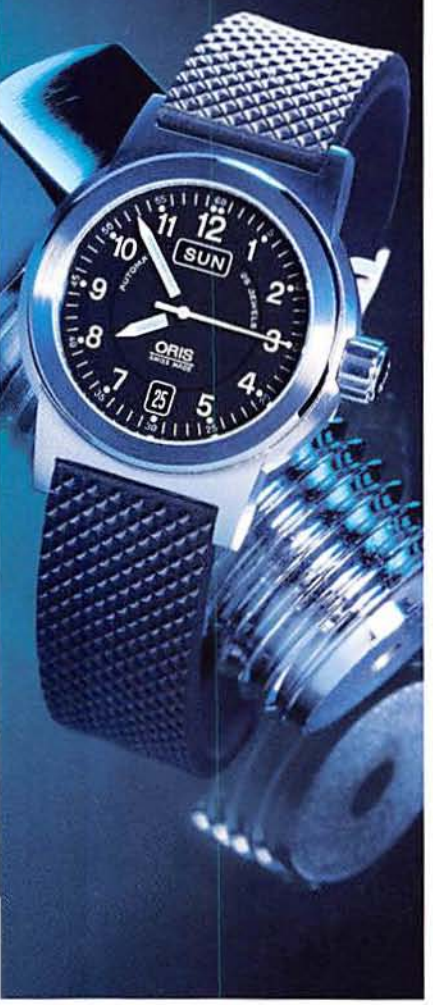

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But editor-in-chief of *Maxim*? Sponging off the talents of the world's best editorial team? Now, that's a job worth thinking about. For the record, I'm not new here: I've actually been at *Maxim* since day one, literally. That was back in 1996, six months before we launched. We had six employees, a few crusts of bread, and just one pair of shoes to share between us. Today your magazine is the number one general-interest men's mag on the planet. On the newsstand our quality editorial (don't miss the great violence-against-hippies joke on page 50) now outsells *GQ*, *Esquire*, *Rolling Stone*, and *Sports Illustrated* combined.

And the fun's just beginning. Watch for the Maxim Online button; wherever you see it, you can log on to www.maximonline.com and get more of the article in question: more pictures, video and audio, interactive games. (It's easy to subscribe there, too, if you don't mind getting your *Maxims* half-price and delivered to your door.)

We're now selling some truly eye-popping books (look for ads here and online), and *Maxim* radio and *Maxim* TV shows are in production. In our spare time we trample local fire codes with celebrity-packed parties, coast to coast: Check out the Web site to find out how you, yes you, can score invites. Hey, maybe this is a bit like being emperor after all. Bring me a chariot full of virgins and an unusual horse...

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Antoine Verglas

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Karen Shapiro

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Oscar Blandi for DeFacto

MAKEUP BY
JoAnne Smith for Profile LA

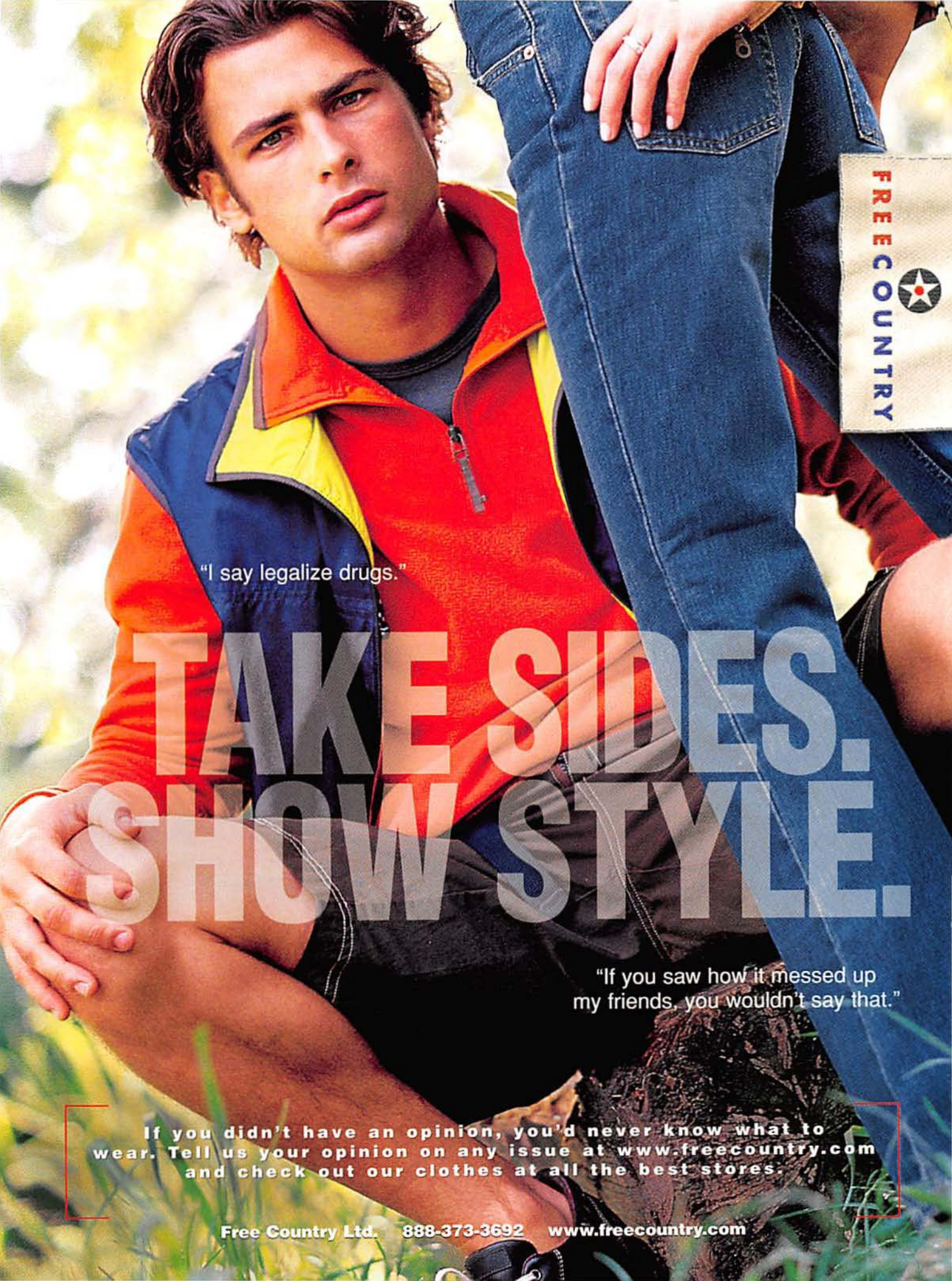
CLOTHING BY
Jean jacket by Chaiken & Capone; "Red Cross" briefs available at Super Red Balls, LA

This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.

Average tenure, in months, of a *Maxim* editor-in-chief	9
Caliber of handgun, in millimeters, pulled on staffers by Ted Nugent	10
Cities in which we photographed Olympic women	3
Margaritas consumed en route	60
Art editors injured in a single indoor soccer game	2
Value, in dollars, of insurance policy on candidate Andrij Witiuk	5,000,000
Weight, in pounds, of people needed to open trunk for fashion shoot	95
Weight, in pounds, of people needed to close it	780
Amount, in Canadian dollars, spent at Montreal strip clubs	1,440
Number of bona fide supermodels who visited *Maxim* offices	3
Number of bona fide supermodels who mistook us for *Vogue*	0
Topless crowd pictures scoured for Woodstock '99 story	35

Photograph, Christian Lantry for Exposure NY; stylist, Karen Shapiro; groomer, Karen Panoch for Artists by NEXT for Timothy Priano; Robert Glasgow (margarita)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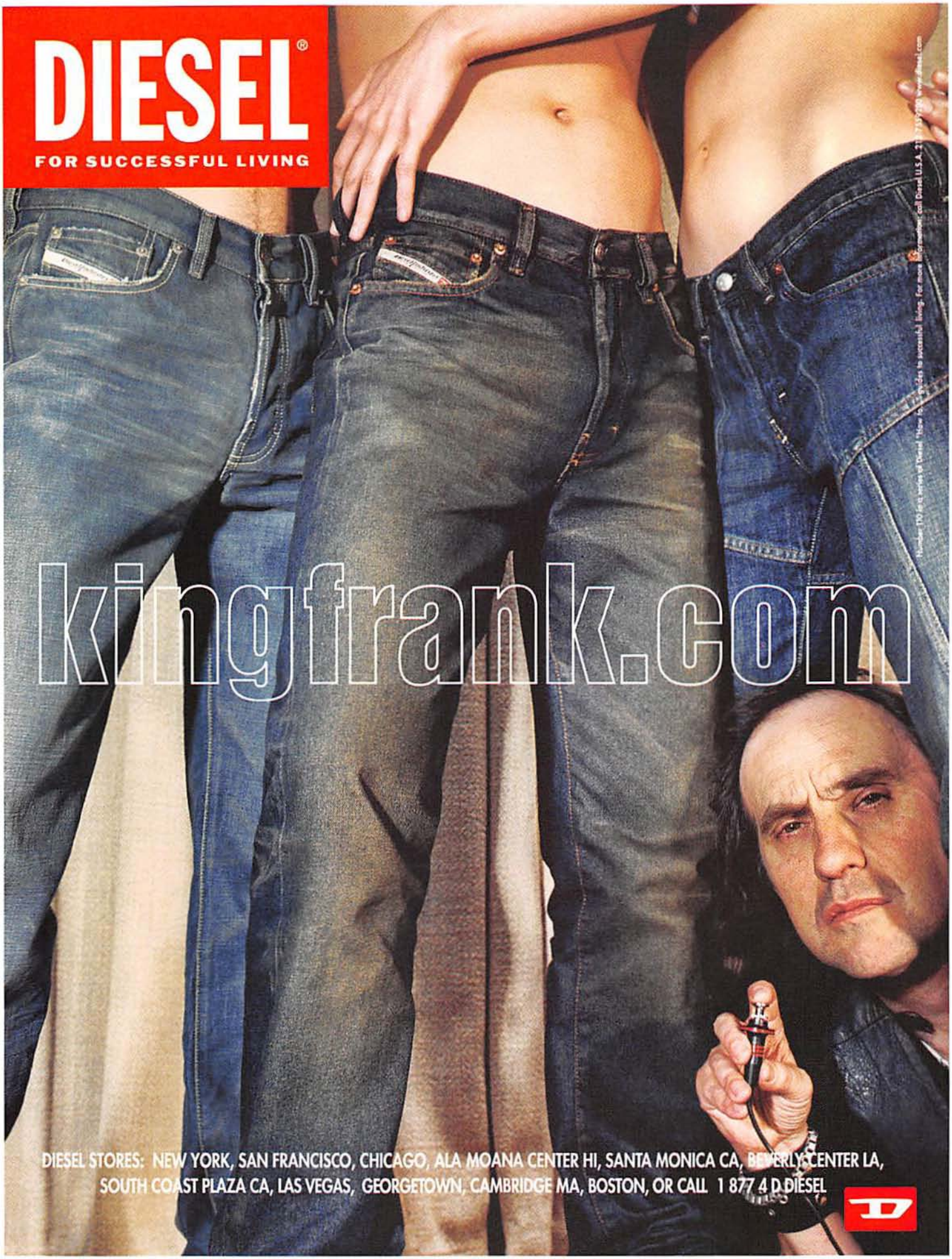
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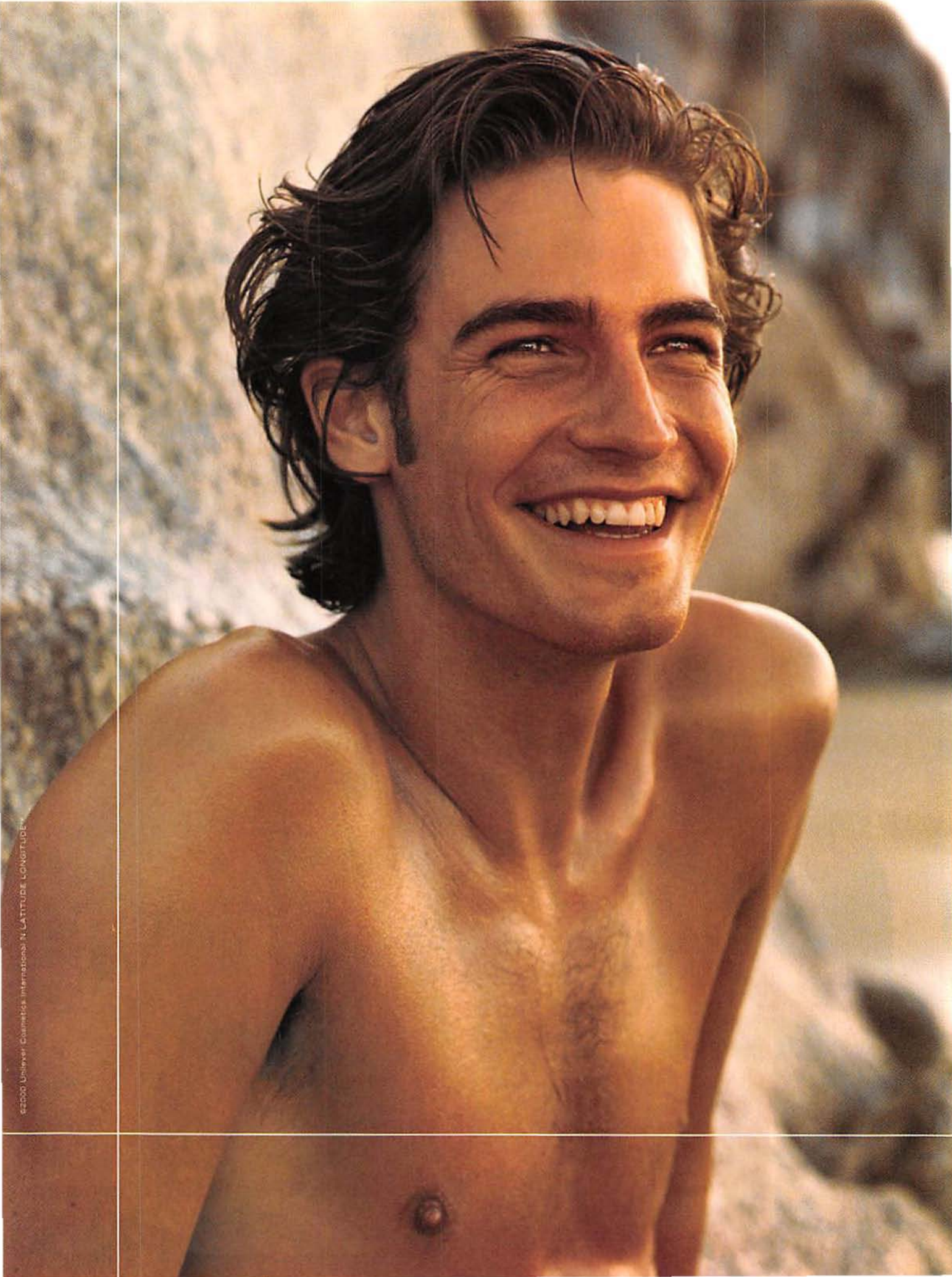
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Sock It to Us!

It's been a real banner month here in the Maxim mailroom. We got a blowup doll, some shoe polish, and a bunch of photos featuring midgets in compromising positions. Oh, and some of you actually wrote us some letters. (Check our info on page 47 if you want to join the conversation.)

The Female Way

Your photographers must be blind! How anyone could look at those three X-Women, who so beautifully adorn the cover of July, and then have the composure to take a picture is beyond me. Halle Berry's longing gaze is enough to make any man tremble. Her "Hottie" shirt says it all.

Rob Timme
Guilford, VT

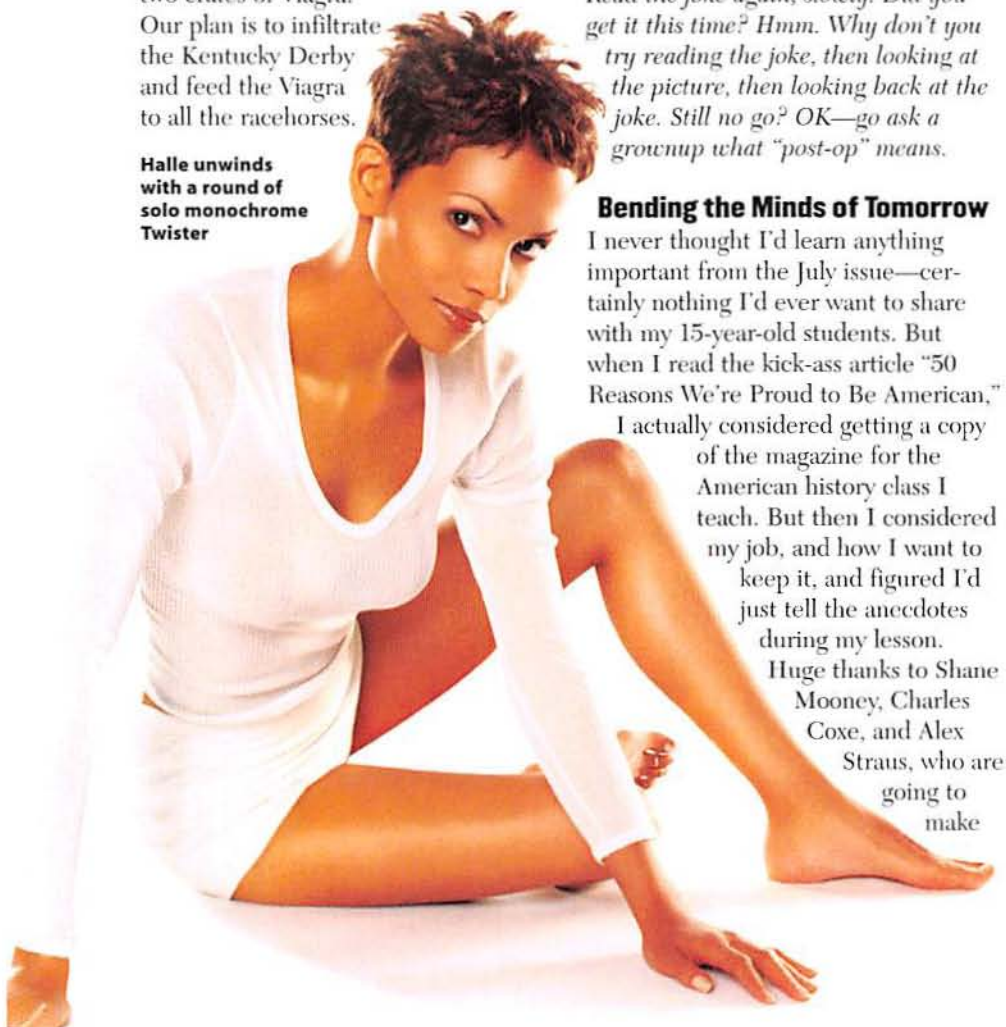
That's exactly why we have a selection of the world's finest eunuch photographers always at the ready.

Five-Legged Race

My associates and I need your help. We've planned the greatest prank of the century and to pull it off we need two crates of Viagra. Our plan is to infiltrate the Kentucky Derby and feed the Viagra to all the racehorses. When they open the gates, the herd of horny horses will all be running with a fifth leg. If nothing else, this should make the Kentucky Derby much more entertaining.

Matt Duffy
Memphis, TN

Funny—we had a similar prank in mind! (Word to the wise: Keep away from the first few rows at Sea World.)



Halle unwinds with a round of solo monochrome Twister

Go, Man-go

I just received the July issue and I was reading "The Sex Olympics!" I'm not gay but I know my fruits. On page 100 the caption reads, "Post-op mangoes" and you have a picture of a cantaloupe!

Roger Arden
Monrovia, CA

Read the joke again, slowly. Did you get it this time? Hmm. Why don't you try reading the joke, then looking at the picture, then looking back at the joke. Still no go? OK—go ask a grownup what "post-op" means.

Bending the Minds of Tomorrow

I never thought I'd learn anything important from the July issue—certainly nothing I'd ever want to share with my 15-year-old students. But when I read the kick-ass article "50 Reasons We're Proud to Be American," I actually considered getting a copy of the magazine for the American history class I teach. But then I considered my job, and how I want to keep it, and figured I'd just tell the anecdotes during my lesson. Huge thanks to Shane Mooney, Charles Coxe, and Alex Straus, who are going to make U.S. history a hell of a lot more interesting for high school sophomores.

Nimita Patel
Edison, NJ

The last time those guys tried to make high school more interesting, they were issued matching furlough bracelets. Sure held up the editorial process.

PUT ME IN MAXIM!
TITS • DORKS • GEERS • RATCHETS • CLOVES
BUXOM
FOR STUDENTS
HOW TO GET WITH CHICKS
Advice from guys who have actually had sex before
I CUT MY DINK IN HALF
The biggest adrenaline rush of your life (it's worth it!)
PLUS!
Dorkus Maximus
How To
THE IDEAL GIRL
NO SASS. NICE ASS
Why Are Women So Evil, Anyway?
Lower Level SUB

Press Charges

Buxom is the year-end spoof issue of the University of Alberta newspaper. Parodying *Maxim* was actually pretty difficult, because the magazine is already so tongue in cheek. But it was snapped off the racks quicker than anything we put out all year.

Dan Lazin
Edmonton, Alberta

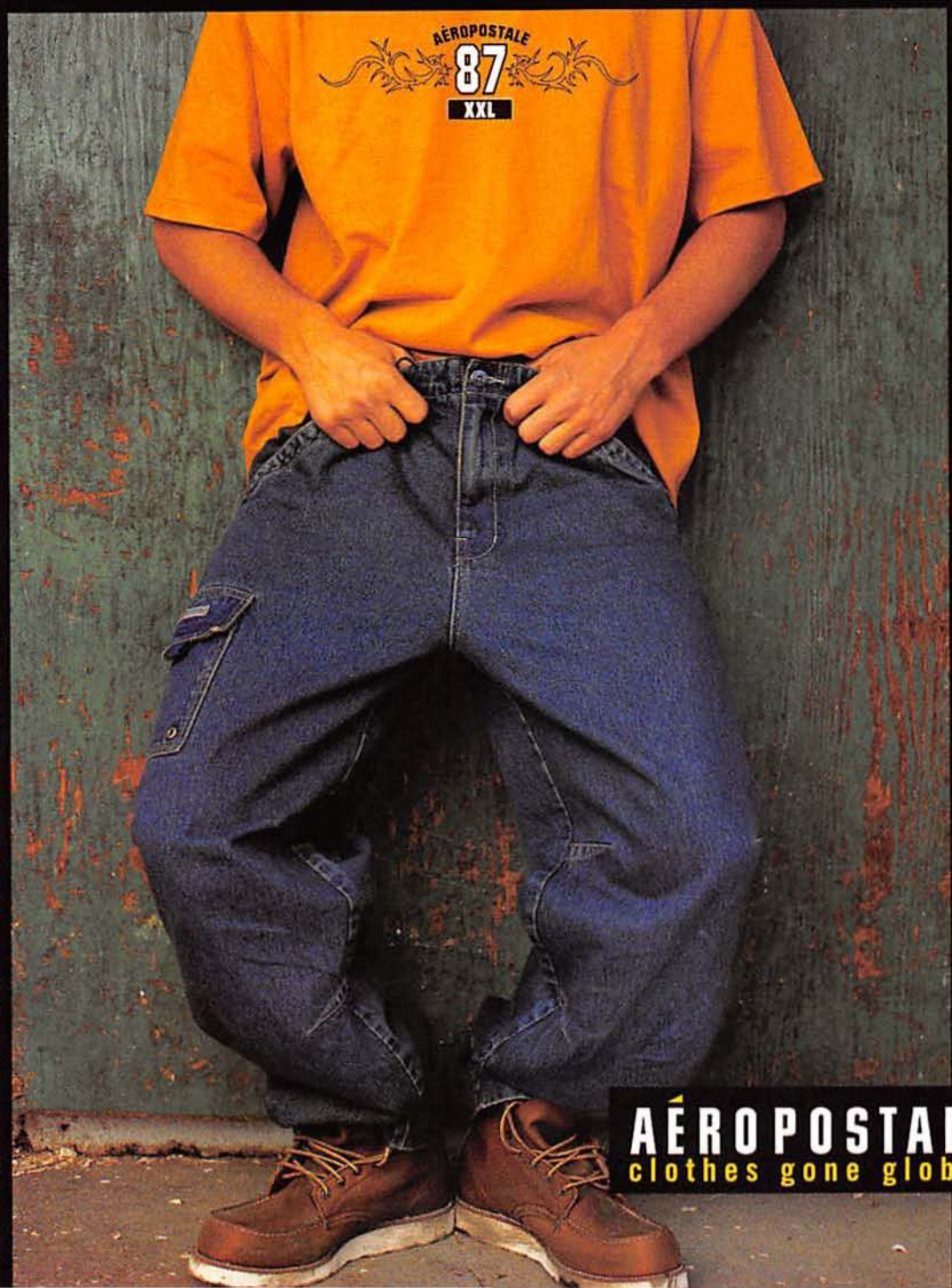
When we called, Dan almost wet himself: "I thought you were going to sue for copyright infringement." We gave him a job instead. See page 236.

Efficiency Expert

Do you think you could make your magazine a little shorter? It's not that I don't like the content, but I'm one of these people who have to read the magazine from cover to cover. I'm sure you understand.

Chris Reilly
Alexandria, VA

Wait a minute—you actually read *this magazine? Is it any good?*



KNIGHT IN SHINING DENIM

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Beat This Caption!

As you read through an issue of *Maxim*, ever get the feeling you could come up with wittier captions for our photos than we do? Prove it. Take a look at the photo of two smoking walruses. Drum up a caption that beats the one we circled and we'll send you a DVD player from JVC. Runners-up win a pair of a.d. one shoes. We'll also frame your caption on this very page in an upcoming issue. E-mail caption@maximmag.com or snail-mail "Beat This Caption!" Dept. 33, P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-9701. All faxes will be used to line the bottom of the intern office.

▲1st Prize: JVC DVD

▶ 2nd: a.d. one shoes

July's Winning Captions

Winner:
"I wonder if she knows I'm not Jewish?"
Scott Crawford, Kennesaw, GA

Runners-up:
"You had me at 'Hello.'"
David Feldhan, Kearny, NJ

Some people will do anything for a ham sandwich.
Samuel Jackson, Norton, VA

Cool Your Rocks

You guys really messed up printing the reader's tip about heating rocks in a fire and then putting them in a pan in your tent to keep warm [Letters, July]. First of all, the pan would get so hot it would melt the tent floor. Second, and most important, you can't just throw rocks in a fire! Rocks usually contain water inside them. What happens when the water gets hot? It boils. What happens if the steam can't escape? It creates a huge amount of pressure and the rock will explode!

John D. Piatkowski
Cattaraugus, NY

"This guy's on crack," says geologist Pete Nimmer of Newburgh, NY. "Maybe one in a million rocks will rupture, but it's not going to be like a grenade. Rocks are poor conductors: The outside gets hot really quickly, while the inside stays the same temperature. When the outside expands, pieces might flake off, but it won't explode." Sorry, John. Hey, look out...Your magazine's about to explode! Watch out for that pen...It looks like it might explode! Hahahahahahaha...

Canadian Beef

Bryan Marchment as the most hated guy in hockey ["All-American Bastards," Sports]? You have now confirmed that you guys are no-good hack idiots. Everyone who has a minor interest in hockey knows that Claude Lemieux is the most hated. Americans know hockey like the French know hygiene. Next time you want to write about hockey, ask a Canadian.

J. David Montegumery
Ancaster, Ontario

Oh, hey, Canada, glad you wrote. Can you people move? We need the parking.

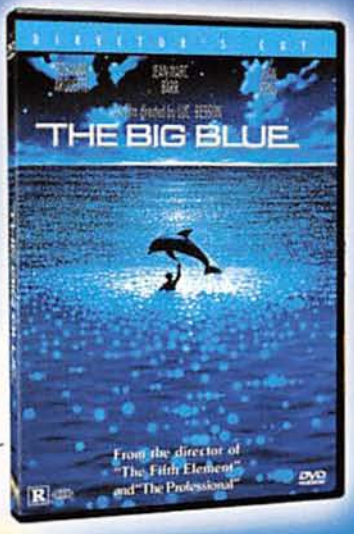
Latitude Adjustment

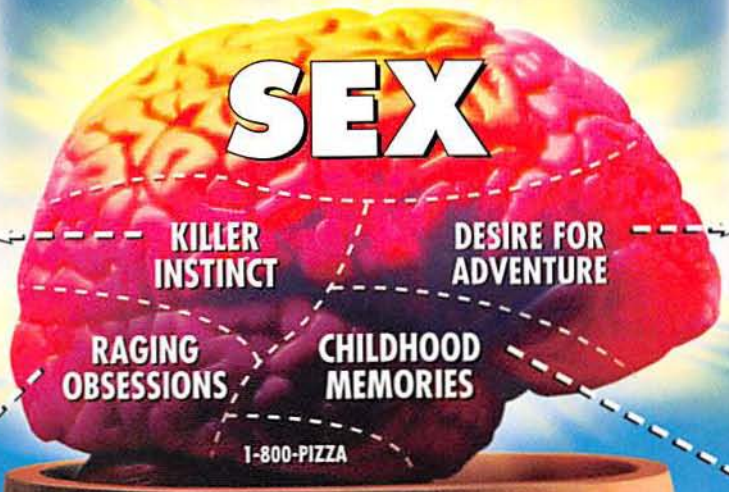
Hey guys, we love your mag up here in Canada, but what's with you guys always ragging on Canadians? This may be a news flash to you but the world doesn't revolve around you. You're always saying you're so good, yet every year the U.N. ranks us higher than you egotistical Americans.

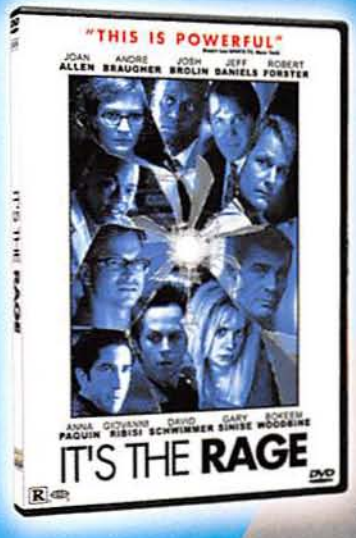
Glenn Amell
Welland, Ontario

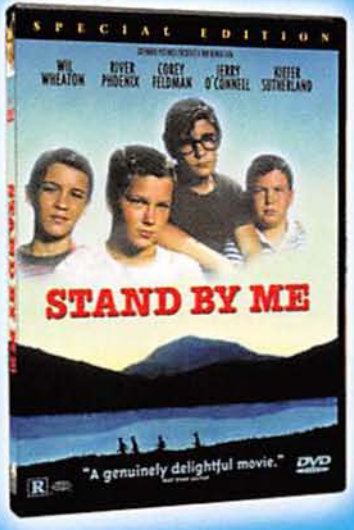
And get the lights on the way out, OK? ▶

SATISFY YOUR OTHER NATURAL URGES.









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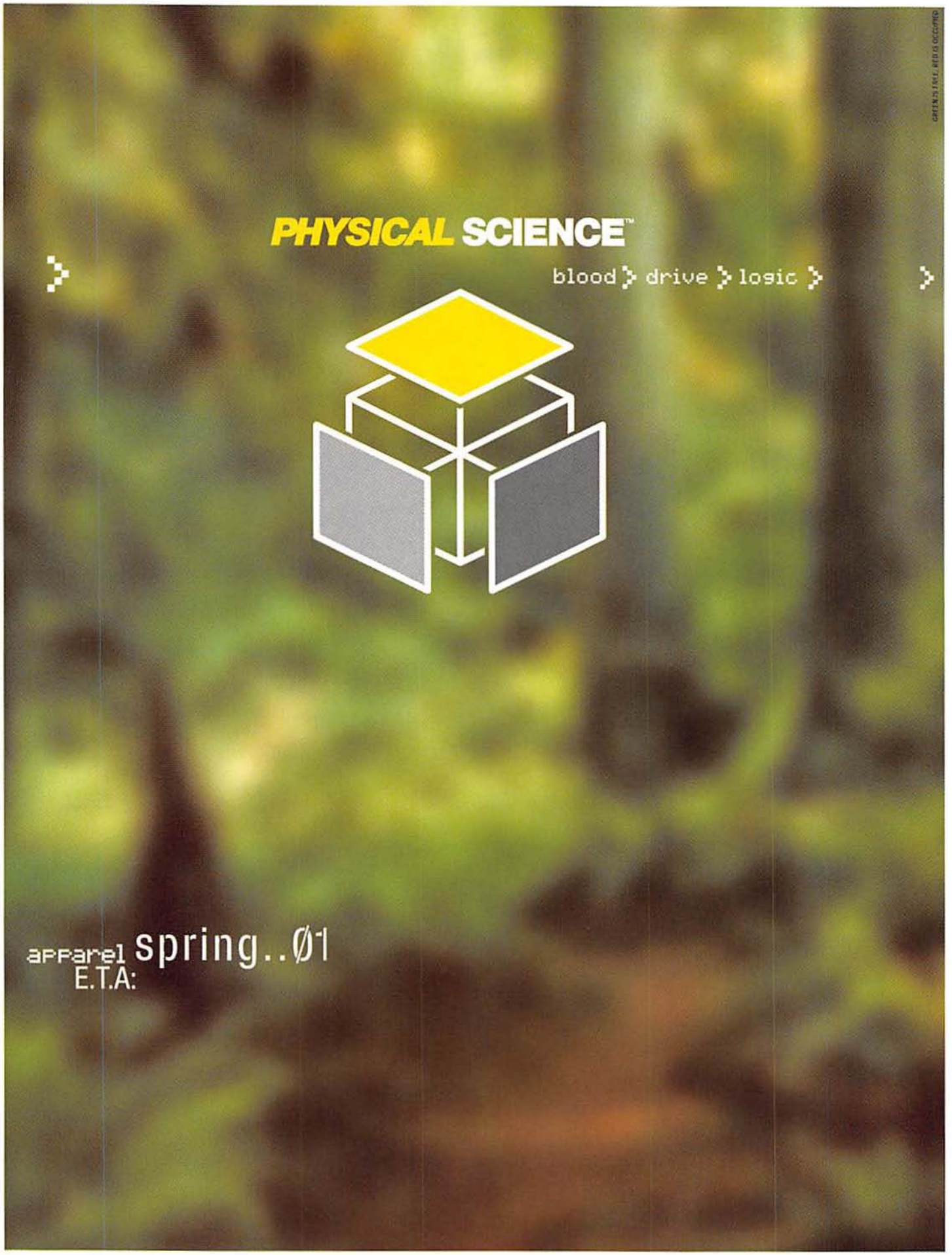
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MAXIM READERS' TIPS

Hairy Situation

Gal's got a hairy 'stache? Get her a gift certificate to a beauty spa. Then, before she shows up for her appointment, tip someone there to nonchalantly suggest a wax. It really works.

Mason Tomaso, Brooklyn, NY

Genital Hospital

Many men who have genital warts don't know it (warts can be flat and invisible). Here's an easy at-home test: Smear vinegar on your wanker—warts will turn white on contact. It's not 100 percent accurate, but it's a start.

Xing Lau, Olympia, WA

Guilty as Recharged

Want to get out of a parking ticket? Buy a new battery, making sure to get a receipt (you can take the battery back later). Send a copy of the receipt, with the ticket, to the cops along with a note explaining your horrible predicament. You never know.

Jason Dunlavey
Hermosa Beach, CA

Steak Out

Poke a 10 oz steak with a fork a few times. Marinate overnight with 1½ oz of vodka, slather with some BBQ sauce, then grill. Steaks will be moist and tender—more than any other baked, fried, or BBQ method.

Paul Knight, Aloha, OR

Nipple Alert!

June—page 83—Dave Grohl: Where is his left nipple? Did you think we wouldn't notice a nipple-less man? Does Dave know about this?

Dan Wheeler
Bellevue, WA

Dave's prosthetic nipple fell onto the buffet table before shooting. The photo assistant's stomach was pumped and the nipple recovered.

Hollow Point

I'm an avid shooter and own several handguns and rifles (ooh, I hope Bill and Al don't see this). I had to write about a little slip-up on page 37 of the July issue. In "Full Metal Jacket" [Circus Maximus], the shell pictured does not have a full metal jacket. It appears to be a .38 special or a .357 magnum semi-jacketed hollow point. Since the article mentions 9 mm rounds I thought it strange that you would show a cartridge that the U.S. military hasn't used in 100 years.

Jeremy Cates
Fort Smith, AR

.38, .357—all we know is it makes a hell of an exit wound in a street mime.

Dot-Con

I was unimpressed with the Activity Corner item, "Bodies of Evidence" [Circus Maximus], which purported to show, through the connection of dozens of black dots, Keri Russell in a "compromising position." I frantically found a pen and connected the dots, only to end up with a bunch of zigzag lines. I was so upset I was tempted to call and cancel my roommate's subscription. Please stick with photos of young nubile women that don't need to be filled in by readers.

Bob Mellen
Cambridge, MA

Uh-oh—we've got another "reader" on our hands. What do we do now?

Rosie's Cheeks

Your Puzzle Corner [Circus Maximus], page 41 of the June issue, did more than puzzle my ass. From three tiny booties and one big rump, we were asked to pick Rosie O'Donnell's backside. I selected the big-boned donkey (knowing full well that Rosie would be blessed to have an ass that small). To my surprise the answer was number four, which baffled me. Maybe it was a typo and the tush belonged to Rosie Perez. Hell, it could've been Rose Kennedy's but it definitely ain't the ass of the Queen of Talk Shows. Explain.

Jude
Los Angeles, CA

Our bad. It was actually Phobos, one of the moons of Mars. Rosie O'Donnell gets that a lot.

Fruit Flies

You talk about a decapitation by cannonball in your review of the movie *The Patriot* [July]. You say you've never seen another such scene in a movie? The opening of the movie *Glory* has a really nice, but quick, scene where a Union officer has his head completely blown apart like a dynamite-stuffed watermelon.

Bill
Indianapolis, IN

Thanks for the info. Ironically enough, it was originally a dynamite-stuffed house cat, but those PETA busybodies managed to get just enough signatures.

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Photographs, previous page, Robert Glasgow (products); this page, Tomi Yum (mustache), Robert Glasgow (magazines)

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S-T-U-P-I-D

A businessman gets in an elevator. A blonde inside greets him with a smile and says, "T.G.I.F.!"

The businessman returns the smile and responds, "S-H-I-T."

The blonde, puzzled, smiles her biggest smile and repeats as sweetly as possible, "T.G.I.F!!"

The businessman shoots back, with a quizzical expression, "S-H-I-T."

The blonde, frustrated, decides to explain things. "T.G.I.F. Thank Goodness It's Friday—get it?"

The man grins. "Sorry, Honey; It's Thursday."

—Devan Gee, North Vancouver, British Columbia

Circle o' Jerks

Q: What's a drug ring in Dallas?
A: A huddle.

—Jen Burnham, Virginia Beach, VA

One-Way Ticket

Two lunatics are out for a therapeutic bicycle ride when suddenly one stops and lets the air out of his tires.

"What did you do that for?" the other asks.

"I can't reach the pedals; thought this might help," replies the first.

The second lunatic shakes his head, gets off his bike, takes off the handlebars and seat, and swaps them around.

"Now, what did you do that for?" asks the first.

"If you're going to be stupid," says the second, "I'm going home."

—Seth Fleischauer, Santa Barbara, CA

The Cons of Prose

A third-grade teacher is giving an English lesson to her class. The teacher says, "'Mary had a little lamb / whose fleece was white as snow. / And everywhere that Mary went / the lamb was sure to go.' This is an example of poetry but can be switched to prose just by changing the last line from 'the lamb was sure to go' to 'the lamb went with her.' Can anyone give me an example of poetry or prose?"

Little Johnny raises his hand and says, "'Mary had a little pig / an ornery little runt. / He stuck his nose in Mary's clothes / and smelled her little…'" He stops. "Do you want poetry or prose?"

"Prose!" says the teacher.

Little Johnny looks up, smiles mischievously and says, "'…asshole.'"

—Frederico McQuay, Caracas, Venezuela

American Dream

Q: What's the Cuban national anthem?
A: "Row, Row, Row Your Boat."

—Gary Miller, Cuyahoga Falls, OH

Alabama Slammer

Two girls, one from the South and one from the North, are seated side by side on a plane.

The Southern girl, being friendly and all, says, "So where y'all from?"

The Northern girl turns to her and sneers, "From a place where they know better than to use a preposition at the end of a sentence."

The Southern girl sits quietly for a few moments, then responds, "So where y'all from, bitch?"

—Sidney L. Clark, Memphis, TN

Lisa's Lobes

A lady goes to a doctor.

Lady: "Doctor, my vaginal lips are large. I want them reduced. But I want to keep this surgery confidential."

Doctor: "No problem. Come back in a few weeks and we'll take care of it."

Two weeks later the lady has the surgery done. When she wakes up she notices three roses by her bed.

Lady: "Doctor, why are there three roses by my bed? I thought I told you to keep it confidential."

Doctor: "I did. The first rose is from me, congratulating you on your surgery. The second is from the nurse."

Lady: "Who's the third rose from?"

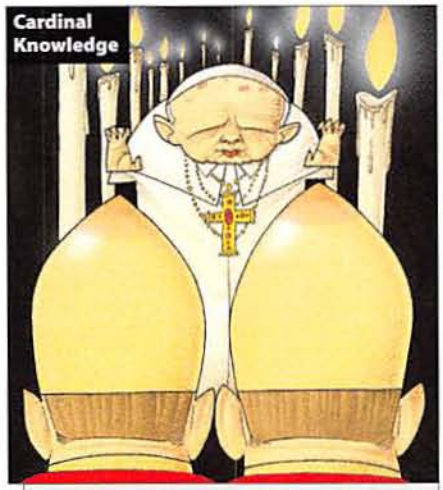
Doctor: "The man from the burn unit upstairs, thanking you for his new earlobes."

—Mat Wasyliw, Sarnia, Ontario

Burnouts

Q: What's red and orange and looks good on hippies?
A: Fire.

—Ryan Chapman, Deer Park, Texas



Illustration, Kevin February

THE $150 JOKE

The Holy Nail

The pope is very ill, and nobody can cure him. The cardinals call in an old physician recommended to them. After an hourlong examination, he comes up with a solution.

"I've got some good news and some bad news. The bad news: The pope has a rare testicular disorder. The good news: He can be cured…with sex." The cardinals, not happy with the cure, explain the situation to the pope.

"I'll agree to it," says the pope. "But under four conditions."

The cardinals are shocked. "What are the four conditions?" asks one.

"First, the girl must be blind, so she cannot see with whom she is having sex. Second, she must be deaf, so she cannot hear with whom she is having sex. And third, she must be dumb, so if she somehow figures out with whom she is having sex, she can tell no one."

After a long pause, a cardinal asks, "And the fourth condition?"

"Big tits."

Larry Catterton of Amherst, MA, wins a greasy pork chop.

Alvin Sanders is going to help the Feds catch a killer.
He just doesn't know it yet.

JAMIE FOXX

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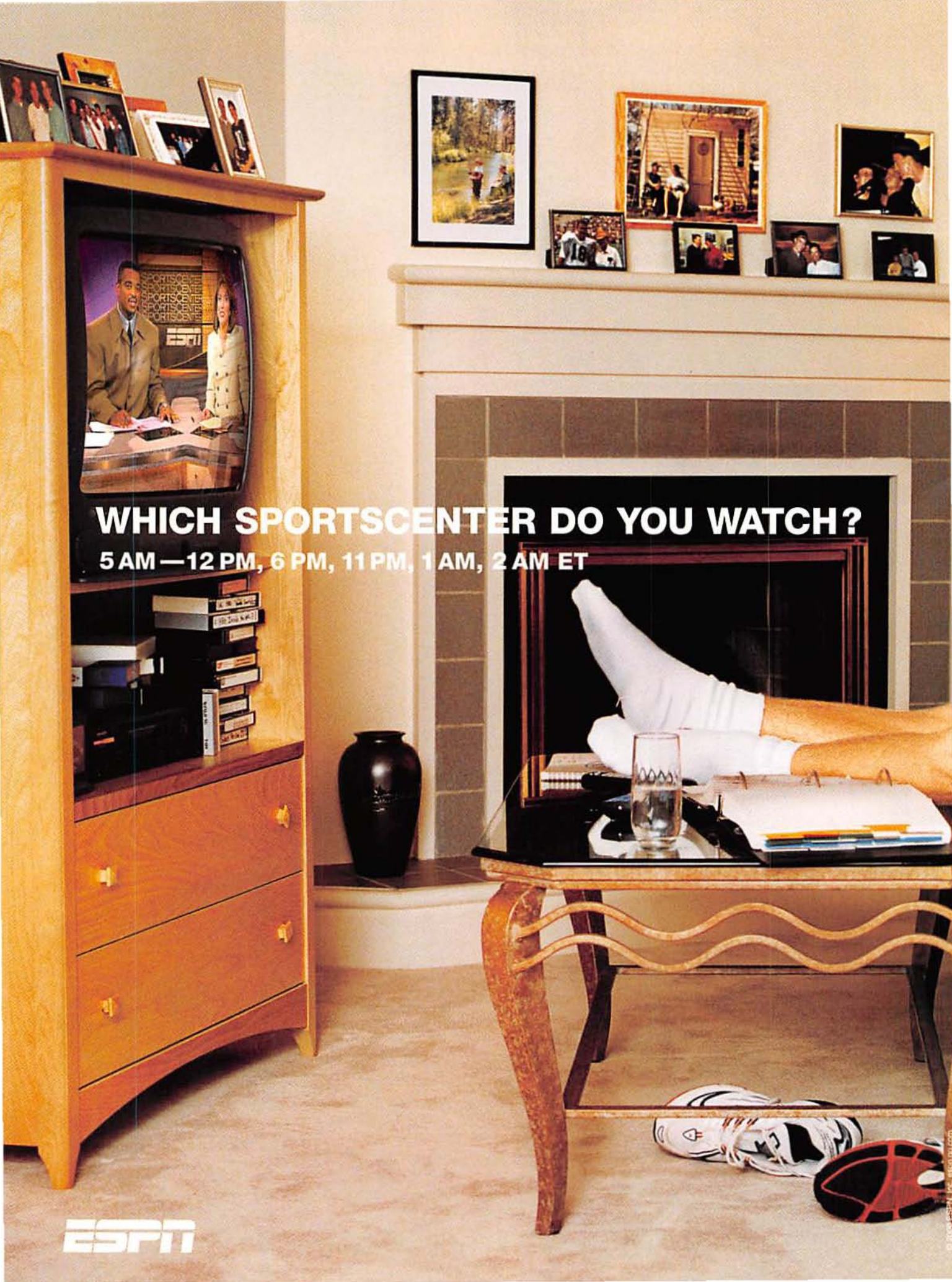
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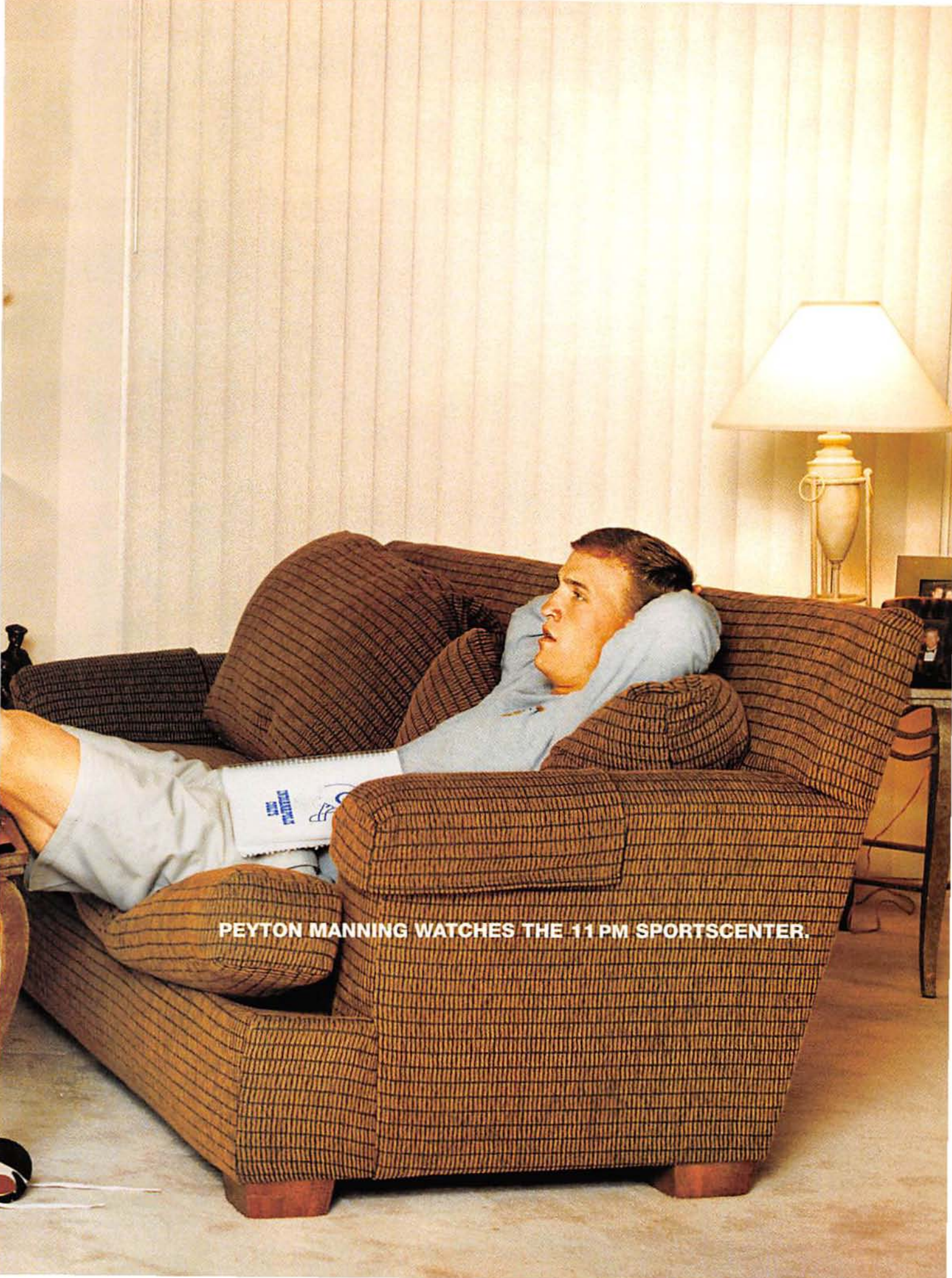
PEYTON MANNING WATCHES THE 11 PM SPORTSCENTER.

A MAXIM VIEW OF THE WORLD

Circus M

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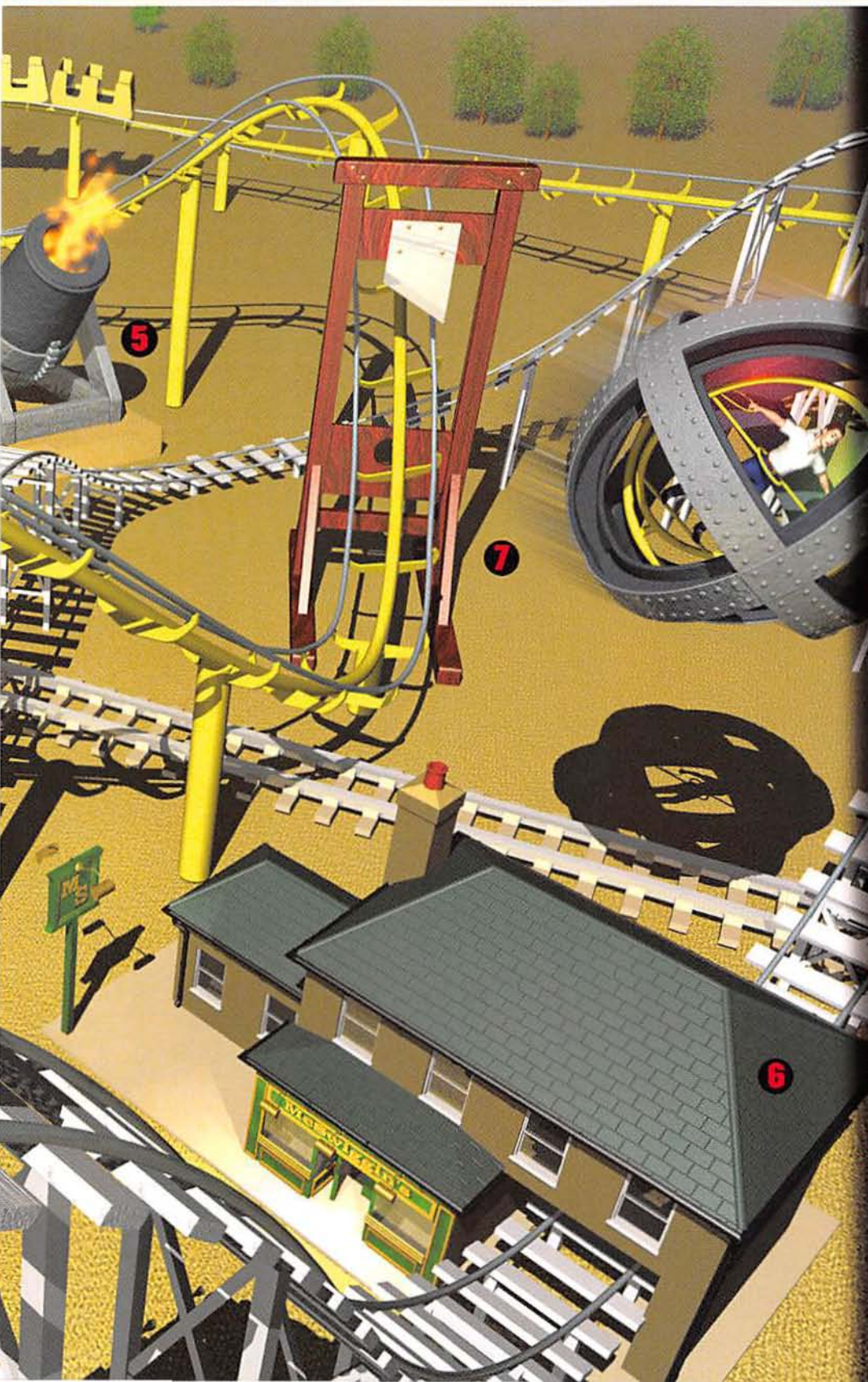
We take the summer's worst roller coasters for a ride.

Goodbye, summer 2000. The soaring gas prices, the endless brownouts, the vague, beer-diluted recollections of a professional baseball game of some sort—so many memories! But hey, it could've been crappier. Yes, even if you lost your remaining three fingers in a fiendishly ironic repeat of last year's Fourth of July tragedy, at least you can say you avoided these, the worst roller coasters of the summer.

axiMus



1 Mr. Greenspan's Wild Ride
This tribute to Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan, which peaks and dives suddenly and unpredictably, would have been a Wall Street favorite if only Greenspan himself weren't a consultant: Whenever it starts to get fun, he punishes riders' "irrational exuberance" by putting on the brakes.

2 The Rotator Cuff
This rookie prospect was designed to hurl riders across an infield at 100 mph, but a sickening pop issued from the Rotator just weeks into its debut season. Despite months of rest, the torn-up Cuff kept topping out at around 50 mph, and will be retired this year.

3 Straight Story—The Ride
Based on the hit David Lynch movie! Belt yourself into a tractor and zoom along nearly 1,500 miles of straight, empty country road. Eventually you arrive at your estranged dying brother's house in Montana, where the hijinks continue.

4 The Flayer
A modified positron accelerator takes you for a 200,000 mph spin as this .06 second ride attempts to literally peel the skin off your face. If that doesn't work, the "friction stop" between parallel drums of sandpaper studded with broken glass should do the trick.

5 The Ejector
You're stripped naked and your body fat is measured before you're locked into the "meat chair." Stainless steel probes hold you in place as you're ratcheted back, back...then launched 200 feet into the air. Something's gonna break your fall, you wuss, so lighten up!

6 Double the Troubles
In Northern Ireland's oldest amusement, a chain of coal-cars rockets you past dioramas depicting hundreds of years of Irish misery reenacted by enslaved choirboys. Your ride ends with a splintery crash at McSwiggin's Pub, where you can "drink the Troubles away."

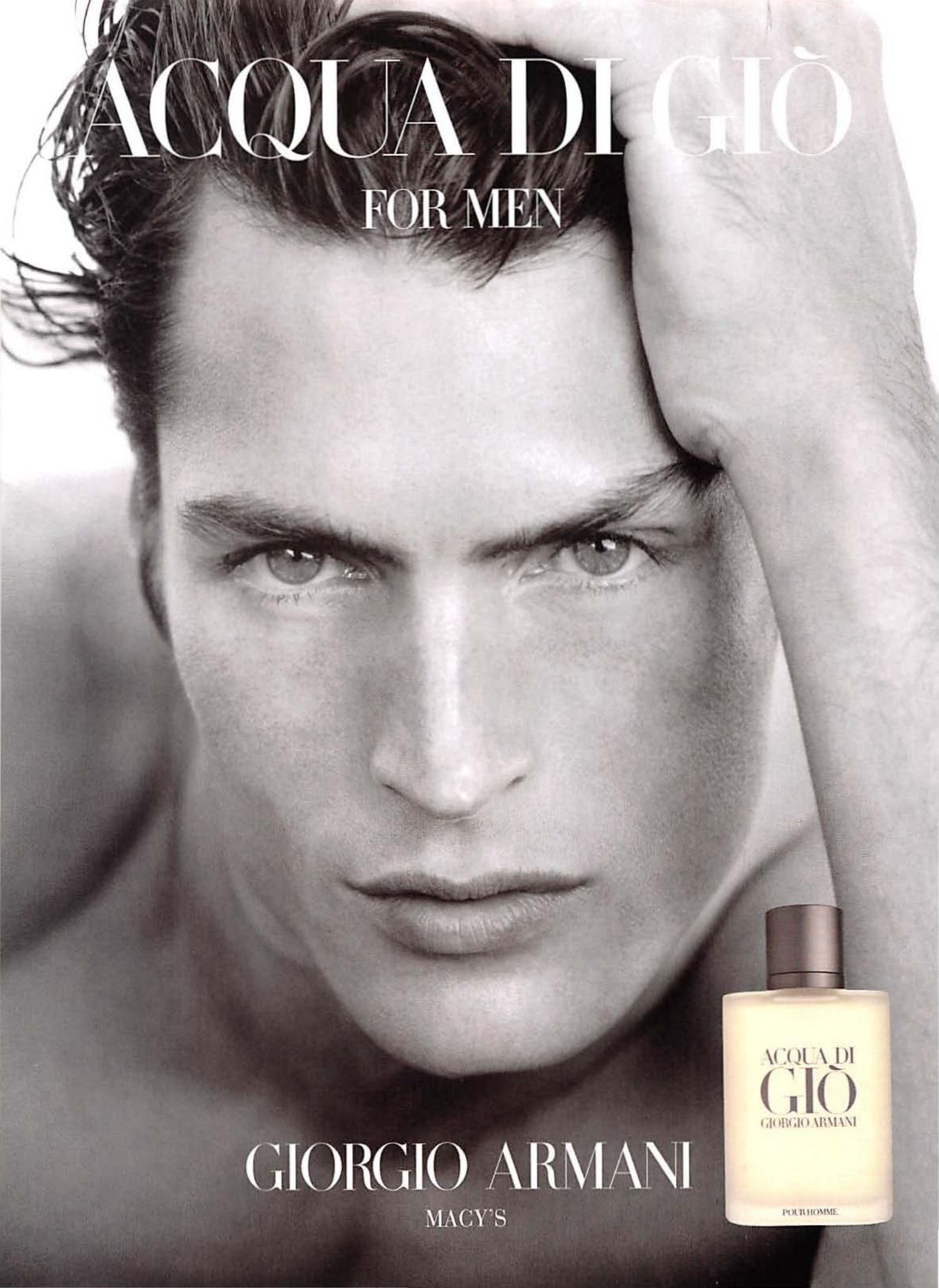
7 The Guillotine
An oldie that can't help but disappoint compared with today's high-tech coasters. Step up to the platform and stick your head through a hole; toothless peasants jeer and throw old vegetables at you until a steel blade drops and decapitates you. You waited two hours for this?

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Pixel Perfect

Real name: Krista Allen
Better known as: The virtual-reality vixen on TV's *The X Files*
Her story: When Houston native Krista gave up her job as a kindergarten teacher to try her luck in Hollywood, the gods must have had a crush on her. After winning $2,500 from a slot machine in Las Vegas, she proceeded to Tinseltown and, within three days of her arrival, landed a spot on a soap opera. A steady stream of cardiac-arrest-inducing roles followed, including her double-duty turn on *The X Files*, in which she played both a video-game character with a literally killer bod and a scantily clad stripper who endures a *Basic Instinct*–style interrogation by David Duchovny. "He kept asking me when I was going to show him my stuff," Krista laughs. Finally, as a joke, she constructed a '70s-style Afro...er... wig that she taped between her legs to discourage her costar's wandering eyes. *You*, however, can watch for Krista on the big screen in the upcoming comedy *Sunset Strip*. "My character is the catalyst for many of my peers to get penicillin shots," she beams. Talk about wishful thinking...
—*Jon Seder*

Top-draw talent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WANNA DATE?

The Maxim Calendar

Eight excellent reasons to call in sick this month.

September 1 It's Be Kind to Writers and Editors Month. For 30 glorious days, *Maxim*'s owner suspends public floggings of staff members. Huzzah!

September 8–10 Morehead City, North Carolina, hosts the Bald Is Beautiful convention. Women heartily agree after they're given diamond bracelets.

September 10 In 1998 killer whale Keiko was freed. It's the highest-profile return of an animal to the wild, apart from Mike Tyson's release from prison.

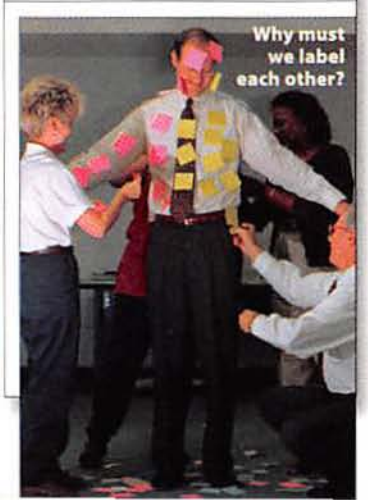
September 13 *The Muppet Show* premiered on this day in 1976. "What's green and smells like pork?" Ah, memories...

September 15 Alexander Fleming discovered penicillin in 1928, from mold grown in his lab. No longer would the hopeful rub stale bread on their crotches!

September 22 Elephant Appreciation Day! Why not pick up some ivory for the lady, or four waste-baskets for your den?

September 25 It's National One-Hit-Wonder Day. Coincidentally, *Star Wars* actor Mark "Mr. Lucas, if you could just...Hello?" Hamill turns 49.

September 29 Shreveport, Louisiana's Office Olympics. In closing ceremonies, office drones gather in a penthouse for synchronized leaping to their deaths.



8.1

Number of times per minute—on average—David Letterman uses the word um in a typical Late Show broadcast

REEL LIFE

Summer of Sham

The shocking errors spoiling this season's blockbusters.

Bored Hollywood wags spent most of the summer nitpicking May's hit movie *Gladiator* for historical inaccuracies. OK, so no general ever fought in the Coliseum, and sure, no gladiator ever took out an emperor, and quite frankly, the whole ancient Rome thing sounds suspicious to us. But these are movies, folks—they're *supposed* to be made up, remember? As long as we're splitting hairs, here are even more maddening film mistakes we spotted this summer.

Mission: Impossible II
While modern technology allows villain Dougray Scott to copy the face and voice of Tom Cruise, no device exists that would give a man-size actor Cruise's diminutive 5'6" frame.

Shaft
Although the film's theme song claims that the titular hero "comes through 10 times out of 10," his actual success rate seems closer to seven or eight out of 10.

Pokémon: The Movie 2000
Pikachu's climactic victory over Cubone is utterly preposterous, because Ground-type Pokémon are strong against Pikachu's thunder-shock attack.

X-Men
According to modern science, people with genetic mutations turn out to have hideous physical defects, not fantastic superpowers or incredibly hot, hot bodies.

Gone in 60 Seconds
Women can't drive.

Texas Rangers
The film is supposed to be set in the year 1875, but the Texas Rangers did not actually come into existence until the American League restructuring in 1972.

Battlefield Earth
Contrary to the film, in the future mankind will be enslaved not by a race of malevolent humanoids, but by a race of gigantic malevolent doglike creatures.

Castaway Couch

The rejects from this hit show are a bunch of maroons.

While not always the brightest of bulbs, TV executives know a runaway train when it hits them, and CBS is already hard at work assembling a cast for *Survivor's* second season. And thanks to the show's stellar success, now *everyone* wants to get in on the act. The final selections are a closely guarded secret, but on a perfectly routine look through the network's garbage, we happened to come across these applicants who had already been cast away...

Name: Axl

Occupation: Musician, recluse

I would make a good Survivor because:

I thrive in isolation. It's now day 3,372 of my home-recording session. Rations are light; supermodels no longer return my calls; and I could really use the peace and quiet of a remote island getaway, with suitable media coverage in order to get my act together. I'm already pretty ropy-looking, and I haven't bathed in ages—we're talking bedsores the size of quarters. But with the crap I've scraped in my body, I can't see bugs and rats being a problem, long as I got a bottle of Jack.

Name: BILL

Occupation: LAME DUCK

I would make a good Survivor because:

I'M ABOUT TO HAVE A LOT OF TIME ON MY HANDS, AND I REALLY NEED TO GET AWAY FROM THE WIFE FOR A WHILE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. SOME OF THOSE CHICKS YOU GOT ON THE ISLAND ARE NOTORIOUS DUDES — BRING ON THE SHELL BIKINIS! HEY, ARE YOU DISQUALIFIED FROM THIS THING IF YOU SMOKED POT BACK IN COLLEGE? JUST CURIOUS. OH, CRAP: HERE COMES THE BATTLE-AX NOW. PLEASE, PLEASE TAKE ME, OR AT LEAST KILL ME...

Name: Demi

Occupation: Actress, Mother

I would make a good Survivor because:

Let's see... a remote place where people can banish you for life if you commit the slightest offense? I've got news for you: It's called Hollywood. Make one lousy attempt at respectability and BAM!— off to the island of misfit actresses with Ally frickin' Sheedy. No one laughed at Bruce when he turned "serious" and he didn't even have the best tits money can buy. But I am determined to rise again. By the way, isn't Pulau Tiga a great name for a child? Pulau if it's a boy, and Tiga if it's a girl.

Name: Whitney

Occupation: Diva

I would make a good Survivor because:

Because I'm already a survivor! One minute you've got the best-selling single in the country - the next some trampy-dressin' Long Island ho steals your whole act. A girl can't even smoke a joint in an airport these days without getting her ass harassed. But I will survive (ooh, that gives me an idea), and I'm 100 percent committed to the... uh... Listen, sorry for the short notice here, but I'm going to have to drop out of this whole application process. My vocal cords are just shot. Maybe you can get Faith Hill to fill in for me...?

Photograph: Eran Oftek

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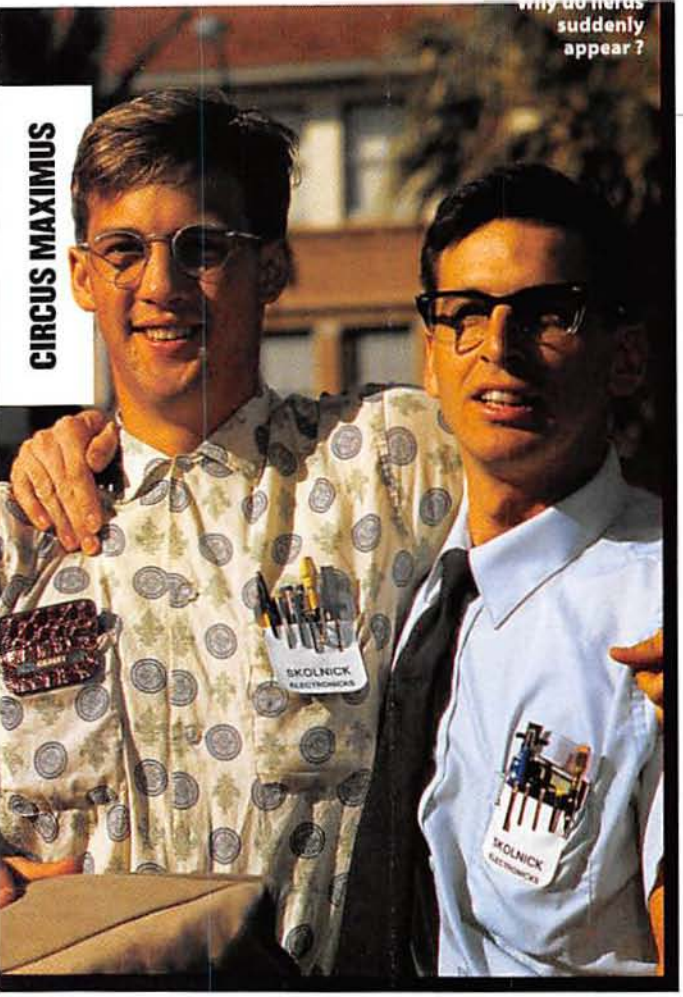

Bucks for Shmucks

Free college tuition...Get it while it's hot, folks.

Time was, you had to be a gifted brainiac or a talented athlete, or at least demonstrably good at something, to earn a college scholarship. But no more—if you're looking for someone to foot the bill while you cut class and smoke dope, all you need these days is a pulse. Here are the best no-brainer scholarships.

■ The American Society of Enology and Viticulture coughs up a wad of tuition to a student studying grapes or winemaking. You stepped on a grape once, right? Ka-ching! (www.ajev.com/asev.html)

■ The David Letterman Scholarship, established by the talk show host at his alma mater, Ball State University, gives funds to a telecommunications major with an "average yet creative" mind. Show 'em those Iron Maiden logos you drew in your notebook, dude. (www.tcom.bsu.edu/program3.htm#letterman)

■ Established by the 3'9" actor, the Billy Barty Foundation offers scholarships to "students who have a medical form of dwarfism." Kinda the exact opposite of a basketball scholarship. (www.rth.org/bbf/)

■ $500 goes to one lucky fatso, from New England's National Association to Advance Fat Acceptance. (That's NAAFA, the sound made when your belly folds separate to reveal a forgotten, half-eaten sandwich.) (www.homestead.com/necnaafa/index.html)

■ No, it doesn't pay for cutting the li'l mammals out of tuna nets: The Dolphin Scholarship Foundation aids the children and stepchildren of submarine veterans. Shouldn't everyone qualify, since we all started out on vessels full of seamen? (www.dolphinscholarship.org)

■ The American Association for Nude Recreation helps students who belong to the Western Sunbathing Association. Don't fake your way through this one—they check for thong lines. (www.aanr.com/aanr.html)

PUT THE KIDS TO BED.
AND LET THE THRILLS BEGIN!

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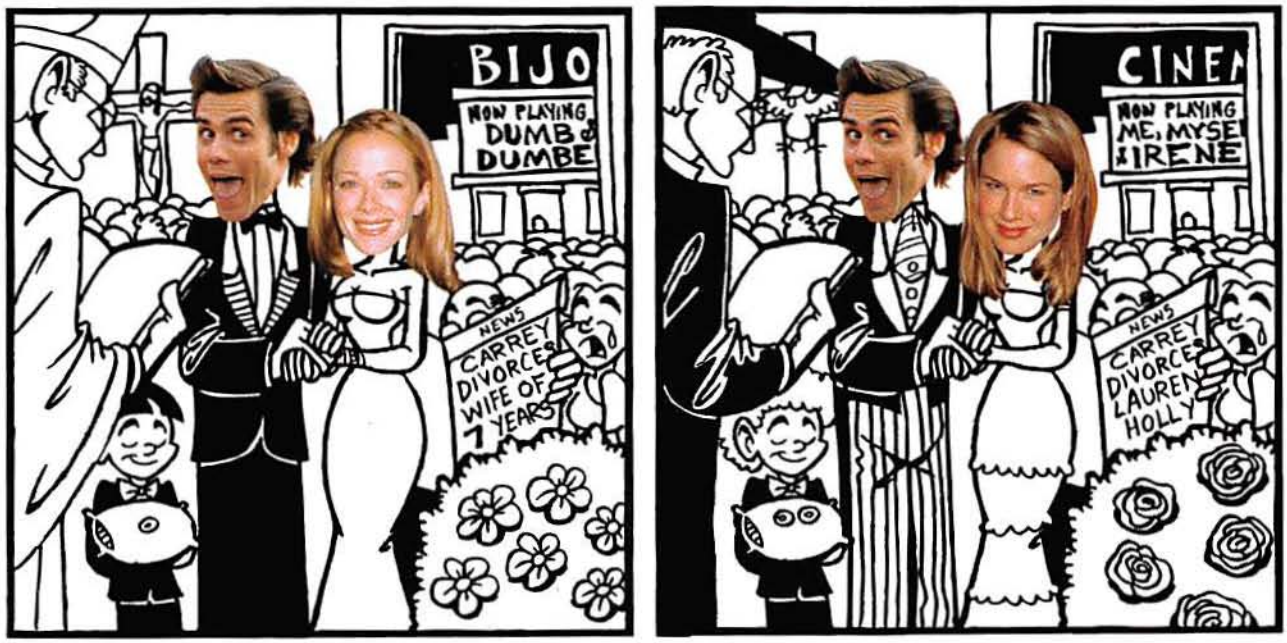
OWN THE THRILLS ON VIDEO AND DVD.

No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited. Instant Win Game starts August 29, 2000 and ends December 31, 2000. Open to legal residents of the United States, except Puerto Rico, must be eighteen years of age and older as of August 29, 2000. For the Instant Win Game official rules and details, go to www.universalthrillers.com and follow the links, or send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: Universal Thrillers Rules, P.O. Box 1915, New York, N.Y. 10113-1915.

CELEBRITY PUZZLE

Marryin' Carrey

Hey, kids! How many differences between these two pictures can you spot?



Answers: 1. The minister was Catholic; now he's Protestant. 2. The ring bearer's hair is different. 3. The ring bearer is now holding two rings instead of one. 4. The groom's tie is different. 5. The groom's pants are different, too. 6. The bride's dress is also different. 7. The flowers have changed from daffodils to roses.

Illustration, James Sikvani

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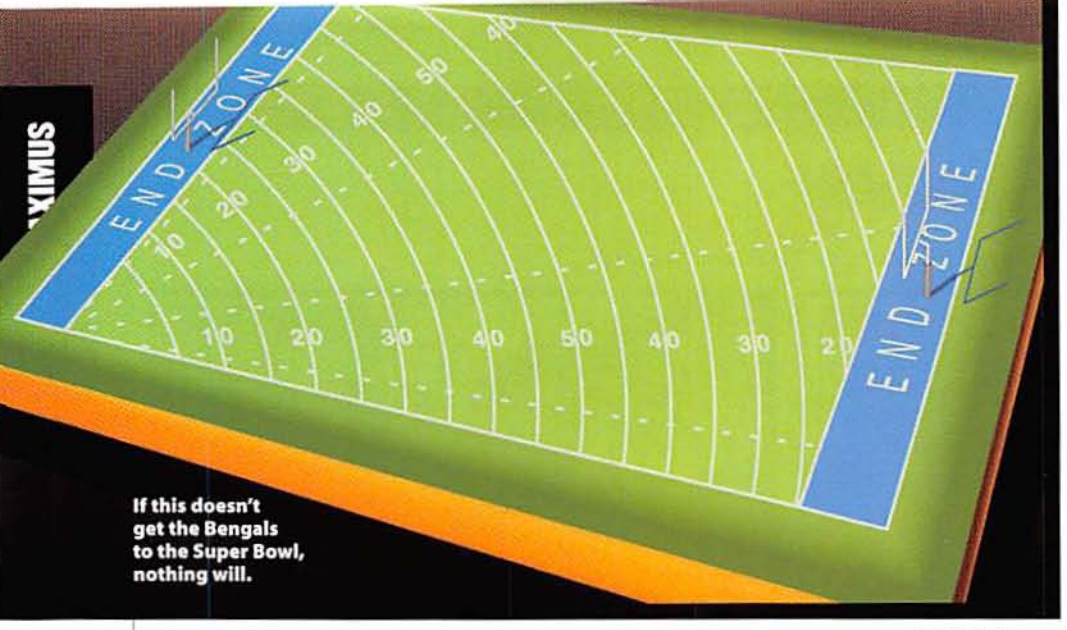


If this doesn't get the Bengals to the Super Bowl, nothing will.

BALL BOYS

Eye Gouging, 15 Yards

Straight from the zebra's mouth: the rule changes for the upcoming NFL season.

- Instant replay will resume operation, allowing a coach to contest two plays per half. If the replay fails to uphold the coach's challenge, his team loses a time-out.
- If two or more players engage in a "prolonged celebration that is excessive or premeditated," the team will be penalized 15 yards for unsportsmanlike conduct.
- A player found by two-thirds of his team to be lacking in "flava" will be replaced by Jamie Foxx. If Jamie Foxx is unavailable, he will be replaced by LL Cool J.
- If a player orchestrates the drive-by shooting of his girlfriend, he will have the choice of life without parole *or* the "death penalty" (two yards, vertical).
- On a kicking play in which offsetting penalties are called, the receiving team has the option of replaying the down or keeping the ball at the spot of the return.
- If a player engages in a "prolonged premeditated celebration" by himself, he will be given a lecture by the team pastor on how his actions make Baby Jesus cry.
- A coach who opts to punt on fourth down with less than a yard to go will be forced to take down his trousers to prove he isn't wearing panties.
- Any player or coach who audibly defames Dennis Miller during a game will be met with indifferent shrugs and a half-muttered "Yeah, but whaddaya gonna do?"

SOPHISTICATED LIVING

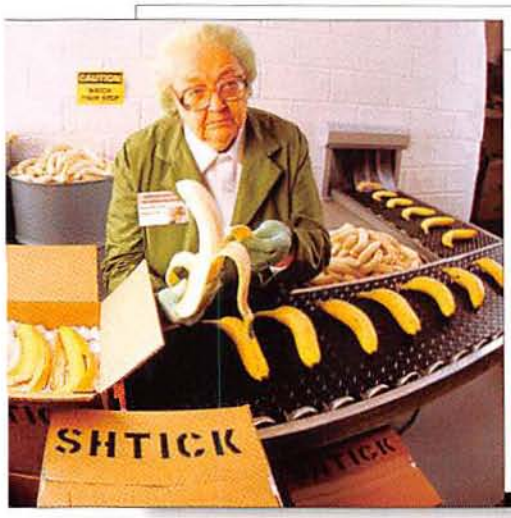
Dog-Day Afternoon

A time for hunters to party with perished pets.

Consider if you will a bevy of bib-overall-wearing backwoods-Southern good ol' boys with one leg up on a cooler of Old Swill, gumming, "It don't get no better than this." If that scene brings tears to your eyes and warms the cockles of your heart (wherever those might be located), then you'll surely enjoy the annual Coon Dog Graveyard Celebration of Colbert County, Alabama, one of those rare American events reserved for individuals committed to experiencing the outer edges of the redneck psyche. Since September 4, 1937, when ol' Key Underwood buried his legendary coon dog Troop on this site, more than 150 coon hunters have schlepped their dead-and-gone doggies to the Key Underwood Coon Dog Memorial Graveyard to be buried. And every Labor Day, the Tennessee Valley Coon Hunters Association throws a howlin' good bash to commemorate the dearly departed at the only coon dog graveyard in the nation.

What you should expect once you're there: lots of bluegrass guitar picking and a liars' contest, not to mention plenty of grub. While we're assured the coons themselves do make "good eatin'," the traditional coon-barbecue supper has been phased out to suit a squeamish younger generation of coon-hunting tykes. But still—varmints, vittles, booze, and shotguns? Now, that sounds like a recipe for fun!—*Nelson Taylor*

Illustrations, from top, Dale Gallgow and Associates; James Sivani



TEXT OUT OF CONTEXT

Rejected!

Captions we couldn't use.

- **"Ms. O'Donnell would like her underpants back, please."**
- **$100 to the reader who successfully uses this for sex.**
- **The Tilly sister nobody talks about**
- **The WB scored big with a coed Gen-Y Three Stooges series.**
- **"Charlie Manson! You blockhead!"**
- **"How's that hormone therapy working out, Steve?"**
- **New at Bloomingdale's: the *Mortal Kombat* collection**

19%

of all Blockbuster Video revenue comes from return fees from overdue videos

Dog gone

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"Now, eat all your venison, honey, and then you can bust a cap."

PLANNING AHEAD

Ammo Nation

Will the NRA's new theme restaurant blow you away—or just blow?

Tired of tourist traps that don't give you enough bang for your buck? Well, mutter and scribble manifestos no longer: The NRA is gunning for Manhattan's Times Square with SportsBlast, a theme eatery for hungry hunters. No opening date's been announced, but *Maxim*'s armed with an exclusive preview. Because paying $200 for dinner for a family of four isn't just a privilege—it's your constitutional right!

■ As you wait for the shell casings to be swept from your table, browse through our Gun Lobby. Buy something for the kiddies...Can't pick it up until next week, though, because your congressmen insist on giving escaped felons a week to get a shot at you. Whoops—your table's ready!

■ Sure, waiters could just bring your meal to you, but where's the challenge in that? At SportsBlast you'll hunt your own dinner, choosing from the restaurant's reserves of free-range buffalo, elk, nutria, and cow. (Unfortunately, space is limited, so your targets can only "range" within the confines of their individual stalls.)

■ As Mom and Dad enjoy a quiet dinner together, the staff will keep Junior entertained in the First Freedom Playroom. He'll learn about handgun safety, grass-roots lobbying techniques, and how to field-strip an M-16...as well as play fun, instructional video games like *Where in the World Is Daddy's Glock?* and *For God's Sake Stay Out of the Closet!*

■ While you digest your quail, take a stroll through our on-site Gun Museum, with audio tour narrated by hunting guru Ted Nugent. You'll see historic firearms owned by luminaries like Kurt Cobain and Ernest Hemingway. Don't miss the moving wax-figure tribute to NRA president and Hollywood legend Charlton Heston. The realistic leathery skin will astound you, but we promise: It's just a sculpture!

■ Before you leave, don't miss the gift shop. Stock up on fun items like Brady Bill Toilet Paper, our classic HONK IF YOU'RE A MEMBER OF A WELL-REGULATED MILITIA bumper sticker, reinforced Kevlar-piercing bullets, and other mementos they'll have to pry from your cold, dead hands. See you soon!

Photo-illustration, John Sosnovsky

HEDGING OUR BETS

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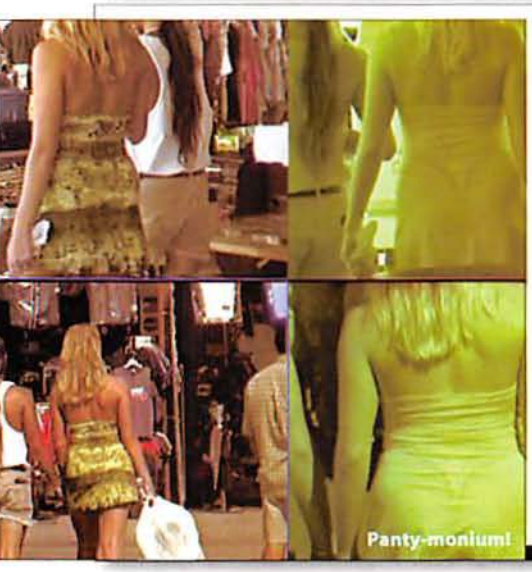
Remember the '90s, when you could score sacks of cash in the stock market just by buying shares in grossly unprofitable companies that did something or other on the Internet? Now that you have to think again, we've put together a commonsense mutual fund of companies founded on no-lose propositions. So tie up your girlfriend, sell off her furniture, and let's go!—*David Jacobson*

COMPANY	PRICE $	SHARE	PRODUCT/SERVICE	WHY WE'RE BUYING
Mace Security International MACE	1 7/16	41,000	Various painful, nonlethal gases	Even cool, levelheaded people occasionally get out of line and need a little face painting.
Daxor Corp. DXR	12	5,000	One of the nation's largest sperm banks—over 600,000 specimens!	Vital to burgeoning in-vitro industry; also continuing source of protein for Catholic girls
Quixote Corp. QUIX	14 7/8	3,500	Those impact-absorption barriers you see on highways	Inevitably some dork in a Duster will be fumbling with his Blink-182 CD at 70 mph.
Anheuser Busch BUD	79	1,000	Tasty fermented barley products	When economy sinks lower than Vanilla Ice, consumers will still scrounge beer money.
Candela Corp. CLZR	11 3/4	3,000	Itty-bitty surgery lasers for zappin' birthmarks, women's mustaches	Tell us these guys aren't going to make a mint in the next 10 years.
TRW Inc. TRW	42 5/16	1,500	Great big spaceship-gutting lasers	Unless our science fiction is lying to us, this market's about to break big.
Immersion Corp. IMMR	28 7/16	2,000	Devices that "translate digital information into physical sensations"	Even our porn-addled brains can grasp the implications of *that*.
Cash America International PWN	7 1/4	7,000	Operates pawnshops nationwide	If the company tanks, we'll still be able to trade our shares for hocked firearms.
Scope Industries SCP	43 1/2	1,500	Recycles "bakery waste" into breadcrumbs	Seems easy enough.
GTECH Holdings Corp. GTK	19 11/16	2,500	Equipment for lotteries, casinos, and racetracks	It ain't exactly a doomed industry, folks.
IRSA Inversiones Y Representaciones Soliedad Anonima IRS	24 1/8	2,000	Argentine real estate developer	Ticker symbol guarantees they'll rake it in based on clerical errors alone.
La-Z-Boy LZB	15	3,500	Comfortable object around which a woman's furniture must revolve	American ingenuity at its finest: The guy who invented it died while napping in one.
Universal Electronics Inc. UEIC	23 1/8	2,000	Remotes for audio-video and garage doors	Millions of missing remotes already need replacing at a rate that warms our hearts.
Derma Sciences DSCIC	13/16	146,154	Ointments to treat bedsores	As Americans get flabbier, bedsores will soon be more common than acne.
Genset GENXY	23 7/16	2,000	Custom-made synthetic DNA fragments	We may not be bright, but we can tell when an operation's run by brainy space aliens.
Kimberly-Clark Corp. KMB	58 3/16	2,000	Both Huggies and Depends	To cover our asses from cradle to grave.

TOTAL VALUE OF FUND: $1,000,000



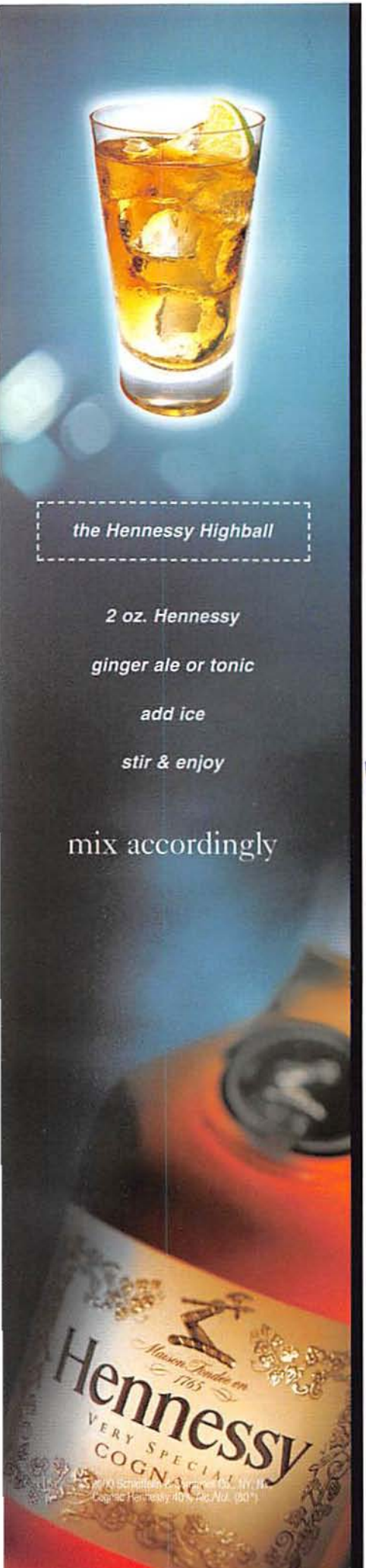
DESERT OF THE REAL

Urban Legend Watch

Sounds too good to be true? We'll dig up the dirt.

Myth: When used in daylight, the Sony Handycam's NightShot feature lets you see people's goodies right through their clothes.

Reality: True...sort of. The NightShot infrared filter was meant to let you tape in the dark, but those scofflaw Japanese promptly put it to illicit use. A Japanese men's magazine reported the x-ray vision effect in 1998: In the daytime the NightShot revealed curvy outlines on nubile women and, if your subject was wearing white, even hints of nipples 'n' thatches. True, the experience was about as erotic as watching a scrambled Playboy channel through a tablecloth. But it proved juicy for the up-the-skirt set, who snapped up the cameras and filters on the Internet, paying double and triple the retail price. Sony rewired its Handycams so the NightShot feature no longer works in daylight, but its TRV camcorders still offer it and, with the proper attachment, can duplicate the effect. If, out of scientific curiosity, you'd like to see it for yourself, try a 37 mm infrared filter (like those sold at www.irfilters.com). The shopkeeper's snickering will let you know you're on the right track.—*Molly Ginty*



HIROKI! IS HUNGRY!

Cereal Killer

Our Japanese art assistant wants to know if he can lick the bowl.

Reese's Puffs
We paid $6.19 **Calories** 130 **Fat** 3 g
Comments: You can really taste the peanut butter in the cereal—under the mountains of sugar, of course. Leaves your milk tasting like a sandwich, which is oddly satisfying.
Hiroki says: *[nods vigorously]* "Mmm, good! Crispy. Sound is nice."

Weetabix
We paid $3.29 **Calories** 120 **Fat** 1 g
Comments: Weetabix have a peculiar dual identity: One moment they're floating bricks, the next they're milk-soaked brooms that shoot through your colon like those land-speed-record rocket cars.
Hiroki says: "Mmm. This is so natural. No sugar, no beetles. I need with beer. Help me."

Trix
We paid $5.19 **Calories** 120 **Fat** 1 g
Comments: The Trix you knew as a child is gone; the abstract corn spheres have been replaced with fruit shapes laced with enough sweetener to give a moose attention deficit disorder.
Hiroki says: "I like color. But so many sugar, tastes like perfume. One spoon enough for me."

Uncle Sam Cereal
We paid $2.99 **Calories** 190 **Fat** 5 g
Comments: The box's promise that Uncle Sam is a "natural laxative" pretty much says it all. But Hiroki gave the patriotic product a hearty salute, perhaps hoping this would secure him American citizenship.
Hiroki says: "Good quality. This is king! *[gives thumbs-up]* Perfect tongue. Don't complain."

Oreo O's
We paid $4.99 **Calories** 110 **Fat** 2.5 g
Comments: The tradition of dunking Oreos in milk, reduced to a vaguely satisfying, nutritionally dubious meal. You can actually taste the familiar cream filling—all the flavor without the lard.
Hiroki says: "Much better than cookie. I want to eat after dinner, not for breakfast. Good night!"

Kashi
We paid $3.29 **Calories** 170 **Fat** 3 g
Comments: If you're part of the silent throng who wish they could eat more rice pilaf in a day, this is the taste treat for you. Now please check your local phone directory for a suicide hotline.
Hiroki says: "Oh ho ho! *[spits chunks into garbage]* My teeth was broken again!"

GADGETS 'R' US

Nasal Destroyer

The invention modern civilization demanded...an enema for your nose!

The idea of nasal hygiene may seem funny... but it's snot. Seems nose wiping, blowing, and even covert hand-drilling for nuggets don't rid your nose of all the dirt, mucus, coke residue, and road kill that lodge in there. Enter the teapot-like Nori, which flushes your delicate passageways free of offending debris. Simply fill the container with salt water, jam the spout in your snout, tilt your head to let the water flow out the other nostril, then switch nostrils and repeat. You'll feel refreshed and revitalized...we think—we couldn't bring ourselves to try it. And no, the device can't be used as a mini-bong to get small animals stoned against their will. What the hell's wrong with you people? Pick out your own booger blaster for $49.50 at www2.active.ch/~gerstei.—*Alex Porter*

The Invisible Man's distended colon

Photographs, Satoshi (Hiroki); makeup by Ozzie for Mark Edward, Inc.; Robert Glaspow (cereal, douche)

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Nighthawks at the Diner

Whatever happened to...the cast of *Diner*?

Daniel Stern

Paul Reiser

Mickey Rourke

Kevin Bacon

Steve Guttenberg

RESPECTABLE

DINER

EMBARRASSING

1984 Stars in *Footloose*. Please, Louise, pull me up from my knees.

1986 Kim Basinger strips for him in *9 ½ Weeks*. The film plays for two years in France.

1992 The first of Paul's eight seasons as regular guy Paul Buchman on *Mad About You*

1998 Earns $1 million per episode for *Mad About You*—it's a tough job, but etc. etc.

2000 Stars in *Hollow Man*; scores exclusive Q&A with *Maxim*.

1987 *Three Men and a Baby*. More lovable than Ted Danson, less facial hair than Tom Selleck

1993 The game Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon is a cult hit. But Six Degrees of Menachem Begin never quite takes off.

1984 Stars in *Police Academy*; fulfills lifelong goal of acting opposite Bubba Smith.

1987 *Angel Heart*. Has sex with Lisa Bonet while blood drips down walls.

1991 Appears in *JFK* as a gay hustler. (You know, the gay hustler on the grassy knoll?)

1985 Stars in action thriller *The Year of the Dragon*. The film does really well...in France.

1998 *Wild Things*, a fun, sexy film Bacon nearly capsizes by displaying his penis.

1990 *Home Alone* grosses $285 million. History's greatest argument that American moviegoers have no taste

1983 *Rumble Fish* quickly fades from theaters. Oddly, the film does well in France.

1986-87 Banner years for Paul, who costars in both *Aliens* and *Beverly Hills Cop II*

1985 *Quicksilver*. Uh, Louise? Louise? I'm on my knees here...

1988 Begins five-year stint as the adult voice of Kevin Arnold on *The Wonder Years*. Like Fred Savage, the concept seemed cute at the time.

1998 *Very Bad Things*. Even Cameron Diaz can't save this film. Where's that Culkin kid when you need him?

2000 Settles comfortably into role as annoyingly sensible AT&T pitchman.

1984 *C.H.U.D.*, a horror flick about sewer-dwelling monsters

1985 *Police Academy 2*. Upstaged by a guy who makes sound effects.

1986 *Police Academy 3*. Enough already.

1987 *Police Academy 4*. Dear God, man.

1991 Stars in *Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man*. Even the French find it unwatchable.

1984 Cast to play the lead in *Bachelor Party*. Fired after one week and replaced by Tom Hanks.

1992 Gives up acting for pro boxing, perhaps hoping to take out the manager who advised him to take *Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man*.

1998 "People may say they haven't seen me lately on-screen, but I haven't stopped working."

2000 He's still alive.

'82 '83 '84 '85 '86 '87 '88 '89 '90 '91 '92 '93 '94 '95 '96 '97 '98 '99 '00 '01

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Photo: Howard Schatz

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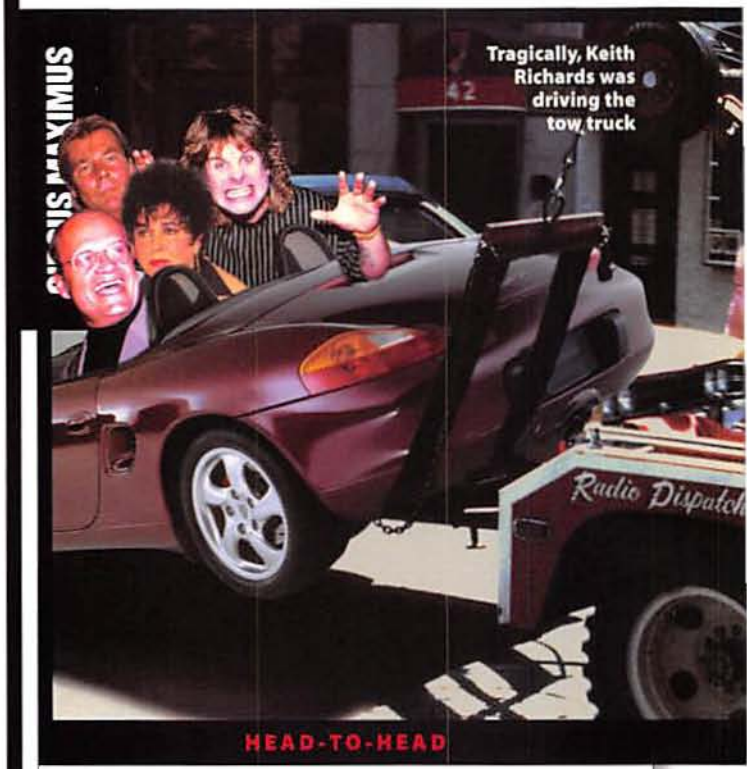


HEAD-TO-HEAD

AAA vs. AA

They're both designed to haul you in off the curb. But which one really earns straight A's?

HOW TO QUALIFY

Have car, agree to pay $15 a year.	Have car and enough self-restraint to keep from trading it for case of Mad Dog 20/20.

Edge: AAA

AVAILABILITY

24 hours a day, 7 days a week	Once a week; less if sponsor is Robert Downey, Jr.

Edge: AAA

BENEFITS

Emergency road service, travel discounts	Pity of others, vacation days on demand

Edge: AA

DOWNSIDE

Finding shelf space for creeping collection of TripTiks	Cold reality of no job, bland life, and skanky barfly girlfriend sets in.

Edge: AAA

POSTER FAMILY

The comically clueless Griswolds	The hard-livin', easy-croakin' Kennedys

Edge: AA

HOW TO RECOGNIZE A MEMBER

Can't fold a map; thinks jumper cables are just for sex.	Used to be a lot more fun; name rhymes with *pelsey grammar.*

Edge: AAA

NUMBER OF MAXIM EDITORS ENROLLED

None; can only afford public transportation.	None; drinking is only pleasure in pathetic lives.

Draw

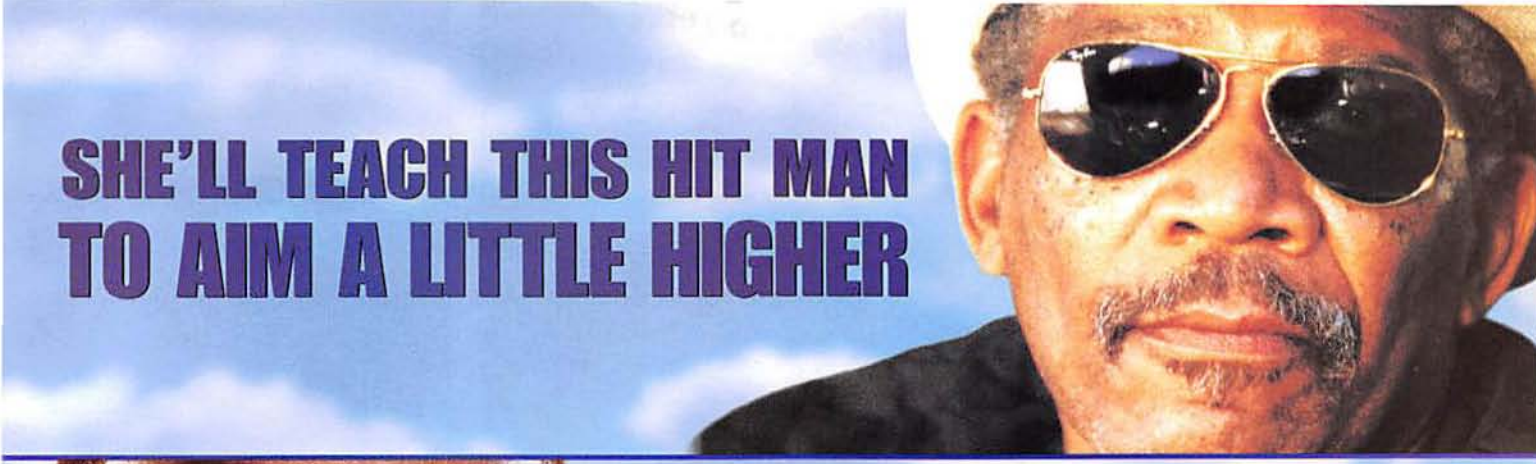
HOW TO POISON A MEMBER'S LIFE

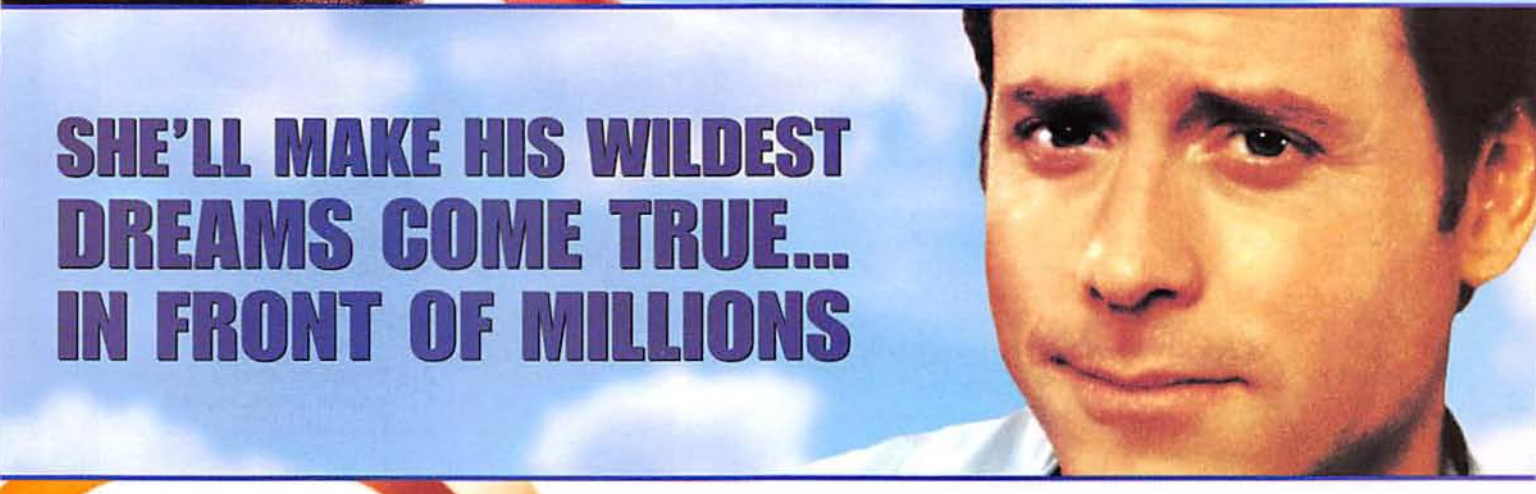
Surreptitiously let all air out of tires twice a week until he gets kicked out of his precious club.	Share "news" that his old bar's become *the* unofficial hangout for exhibitionist lesbian strippers.

Edge: AA

AND THE WINNER IS

By a score of 4–3, AAA kicks AA's ass down all 12 Steps.





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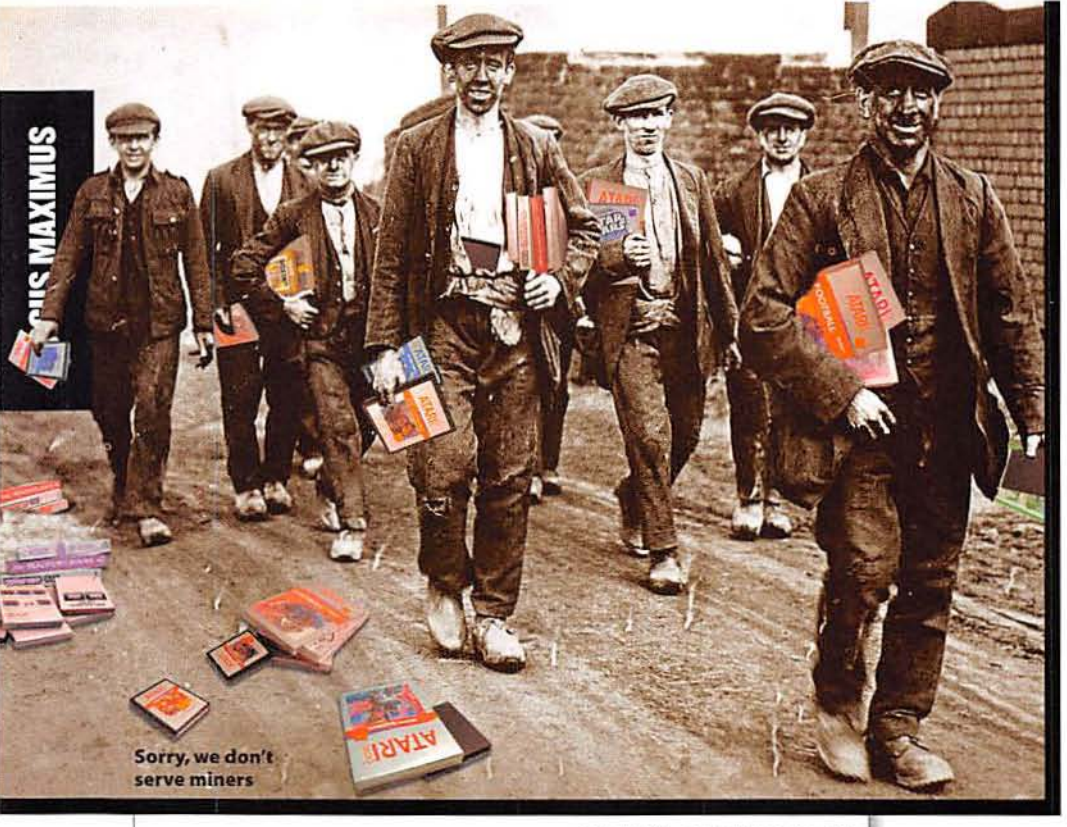
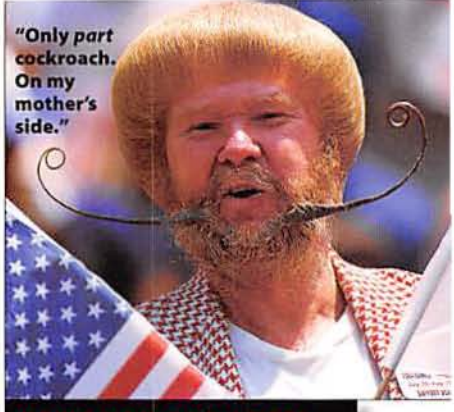


Sorry, we don't serve miners



"Only *part* cockroach. On my mother's side."

NEWS YOU CAN LOSE!

This Just In!

If someone else printed it, it must be true.

Though all these stories seem too good to be true, three of them were reported in reputable news outlets. See if you can spot the one *we* made up.

1. A New York woman was convicted of using her husband's health insurance to cure her boyfriend's impotency. The 42-year-old medical secretary provided her inadequate lover with $13,000 worth of medical procedures before her husband caught on to the scam. While the wife faces up to seven years in prison, her lover has fled the country.

2. According to a recent study, men with mustaches lose as much as 162,719 pints of beer a year to their facial hair. Research commissioned by Guinness concluded that this annually costs drinkers a total of $675,000 worth of suds.

3. A Florida man is suing comedian Rip Taylor for $2 million, claiming that a videotape of the actor's 1982 movie *Things Are Tough All Over* made him laugh so hard that he dropped a lit cigarette, causing a fire that destroyed most of his house. "It's just common sense that any [movie] with Rip Taylor in it should have a warning label," said the 48-year-old systems analyst.

4. A 62-year-old Pennsylvania woman spent an hour grocery shopping with a knife embedded in the back of her neck. The woman thought a passerby had punched her as she walked to the store; in fact she had been stabbed. At the store she bought Oreos and a newspaper, talked to several people, and went home. Her daughter saw the knife and rushed her mother to the hospital.

ANSWER: 3

Hey, hey! Lookin' sharp

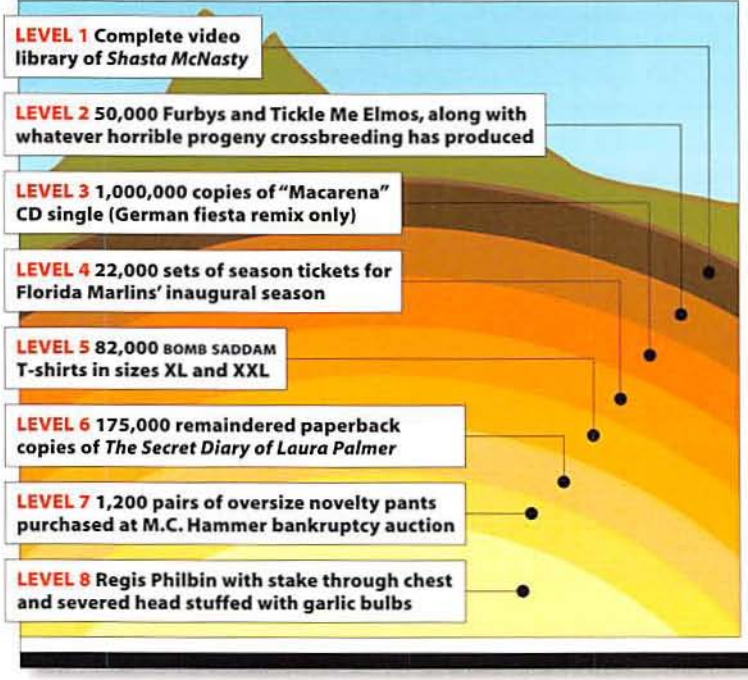
Photo-illustration, John Sosnovsky; illustration, James Silvani; photographs, Robert Glasgow (games, knife)

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

Buried Treasures

Our nominees for a National Historic Landfill.

When Atari went belly up in 1991, the California game maker found itself stuck with two million game cartridges it couldn't unload and decided to bury the games 150 feet beneath an active limestone mine in Kansas City, Missouri. But one era's garbage dump is another's nostalgia gold mine: Today O'Shea Ltd., a two-man wholesale operation, is dredging up the cartridges and hawking them on its Web site, www.atariclassic.com. The discounts are insane: 80¢ for a mint-condition copy of *Pole Position*, *Jungle Hunt*, or, if you have no shame whatsoever, *Ms. Pac-Man*. Made us wonder: What will future entrepreneurs make out of today's useless crap? Can't you just imagine the cultural landfill below, excavated in the year 2020:


LEVEL 1 Complete video library of *Shasta McNasty*
LEVEL 2 50,000 Furbys and Tickle Me Elmos, along with whatever horrible progeny crossbreeding has produced
LEVEL 3 1,000,000 copies of "Macarena" CD single (German fiesta remix only)
LEVEL 4 22,000 sets of season tickets for Florida Marlins' inaugural season
LEVEL 5 82,000 BOMB SADDAM T-shirts in sizes XL and XXL
LEVEL 6 175,000 remaindered paperback copies of *The Secret Diary of Laura Palmer*
LEVEL 7 1,200 pairs of oversize novelty pants purchased at M.C. Hammer bankruptcy auction
LEVEL 8 Regis Philbin with stake through chest and severed head stuffed with garlic bulbs

18%

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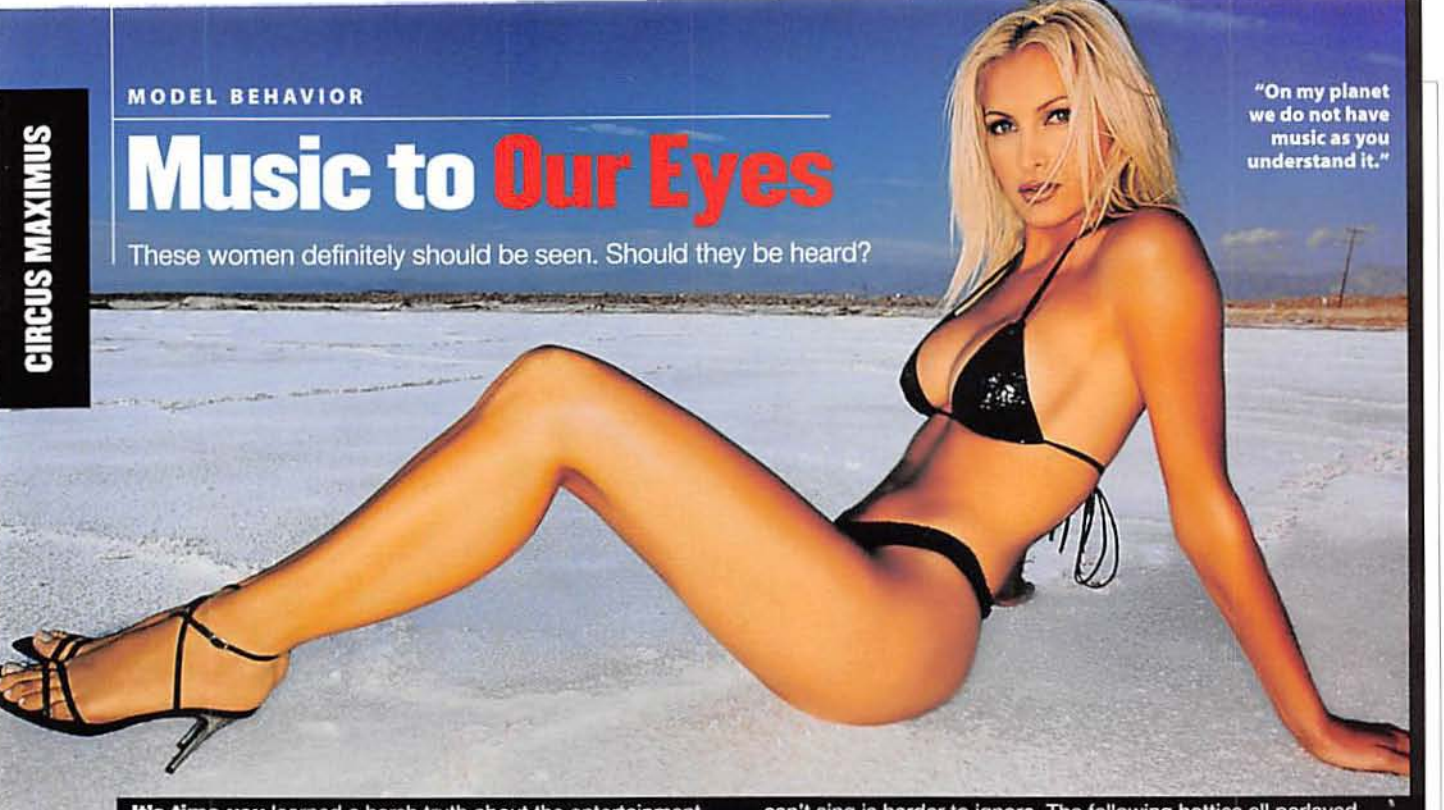
MODEL BEHAVIOR

Music to Our Eyes

These women definitely should be seen. Should they be heard?



"On my planet we do not have music as you understand it."

It's time you learned a harsh truth about the entertainment industry, kids: It helps if you're good-looking. But while we can forgive a lackluster actress who's easy on the eyes, a diva who can't sing is harder to ignore. The following hotties all parlayed their gazelle-like physical perfection into recording deals: Which girls have the talent to back it up?

Caprice There Goes Your Heart

Cover art says: "We're confident that a hairless, androgynous body will sell more albums than a picture of a hot blonde woman."
Choice lyric: "Baby it's plain to see / You're with her but soon it will be me / In no time, she'll go down in history / She's history."
Sounds like: The Pointer Sisters rapping over sound effects from Nintendo games. **Overall** ★★★★★!

Jennifer Love Hewitt Jennifer Love Hewitt

Cover art says: "I'm shy. Or I might be holding a knife behind my back. Approach carefully."
Choice lyric: "Everybody's lookin' for an answer with the metaphysical way you take me out there / It's good to know that I'm alive."
Sounds like: Buoyant and perky. When the bottom drops out of the grunge-music market, we hear this teen-pop thing's going to be big. **Overall** ★★★★★!

Milla Jovovich The Divine Comedy

Cover art says: "I'm a creature of unparalleled beauty and genius. And check out my rack."
Choice lyric: "My whole life's been really strange / I've been running in circles / Trying to make a change / I transcend myself with Billy."
Sounds like: A pissed-off Sarah McLachlan out for balls. Tell your friends she's not half bad and you'll earn instant street cred! **Overall** ★★★★★!

Jennifer Lopez On the 6

Cover art says: "You caught me just as I was about to touch my own butt."
Choice lyric: "I know it's on your heart / That a love like ours shall never fall apart / You're so afraid of the rain."
Sounds like: Oh, you know, pretty much what anyone working with a team of seven producers and 22 writers would sound like. **Overall** ★★★★★!

Alyssa Milano The Best in the World

Cover art says: "I'm an apple-cheeked innocent who enjoys a good fruit salad."
Choice lyric: "I just wanna be loved by you / That's all that really matters / I just wanna be loved by you / And my heart will never shatter."
Sounds like: Bouncy, overproduced techno-pop. If we'd grown up in Japan in the late '80s, we'd have bought this by the boatload, too. **Overall** ★★★★★!

Bijou Phillips I'd Rather Eat Glass

Cover art says: "What cruel fate would curse me with a head triple the size of my body?"
Choice lyric: "As I'm driving away in this, in this taxi cab / And the driver said / Are you sure you want to leave him."
Sounds like: Revved-up, electric, and whiny—makes us feel guilty for no reason. Despite the occasionally trite lyrics, Bijou actually pulls it off. **Overall** ★★★★★!

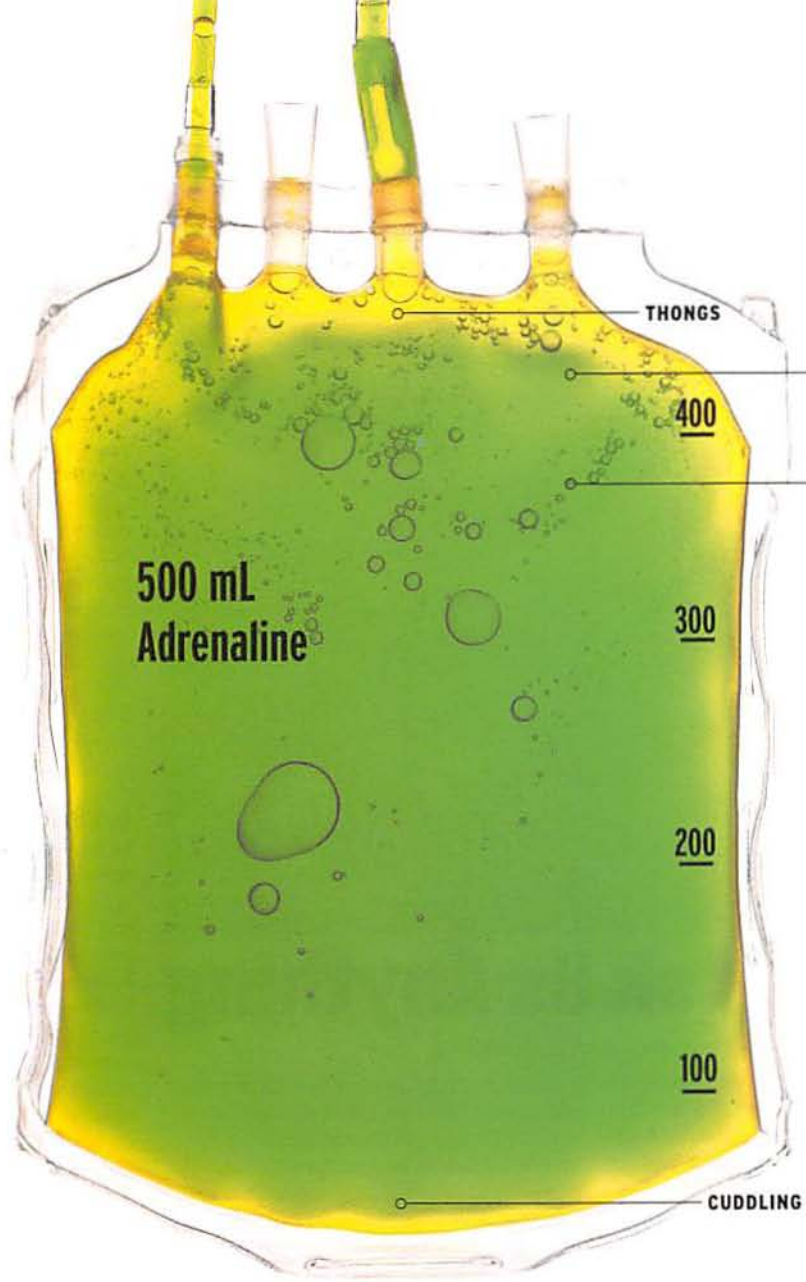
Rebecca Romijn-Stamos "Darling Nikki," Party O' the Times: A Tribute to Prince

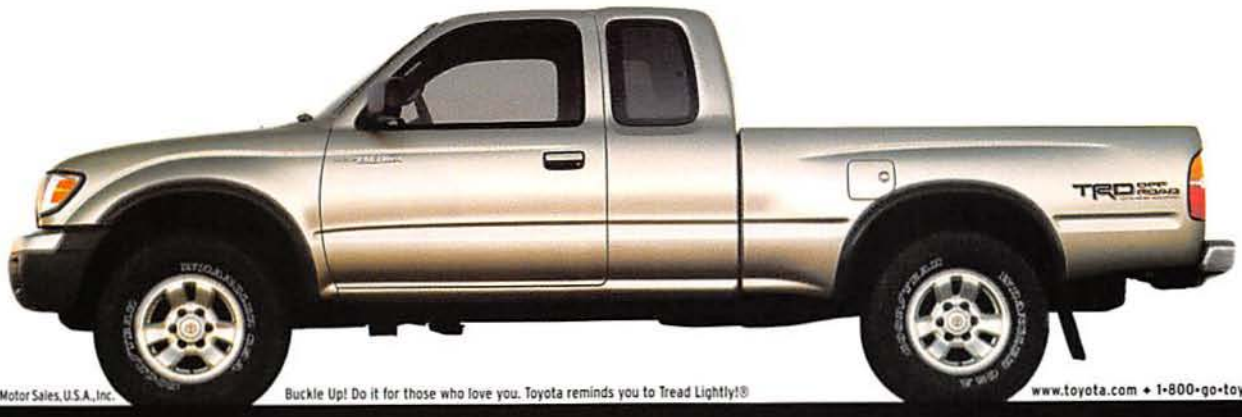
Cover art says: "This is what it looks like when ethereal, time-lapsed doves cry."
Choice lyric: "It said thank you for a funky time / Call me up whenever you want to grind."
Sounds like: A female version of Prince, if that's not redundant. Almost sexier than the original...We need to be alone with ourselves. **Overall** ★★★★☆

Kari Wuhrer Shiny

Cover art says: "Honey, you wanna turn down the dehumidifier? Thanks."
Choice lyric: "Spending time and she sells roses for a dollar / Hides in bed where the canopy is a willow tree."
Sounds like: A great 4 Non Blondes tribute band that's a bit ahead of its time (anyone you know nostalgic for 4 Non Blondes yet?) **Overall** ★★★★★!

Photographs, Robert Gasgow





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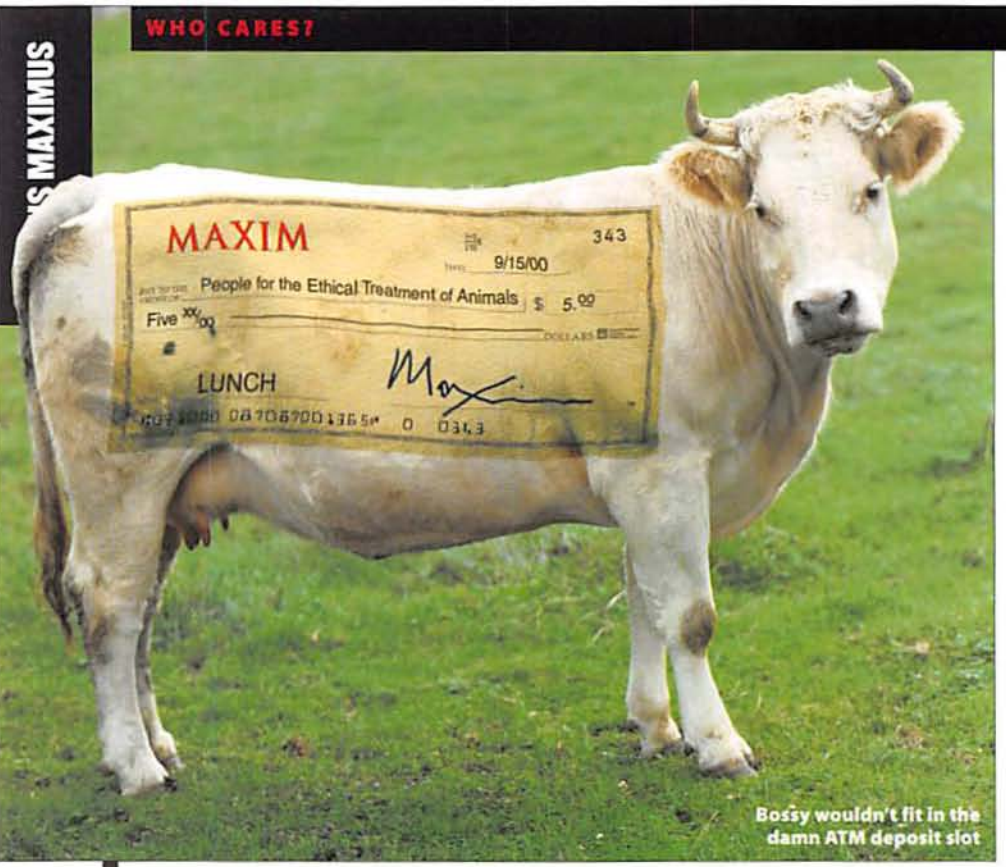

Bossy wouldn't fit in the damn ATM deposit slot

G'head, Ask Us Anything

Maxim answers your nagging, petty, eternal questions.

Q: Is it true that banks have to honor any check you write, even if it's written on a bar napkin or a tablecloth or a cow, as long as your account has the funds to cover it?

A: Tempting as it was to test this theory with a promissory note tattooed on the ass of a bound-and-gagged intern, we figured it'd be easier to ask an expert. "Technically a check can be drafted on anything: It be can scrawled on a piece of cardboard or carved on a rock," admits Janet Eissenstat, a spokesperson for the American Bankers Association. But here's the catch: "Banks usually have their customers sign agreements limiting the types of checks they can use," she adds. "When you open a checking account, you are basically agreeing that you will only sign checks from that bank or another acceptable source." Why are banks so capriciously uncool? So they can charge customers for checks, of course, and because the machines that process America's 175 million standardized checks per day tend to clog up when you try to insert phone books and soggy drink coasters. So don't be such a wisenheimer.

Q: How come my computer's Esc key doesn't allow me to escape from anything?

A: Most of those mystery keys on your keyboard are pretty self-explanatory: Tab instantly tallies your bar receipts, Num Lock makes you immune to pain, and so on. But Esc is vestigial, like the human appendix or testicles on male ballet dancers. Think of it as a throwback to the days of glorified doorstops like the Commodore 64 and the Apple IIe. Because these machines couldn't run more than one application at a time, they came equipped with "break" keys: manual-override buttons that immediately quit out of your program and took you back to the main operating system, just in case your game of *Lode Runner* was tanking. In this RAM-glutted age of simultaneous programs and Control-Alt-Delete, there's no longer much use for such an impulsive option. Today Esc passes its time reminiscing about the good ol' days while still performing odd jobs (press it while you click and drag a file to cancel your action) and rigging games (press it while holding down both mouse buttons to turn off the timer in Windows Minesweeper). It will in no way help you elude Five-O.

Opening weekend for *Rocky and Bullwinkle*

Q: Why do store prices always seem to end in 99 ¢?

A: First look around to see if you're shopping at an EVERYTHING 99¢ store. No? Then the reason's twofold: Because cashiers are greedy, and because you're a moron. Doug Raymond, president of the Retail Advertising & Marketing Association, argues that retailers gladly give up that one cent of profit in exchange for sales to thousands of gullible customers who buy because, semiconsciously, they think they're getting a deal. "For consumers, what feels better? Is it '99 cents' or 'one dollar'?" he asks. (Please don't answer out loud. This is just a magazine. We can't hear you.) But this longstanding tradition may have had its genesis in dishonest employees. Charging odd amounts for goods forced clerks to open the register—and set off the oh-so-subtle bell—to provide change instead of quietly pocketing the full purchase price. This clever practice finally eradicated embezzlement by cashiers, to the point where the notion seems positively quaint today.

"I should've pressed Control!"

God flushed and flushed, but Man just wouldn't go down.

Q: How are the names of hurricanes determined?

A: For centuries weather watchers identified violent storms by their coordinates, which was boring, or named them after saints, which was blasphemous and silly (c'mon, would *you* be afraid of Hurricane Saint. Bernard?). In 1953 the U.S. government began naming these easily worked-up, stubborn home wreckers after women; in 1979 it started alternating between male and female monikers. Today the World Meteorological Organization maintains six rotating lists of 21 names, retiring those of ultraviolent 'canes, like 1992's Andrew. "There are different naming schemes around the world," says Frank Lepore, a spokesman for the National Hurricane Center in Miami. "In the central Pacific, names tend to be Polynesian. In the Atlantic region, the names tend to be Spanish, English, French, or Dutch." So rest easy knowing you'll never have to pronounce Hurricane Chandramouleeswaran.

GOT YOUR OWN DUMB-ASS QUESTIONS?
Send them to "Ask Anything," *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 14th floor, New York, NY 10018, or E-mail them to ask@maximonline.com.

Photo-illustration, John Sosnovsky

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See rules at right for details.

HERE'S HOW TO ENTER IN 3 EASY STEPS!

1. Videotape (VHS) yourself dancing with or without up to 1 other partner. Each dancer individually judged based on creativity and style.
2. Each contestant must fill out and sign their own official entry form.
3. Mail in entry form(s) and video together to be received by 12/15/00.

For events in your area or for more entry form(s) call toll free **1-877-744-1234** by 11/15/00.

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JUDGING: Each contestant in the video will be ranked on the following criteria: (a) Originality/Creativity (1/2), and (b) Style/Presentation (1/2). Contestants who earn the highest overall scores will win. In the event of a tie, winner will be selected based on the criteria of Originality/Creativity. Video must contain contestant's own dance style and creation. Dance video must not have been entered in any other competition or violate the rights of other parties. Videos may not be offensive, lewd or defamatory, as determined by the judges. Prizes will be awarded to the individuals who submit the videos and entry forms. Winner selection conducted by independent, qualified judges, whose decisions are final. Judging will be conducted on or about 12/18/00. Prize winner(s) will be notified by mail or phone and will be required to execute an Affidavit of Eligibility and a Liability/Publicity Release within 7 days of date notice sent or prize may be forfeited. If prize, prize notification or attempted notification is returned undeliverable, prize will be forfeited and may be awarded to an alternate winner. Unclaimed prizes may not be awarded.

PRIZE(S): Each winner will receive one (1) of twenty (20) prizes consisting of a 4 day/3 night trip for two (winner and one guest) to Miami, Florida and the opportunity to compete against other winners from various live dance competitions for one (1) of four (4) cash prizes: Grand prize - $20,000, first prize - $15,000, second prize - $10,000 and third prize - $5,000 in the Final Newport Rhythm and Sound Dance Contest on January 21, 2001. Trip includes: round trip coach air transportation from major airport near winner's home (at Sponsor's discretion), to Miami, Florida, ground transfers to and from Miami Airport, one (1) standard hotel room (double occupancy), and breakfast and dinner catered daily. Winner and guest must be able to travel between January 19 and 22, 2001, or prize will be forfeited and may be awarded to an alternate winner. All other unspecified expenses are winner's responsibility. Winner and guest must travel together. Winner and guest will be required to provide a copy of their driver's license or equivalent government issued photo identification prior to ticketing. Travel guest of winner must be 21 years or older and will be required to sign a Liability/Publicity Release. Additional restrictions may apply. (ARV: $3,500.00/trip, actual value may vary depending on departure location). No prize substitution or cash redemption allowed by winner(s). Prize(s) are not transferable. Taxes are the sole responsibility of each winner. Sponsor reserves the right to substitute prize with similar prize of equal or greater value due to prize unavailability. Entering the contest or acceptance of prize offered constitutes permission to use the contestants', winners', or guests' names and likenesses for commercial purposes without further notice or compensation unless prohibited by law. Limit one prize per person and two per household.

ELIGIBILITY: Open to legal U.S. residents, who are smokers, 21 years of age or older as of contest start date, except VA residents. Contest open to amateur dancers only. Professional dancers, dance instructors and any persons who have been paid for their dancing are not eligible. Employees of Sponsor, its parent, affiliates, subsidiaries, vendors, advertising and promotion agencies, and their immediate families and household members are not eligible to enter or attend as guests. By submitting an entry and video, contestant agrees to be bound by these Official Rules. Sponsor and its advertising and promotion agencies will have no liability in connection with the acceptance or use of the prizes awarded. Offer void in VA and where prohibited and subject to federal, state and local laws. Lorillard Tobacco Company and its advertising and promotion agencies are not responsible for technical, hardware, software or telephone failure of any kind, or failed, incomplete, garbled telephone requests which may limit a contestant's ability to participate in the promotion. Sponsor reserves the right at its sole discretion to disqualify any individual they find to be tampering with the 877 phone line entry request process or with the operation of the promotion. FOR A WINNERS LIST: Send a self-addressed, stamped business size (#10) envelope to: Newport Rhythm and Sound Dance Contest Winners, P.O. Box 337, Wilton, CT 06897-0337. Requests must be received by 12/15/00. DO NOT SEND ANY OTHER CORRESPONDENCE OR ENTRIES/VIDEOS TO THIS ADDRESS. SPONSOR: Lorillard Tobacco Company, P.O. Box 10529, Greensboro, NC 27404-0529.

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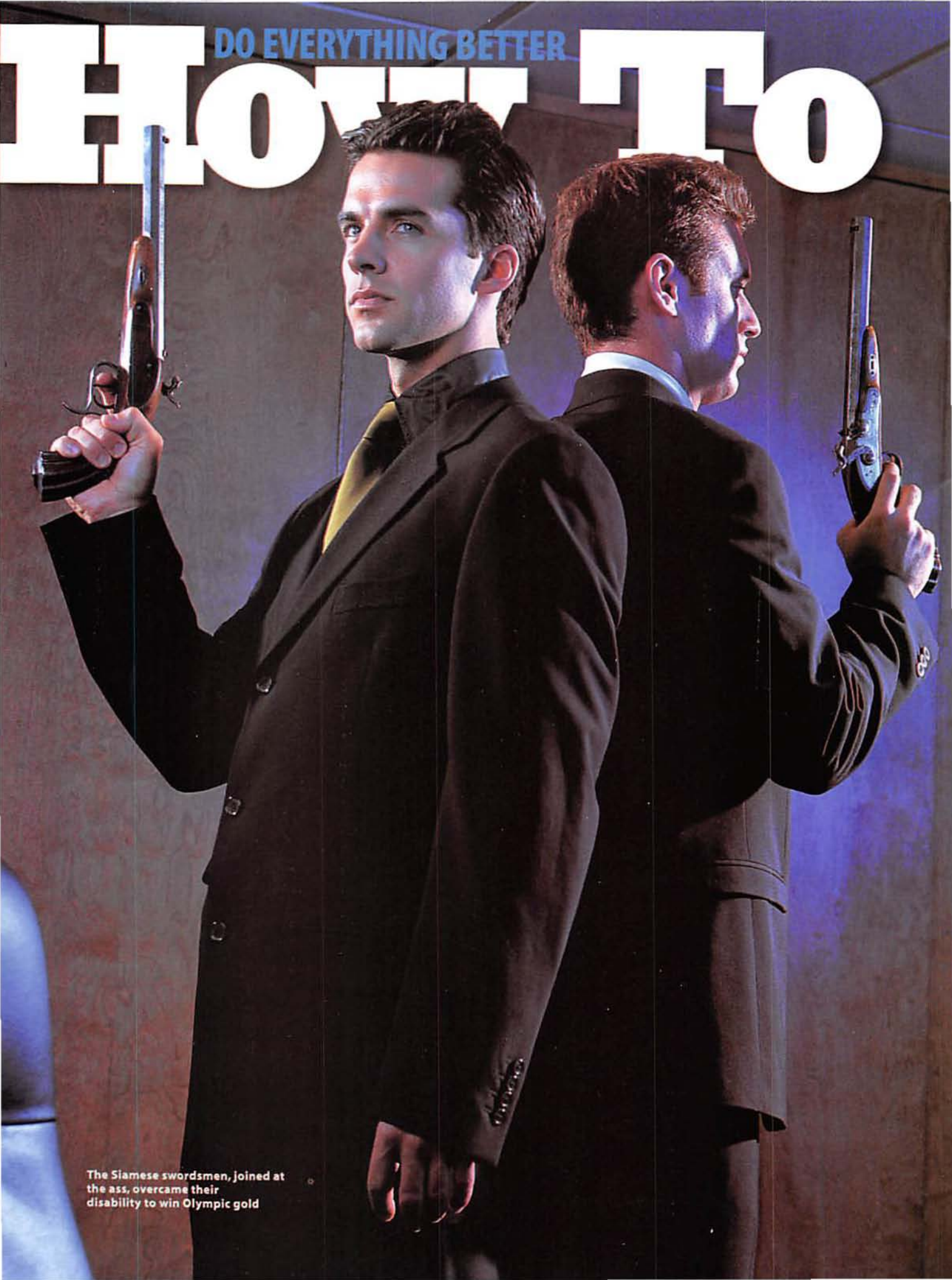
How To



The Siamese swordsmen, joined at the ass, overcame their disability to win Olympic gold

FIGHT A DUEL

Some heel besmirching the honor of your damsel? Squelch the bastard the old-fashioned way. (Note: This is for fun only...Please don't really blow anyone's guts out.)

Mere hours after the boss' brown-nosing nephew hijacks your promotion, the little snot shoots your ideas down in a staff meeting. What you feel like doing is leaping onto his shrieking form and tearing his neck out. But what do you do? Nothing. If you were a knight, or a samurai, or any schmuck in the Old West...really, if you were living in any age but the current pussified one, you'd settle the score with a duel to the death. Well, surprise! While some chivalrous (read: Southern) states like Mississippi, Arkansas, and Kentucky have outlawed dueling, there's no law against it in sophisticated states such as New York, California, Florida, and Illinois. So have at thee!

Step One: Throw down the gauntlet

Announce your challenge to your rival in public. You're probably thinking of slapping him silly with a glove, but tradition dictates that you post a notice in the town square. "It should be done with superb politeness," says Thomas Fleming, author of *Duel: Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr and the Future of America.* "In those days calling someone a rascal was grounds for combat. Now you may have to take the language up a notch."

Step Two: Choose your weapon

Want to go old school? Pick swords or daggers. Want a chance at an open-casket funeral? We recommend pistols. Packaged in pairs in a handsome carrying case, dueling pistols are not known for their accuracy, especially by today's standards. To judge from history, says Fleming, with dueling pistols you've got a 60 percent chance of missing each other entirely—even if you could shoot the wings off a fly at 100 yards with an Uzi.

Step Three: Secure a second

Before the big day you'll need an assistant. This second person, creatively referred to as a "second," handles administrative details: letting the offender know he's been challenged, scoping out fighting grounds, making funeral arrangements. "The original purpose of the seconds was to *avoid* a duel," Fleming explains. "They'd try to get the challenger to admit it was all a misunderstanding." But then, why ruin a perfectly good fight?

Step Four: Ready...aim...fire

A proper stance is crucial, says Fleming. "Turn so the minimum of your body surface is showing." (Then again, Alexander Hamilton was hit in the side, and he spent his last 36 hours in agony.) If you miss each other, shake hands and offer to buy the first round of drinks. If you notice blood streaming from a new bodily orifice, forgive your rival. In death, unlike in life, you may earn a rep for being a gentleman.—*Elizabeth Canning*

Photographs, Dale May; stylist, Seannita Palmer

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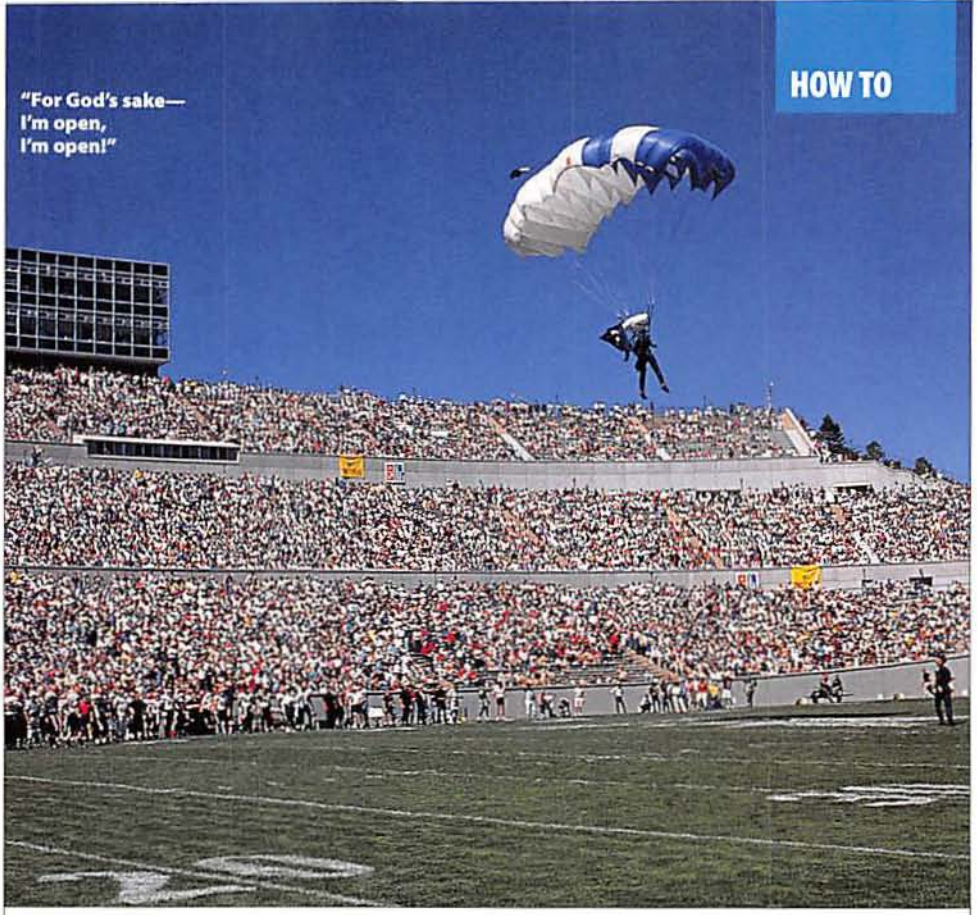


HOW TO

GET INTO ANY GAME

The average arena has 12,000 seats—oughta be room for your skinny ass.

Any schmo can score front-row seats to pie-eating tournaments, midget bowling, or major-league soccer. But what about real sports—how can you make sure you're not left out in the cold when the pennant races, the playoffs, even the damn Super Bowl come to town? "People need to realize that SOLD OUT is always a lie," explains Tony Girgenti, president of the United States Ticket Broker Association. "Tickets may not be cheap, but they're *always* for sale." Using all the human tools at your disposal, here's how to get within javelin range of John Rocker every time.

First resort: Pay the face

Try traditional channels first—that's where all the tickets ultimately come from. How to beat the crowd? "Web sites like TicketMaster.com and Pollstar.com publish exact on-sale times," explains Lee*, a New York City broker. "Of course *we* don't have to sit on hold like some john." That's right, brokers get insider phone numbers and snag the best seats in exchange for hefty kick-backs—hey, life ain't fair. If you haven't got the resources to bribe a monopolistic corporation, "try calling for tickets 20 minutes before the on-sale time," says Lee. "Signing up for a magazine subscription or bullshitting about future shows can keep you on the phone and first in line. Generally the agent will know that you're trying to stall and will work with you."

Second resort: Go for broker

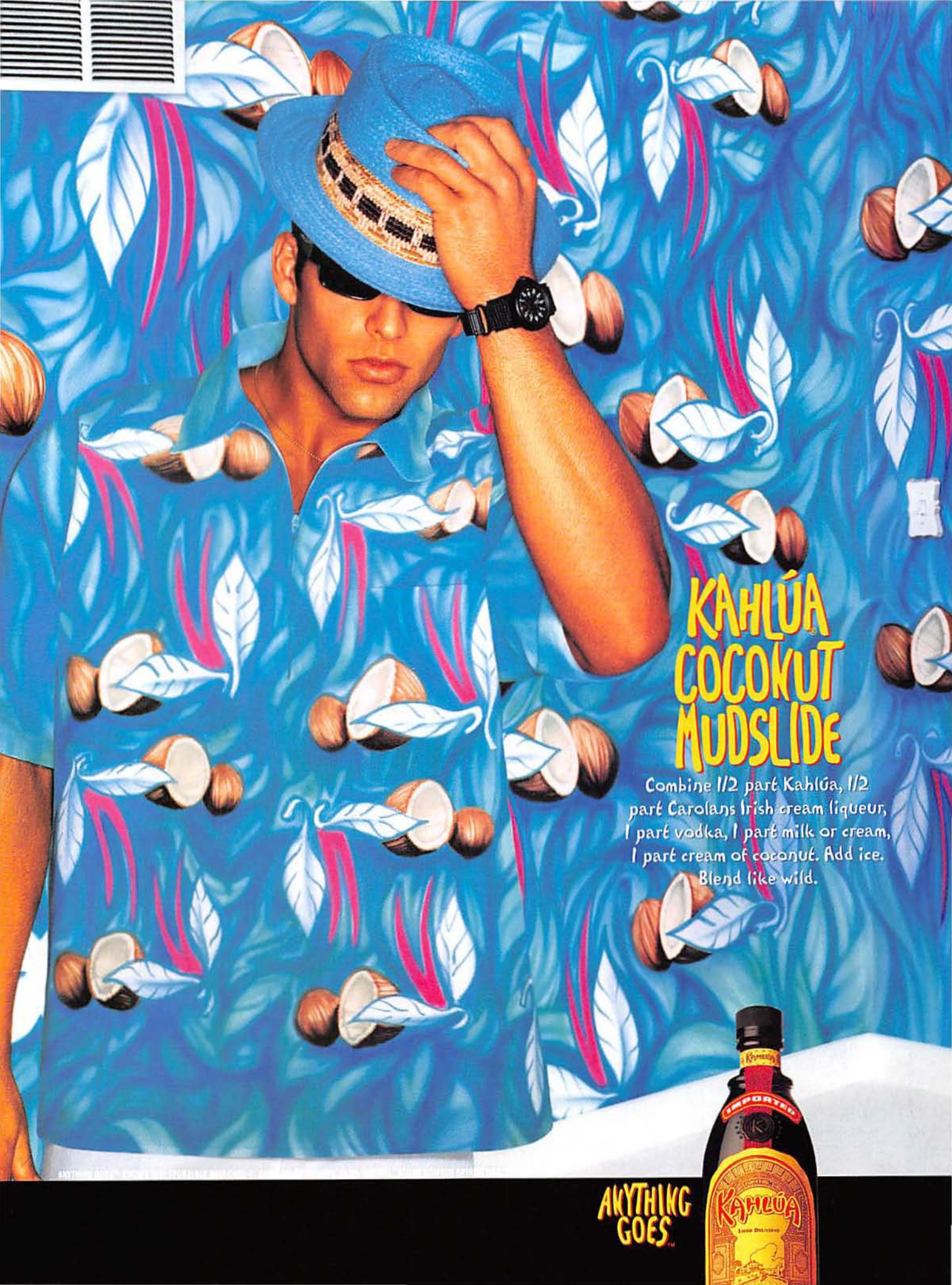
Sold out? Now you have two choices: Be the 10th caller to correctly identify Bob Uecker's lifetime batting average, or log on to www.ustba.com or www.natb.org and find a legit ticket broker in your area. "Always go local," warns Ernest*, a Los Angeles broker. "Local brokerages have smaller operations and a smaller client base, so their prices are always lower." He says brokers always want to sell tickets in pairs, "so if you need four, just ask for three and try to get a deal on the fourth." Going stag is an even better deal. "When we get stuck with a 'loner,'" says Lee, "somebody is getting a cheap seat." Why not you?

Last resort: Get scalped

Even on game day, haggling with a broker is hopeless, warns Girgenti. "Our guys will eat a box of unused tickets before they'll train customers to wait until the last minute to buy," he says. Instead they sell tickets to street-level scalpers, who then try to resell them outside the arena. The good news: Scalpers have a limited time to sell their tix before they turn into worthless pieces of paper. "The closer it gets to game time," says Lee, "the cheaper the tickets will be." If you find a scalper who's still holding even one minute after the game has started, the ball's back in your court. Lee advises that you "pay him half the face value and make him call you Daddy."—*Alex Straus*

**All names have been changed.*

Sadly, only five of them would get to see Menudo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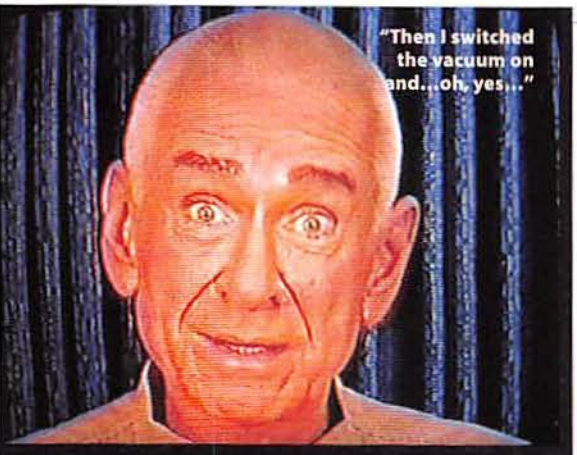

HOW TO

DEPROGRAM SOMEONE

Because an easily influenced mind is a terrible thing to waste.

Your girlfriend said she was going away on a "spiritual retreat," but now that she's back, she spends the day staring plaintively out the window, awaiting the "mother ship." "Anybody can be brainwashed. And anybody else, if they've got the time and the motivation, can deprogram them," says Mary Alice Chrnalogar, veteran deprogrammer and the author of *Twisted Scriptures: Breaking Free from Churches that Abuse.*

Take your time

Don't engage her in an emotional public face-off, or she'll hop the next boat to Jonestown. "You need to get all the facts straight," says Chrnalogar. "Try to figure out when and why this person decided to give up thinking for themselves." Tell her you'd like some private time with her to learn all about her new belief system, and get a motel room or any neutral space you can both inhabit for the next three to five days.

Make your pitch

Now stage your intervention. Show the brainwashee the effects her conversion has had on loved ones: Bring in friends and relatives who can attest to her sudden change in personality. In time she'll realize that there aren't any aliens living under volcanoes. "When they come out of it," Chrnalogar says, "it's like turning on a light bulb."

Watch your back

Deprogramming ain't all fun and mind games. "Cult leaders, pimps, and other control freaks are usually not happy with our work," says Chrnalogar. "We get sued, thrown in jail, even shot at. But it's all worth it when your subject realizes they can regain control over their own life." And return to their blissful existence on the couch, watching *Judge Judy.*—*DC Agle*

HOW TO

SCREW WITH TELEMARKETERS

Won't *they* be sorry they tried to sell you a Chop-a-Matic at 3 A.M.

"Hi, Mr. Jones! How're you today?" wonders the telephone voice that just spoiled your dinner, interrupted your coitus, or pulled you off the can. Don't get mad...get freaky. That telemarketer on the other end of the line is so starved for attention, he'd love to play any of the following games with you. Honest!

Game: Holy Roller

How to play: Ask him if he has accepted the Lord Jesus into his heart. Deliver the "righteous man" speech from *Pulp Fiction.* Ask him to get on his knees and pray with you.
You win when: You get him to repeat after you, "Hallelujah."

Game: Secret Agent Man

How to play: Ask repeatedly if the conversation is being recorded. Claim that the CIA's been listening in ever since you got back from "the operation in Grenada." Neither confirm nor deny any of the information he may have obtained.
You win when: He acknowledges that he hears the clicking, too.

Game: Tourette's Sufferer

How to play: Act interested in whatever he has to offer—but stutter. Explain that you have a neurological disease and that you can't *bitch!* control what *goddamn man-titties!* comes out of your *assface! assface!*
You win when: He apologizes to you.

Game: Coffee Disaster

How to play: Interrupt his pitch with a piercing scream. Howl that you just spilled hot coffee on your balls. Act as if you've accidentally made the situation worse: "Gotta get some salt on this burn before it...*A-a-a-argh!*"
You win when: He offers to call for help.

Game: Say What?

How to play: Explain that you've just returned from a Limp Bizkit concert and your hearing is shot. Ask him to speak louder... louder...*louder!* Make him keep starting his pitch from the top.
You win when: He slams the phone down and you finish your meal/bathroom trip/stewardess in peace.—*Russell Wild*

Illustration, David Hine

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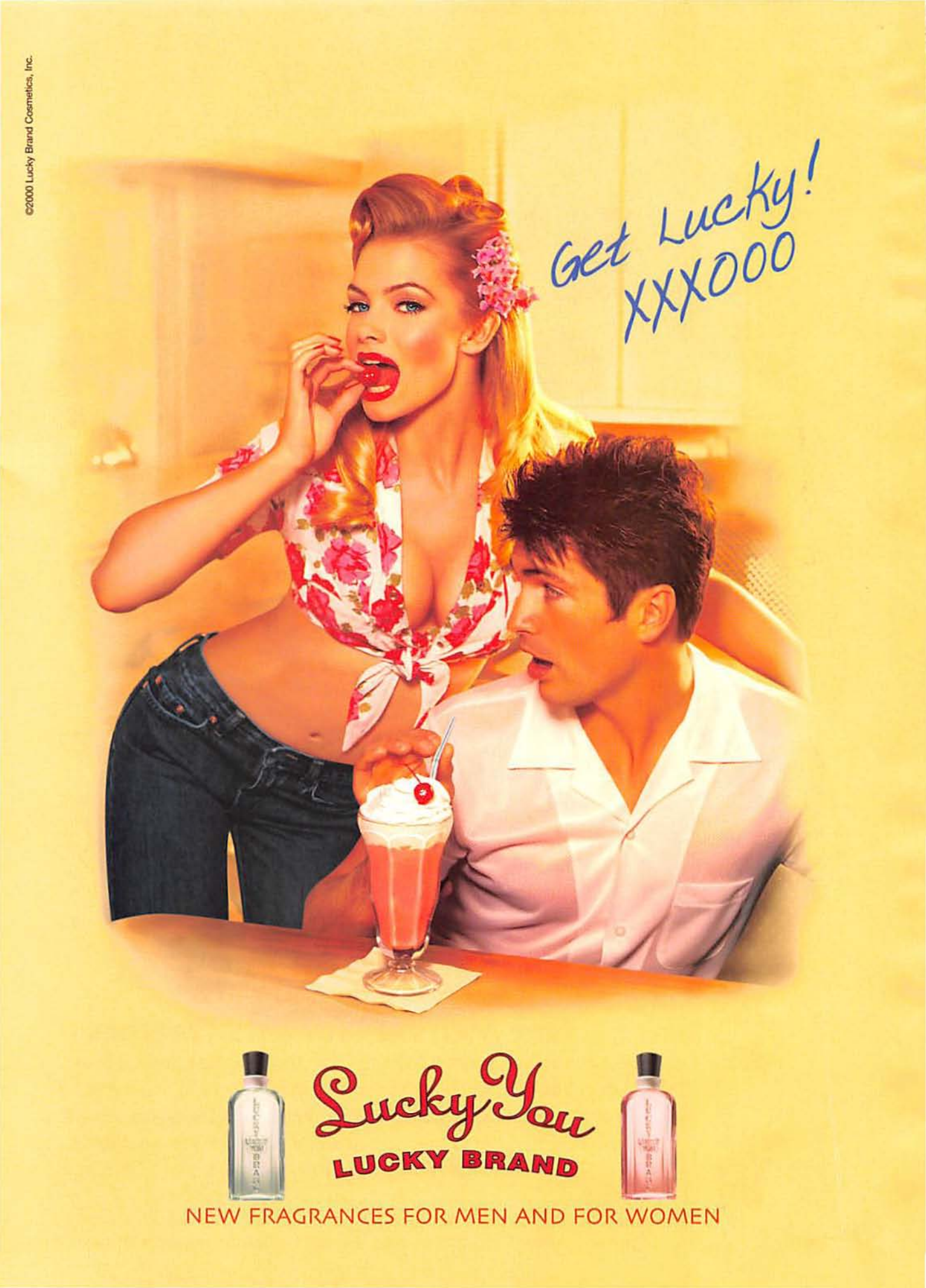

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"Sold out? But we used Funeralfone."

HOW TO

SCORE AT A FUNERAL

Play it cool and there'll be another lucky stiff getting buried today.

Your pal/coworker/Great-Uncle Ichabod's dead and gone. Would he really want to see you blubbering away, or would he rather have you live it up in his honor, doing all the things his rigor mortis no longer allows? Cry and the world cries with you; smile and you just might get a phone number from that babe in black.

Tactic #1: Be the 'life' of the party

The key to breaking the ice is making yourself stand out in your target's mind. When you're surrounded by misery, that means putting on a serene, happy face. According to Nanette Pope, a Boston PR rep who met her beau at her great-uncle's last call, it's the man who celebrates living who gets noticed. "While everyone else was crying and avoiding eye contact, Carl just kept looking at me and smiling," she explains. "He said he missed my uncle as well but that life was for the living and he wasn't sure if he'd ever see me again. He was ballsy, and my defenses were definitely down. We've been dating ever since."

Tactic #2: Show your sympathetic side

"Supposedly when women are grieving, they're actually kind of horny," says Ron Louis, coauthor of *How to Succeed With Women* and co-editor of HowToSucceedWith Women.com. And while sappiness usually turns the honeys off these days, the rules go out the window when there's a six-foot mahogany centerpiece. Show her you're in tune with your emotions, says Louis, and she may start thinking of pairing up. Comfort the bereaved in an ostentatious way, and make sure your gal sees tears. (Carry sliced onions tied in a hanky, think about how the bastards canceled *Knight Rider*...whatever it takes.) When it comes time to console your target, says Louis, "use flirtatious body language. Hold her hand and rub her back. You'll definitely get a phone number."

Tactic #3: Jump her bones

No patience for sensitivity? Try a more direct approach. Turns out women can be just as prone to heartless perversion as men—if that new Oprah magazine isn't lying to us, anyway. And that Kleenex-crumpling blonde, second pew from the left, may be just as turned on as you are by the concept of boning in a boneyard. Chat with her, advises Kurt, a 27-year-old funeral director in a small town he'd rather not get thrown out of, then comment on the easy access to limos and hearses, as well as on the dozens of private coffins available, and see where that goes. If you draw a horrified reaction, laugh sheepishly and claim that grief has wreaked havoc on your sense of humor. Then it's off to the next pew.—*Bill Schulz*

"Which one o' you mugs forgot to invite any girls?"

HOW TO

SPOT A NYMPHOMANIAC

Rescue one for yourself before she falls into the evil clutches of your local college football team.

"Sorry, boys—I just like ties."

"If you're looking for a one-night stand, you can't beat a nymphomaniac," says Dr. Mary Andres, a clinical psychologist who specializes in sexuality and addiction. OK, so without several months of test driving and costly analysis, there's no surefire way to tell if a woman is certifiable. But here are a few tips to help you zero in on likely candidates.

Sign #1: She's a spotlight hog

Look for signs of extremely extroverted behavior. "If a woman starts dancing on a bar and whipping off her shirt, this suggests she's pretty liberated," says Cal State L.A. psychologist Pamela Regan. "If she orders a drink like a Blow Job, with piles of whipped cream, and then she goes down on it, you can tell she's pretty wild." Work on reading people's sexual energy: "Next time you walk into a bar," suggests Andres, "ask yourself who puts out that vibe that says 'I'm fuckable.' " (Warning: *Maxim* not responsible for errors resulting from misconstrued vibes.)

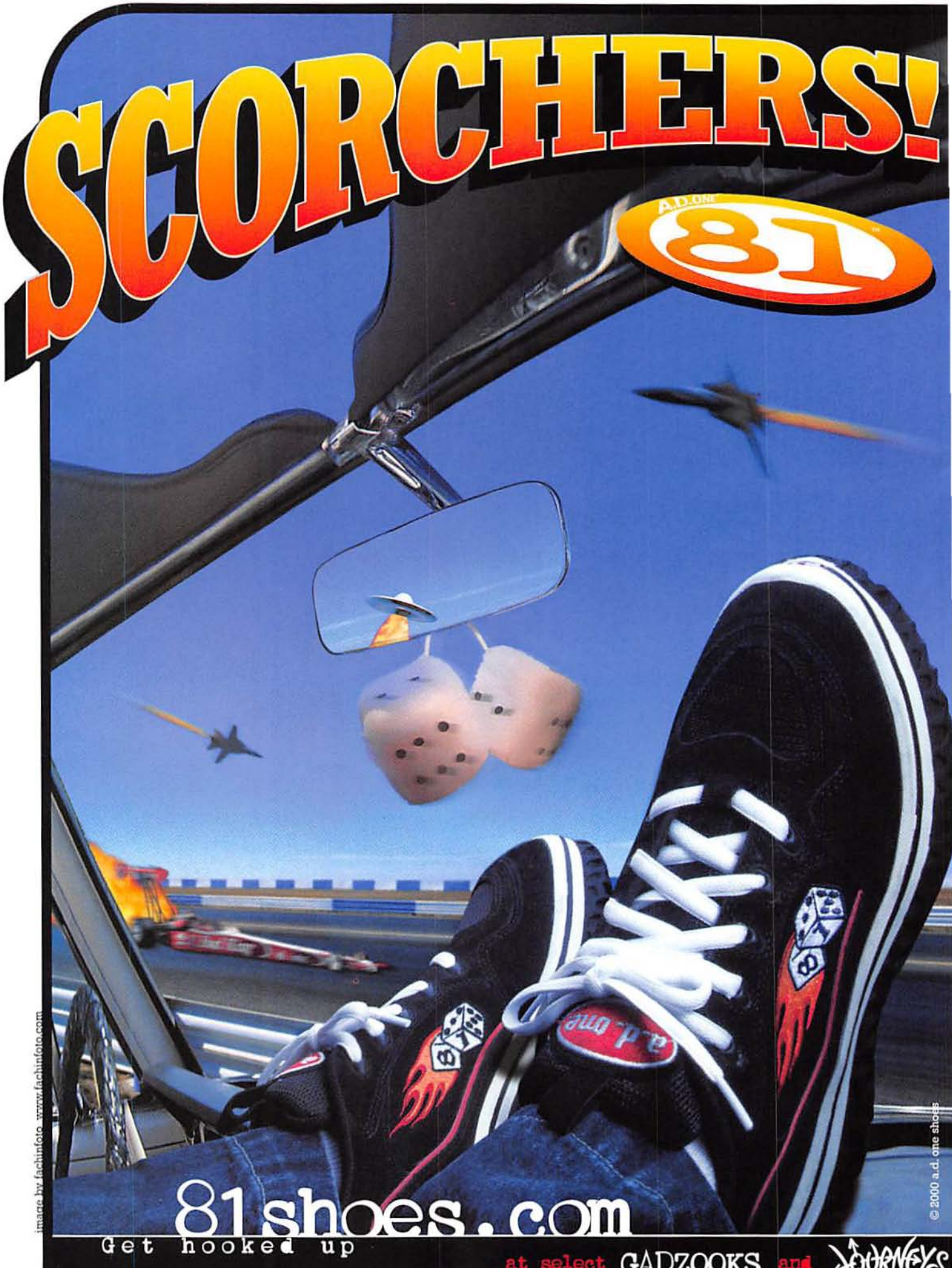
Sign #2: She pounces on you

Be passive and you could still end up with a nympho in your lap. "Nymphomaniacs chase after a particular type of man," swears Hannah, a recovering sex addict. "For me, whenever I saw a guy in a suit, it would just set me off." If your traits press her buttons, she'll be disturbingly insatiable. "Sex was a drug for me," Hannah says. "I was always chasing that high and wanting to keep it." Congrats; you're now her love fix.

Sign #3: She rubs you the right way

"If a woman brushes against you with her breasts, genitals, or clothing, these are good signs," says Regan. (Genitals?) If the room isn't crowded and she's still pressed up against you, she's achin' for the takin' or she's trying to scratch an itch. Either way, give the lady a hand.—*Christina Valhouli*

Some girls like it by the bunch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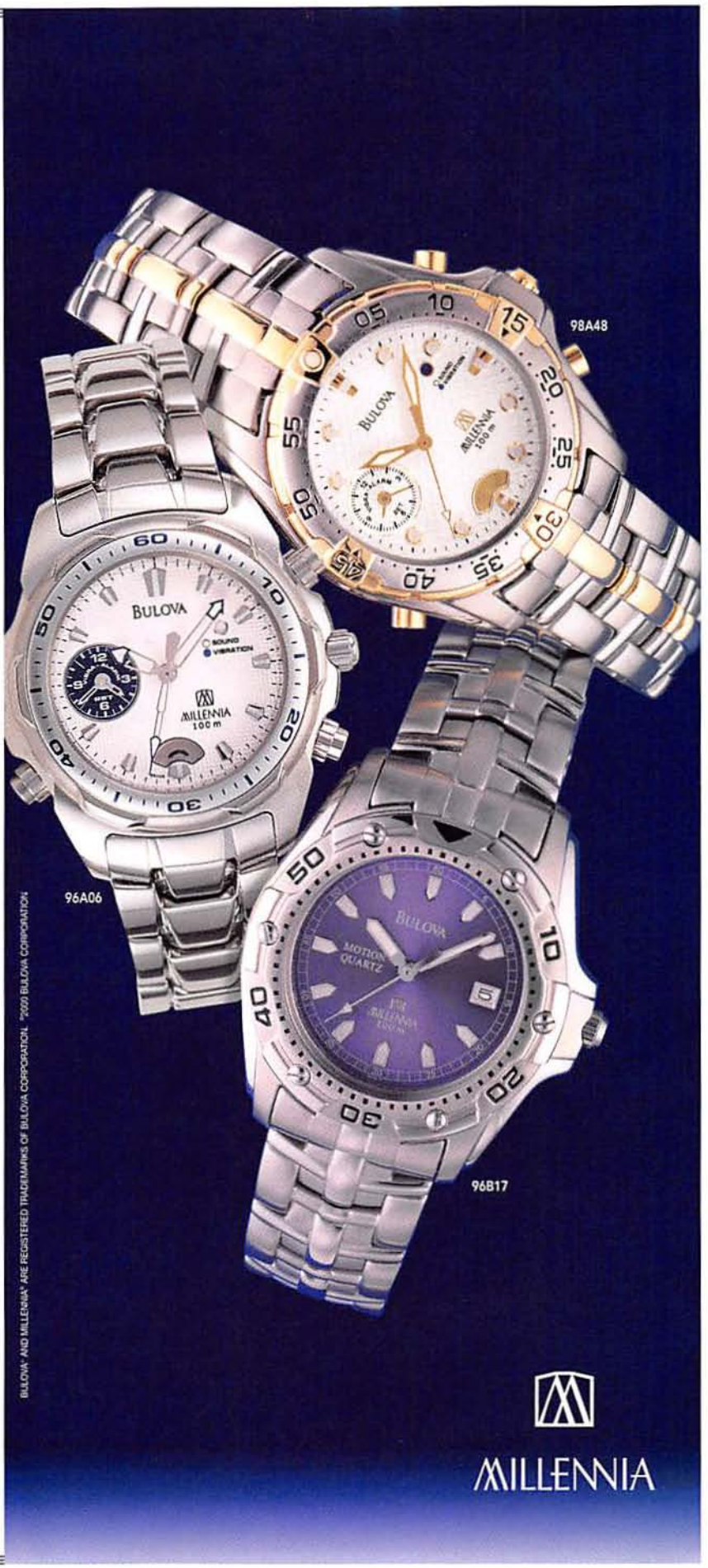

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Blazing Sandals

Woodstock '99 devolved into a disaster of arson, looting, and sexual assault. For one volunteer, it was a night he'll never forget. By Pete Magnani, as told to Alex Straus

"OK, we're ready for that giant wiener now!"

At 9:07 P.M., the exact moment the Red Hot Chili Peppers hit the stage, the crowd went ballistic. A hundred and fifty thousand people, hopped up on three days of riot acts like Korn, Limp Bizkit, and Rage Against the Machine. This was Woodstock '99, the 30th anniversary of the original concert, and the Peppers' thrashing funk would bring the festival to a deafening climax. By the end of the first song, the stage was littered with bottles and the largest mosh pit of the weekend was erupting in full force: a surging sea of bloodied, sweaty flesh. It was clear we'd come a long, long way from the Summer of Love.

From where I stood in a purple CRISIS TEAM SPECIALIST STAFF shirt, on the right side of the main stage, this was a scary scene. I had volunteered to be part of the 600-person crisis team working the three-day concert, but there were few of us left at this point. Though the crowd was clearly getting wilder and wilder, the entire security staff had already been dismissed. As the sun disappeared and the festival's hundreds of vendors tried to do the same, I caught a glimpse of the last yellow PEACE PATROL T-shirt heading for the exit.

At 9:30, just as Anthony Kiedis wailed the Hendrix line "Let me stand next to your fire," the entire camping area, 100 yards in front of me, seemed to spontaneously combust. Within minutes there were a dozen bonfires scattered in every direction. As I looked around, watching the crowd slowly morph into a mob, it became clear: Something dangerous and fascinating was taking place.

Bloody Sunday

In my seven years as an EMT for the South Plainfield, New Jersey, rescue squad, I've never seen as much severe trauma as I did each day at Woodstock. We'd been pulling people out of mosh pits one after another for three days. Every night I carried 20 to 30 people over the narrow 50-yard trail around the stage to the medical tent. Broken legs, broken arms, even a "flailed chest" (three or more broken ribs). At times it got so bad that people with broken bones and open wounds were not considered a priority. One guy had apparently jumped off a speaker in front of the stage and landed on something that put a one-and-a-half-inch hole in his back, just to the right of his spine—a clear hole that went almost all the way through him.

Long, strange trips

I had volunteered to work Woodstock just a few months earlier. Out of 4,000 applicants worldwide, I made the cut. The day before the show, I had second thoughts about giving up my weekend, but I never would have forgiven myself if I ▶

Pete (back row, center), with the crisis team

Photographs of Photographs, Robert Glasgow

Good news, now you get to be the genius that blew the easy question.

What pro wrestler grapples with Sylvester Stallone in the movie "Rocky III"?
A. Dolph Lundgren
B. Hulk Hogan
C. Andre the Giant
D. The Iron Sheik
LIFELINES

Okay, smarty pants, strap on your thinking cap and let's get down to business. Who Wants To Be A Millionaire: 2nd Edition, is now on PlayStation. Six-hundred questions, plenty of topics, 3 Lifelines, even a 2-player Fastest Finger round. It's just like the TV game show, only without all the commercials. Real questions, real drama, real Regis. And, yes, that is our final answer. (Sorry, we couldn't resist.)

WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE 2nd EDITION

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"Right this way, Mr. Hawking."

THEY SHOULDA KNOWN!

Was it the high prices? The lack of security? Or just the music? A Maxim investigation.

Woodstock '69	Woodstock '99
"Love me."	"Bite me."
"Ball and Chain" —*Janis Joplin*	**"Balls in Your Mouth"** —*Kid Rock*
"I Find Myself Missing You" —*Country Joe McDonald*	**"You Make Me Feel like a Whore"** —*Everclear*
"Sweet Sir Galahad" —*Joan Baez*	**"Sir Psycho Sexy"** —*Red Hot Chili Peppers*
"Turn On Your Lovelight" —*Grateful Dead*	**"Know Your Enemy"** —*Rage Against the Machine*
"Let's Work Together" —*Canned Heat*	**"Why Don't You Get a Job"**— *The Offspring*
"Message to Love" —*Jimi Hendrix*	**"Fuck the World"** —*Insane Clown Posse*
"See Me, Feel Me" —*The Who*	**"Bury Me"** —*Guster*
"Everything's Gonna Be Alright" —*Paul Butterfield Blues Band*	**"Die, Die My Darling"** —*Metallica*
"Beautiful People" —*Melanie*	**"Freak on a Leash"** —*Korn*
"Find the Cost of Freedom" —*Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young*	**"Break Stuff"** —*Limp Bizkit*

hadn't gone. It turned out to be the experience of a lifetime, and I survived.

All weekend there had been very young kids stumbling into the medical tent, tripping big time. I remember one in particular: It took four security guards to bring him to us. They said the guy had gone ballistic—throwing garbage cans around, kicking anything he could find. They found him trying to climb the exterior wall. Those guys saved him from a real nightmare: tripping in jail. When we got him all we could do was hose him down. Incredibly, it worked. Within a few minutes, he had settled into his high and thanked us.

Fire in the sky

Between my real job and the few days at Woodstock, I thought I'd seen the worst these situations had to offer. That was before things went insane. As soon as those first fires got going, one of the promoters stepped onstage and gave the millennial version of Woodstock '69's "Don't take the brown acid" announcement. He assured the crowd that the fires were not part of the show and that the authorities would arrive shortly. But they wouldn't arrive for hours. After a seemingly endless delay, the Chili Peppers tried to return to the stage to finish their set, but they gave up after a few songs. By now the fires closest to the stage were 40 feet high, 20 feet across, and growing. You always think of the Chili Peppers as a pretty hard-core bunch of guys, but even they were too freaked to keep playing.

A core group of instigators, all wildly intoxicated men, were doing everything they could to burn the place to the ground. They were throwing anything they could get their hands on—chairs, tables, clothes, tents—into the fire.

Escort service

Before I could leave my spot on the stage, a gorgeous young woman came up to me. She had lost her twin sister and now, in the chaos, couldn't fight her way through the fires alone. I looked around at the scene and decided it was every man for himself. I left my station to help her out.

The first fire we tried to pass was now more than 70 feet high. It was an awesome spectacle. After three days of nearly uninterrupted music, the three stages were abandoned, the only sound the roaring of the flames.

Then it hit me: I was the only form of authority anywhere in sight. It was not a good feeling, believe me. All sense of order was gone, and I didn't want to be singled out for the mob's wrath. With misgivings, I took off my STAFF shirt, turned it inside out, and wrapped it around my neck. Just like that I joined the crowd.

There had been occasional sexual assaults over the weekend, but even as the fires blazed, I personally didn't see a lot of fan-on-fan violence or rape. It was only afterward, when I read about all the attacks on women, that I realized I probably helped that girl out more than either of us realized.

The only incident I had seen was a group of guys tipping over Porta Pottis, soaking the girls trapped inside in a vile stew of feces, urine, and mud. God knows why, but people started diving into the stuff and throwing it at each other. ▶

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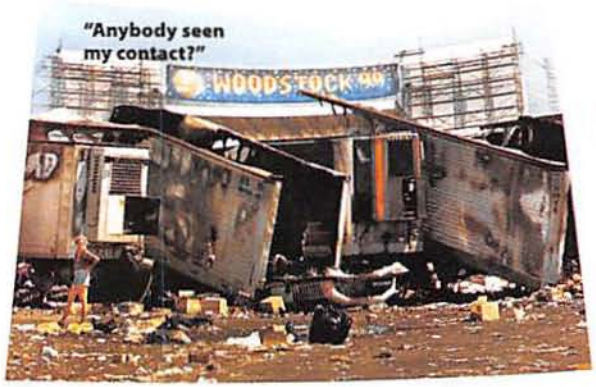

Light towers were toppled, cash machines ripped open, and trucks set on fire.

Banging the drums

By 10:30 the fires had gotten so big, no one could get close enough to throw anything else into them. I was never closer than 50 feet to the smallest fire, but it still felt as if my skin was burning right on my bones. When fueling the fires lost its charm, the drums started pounding and the place turned into one huge mosh pit. The drum circle, in front of the rave stage, had been the crowd's pulse all weekend. With Sheryl Crow the beat was slow, deliberate; when Rage Against the Machine hit the stage, the drums went wild. Now the rioters were pounding drums, upside-down metal garbage bins, and anything that made noise.

Looting for the cameras

By 11, as the world was just getting word of what was happening, the mob took things to the next level: looting. Along with the security staff, most of the vendors had wisely fled with their valuables hours before, but there were 18 locked tractor-trailers left behind. They were sitting ducks. Five to 10 guys hopped on each trailer to attack the locks. It didn't take them long to begin hauling out the merchandise inside. Light towers were toppled, cash machines ripped open, and trucks set on fire. It was total mayhem.

By midnight, my new friend and I finally, miraculously, found her family. Together we continued to walk around, ovewhelmed by the experience. At 12:30, New York state troopers in riot gear showed up to try to restore order. Some people headed for the gates, but about half the crowd stayed, if only to be sure they didn't miss anything. That's why I was still there, anyway. I didn't leave until 10 the next morning. Before I left, I took my Jeep on a tour of the war zone. The ground was carpeted with half-burned, abandoned wreckage, as if a huge garbage bomb had gone off.

Police estimated that 400 people were directly involved in criminal behavior—not a lot when you consider that 225,000 attended. But only seven people were ever arrested, despite millions of dollars in property damage, four reported rapes, and untold injuries.

Regardless, I'll be back when Woodstock '04 hits. I'm actually looking forward to volunteering again. I only regret one thing. Two nights in a row I saw this beautiful girl fight her way up front. Saturday night, after Metallica, I pulled her up onstage. She smiled, thanked me, and disappeared. I never got her name. If you happen to read this, give me a call, OK? M

ROCK'N'ROLL SUICIDE

No lives were lost at Woodstock...not so at these other disastrous events.

Altamont Speedway, 1969

At this West Coast Woodstock, the Rolling Stones entrust concert security to the Hells Angels, with predictable results. The Angels stab a young fan to death in full view of the band, leading Keith "Mr. Compassion" Richards to say, "Face it, man, it could only have happened to the Stones."

Cincinnati Riverfront Coliseum, 1979

Eleven fans are crushed to death prior to a Who concert. The practice of "festival seating" (first come, first served) is blamed. A few months later, Pete Townshend says that despite tragedy, he prefers festival seating. U.S. venues disagree, instituting a 10-year moratorium.

Vasco da Gama Stadium, Rio de Janeiro, 1985

Three hours before Puerto Rican pop stars Menudo are to perform, 10,000 screaming fans (no, it's true!), described by authorities as a wild mob, stampede through the only entrance, crushing the slow and unlucky. Two women are trampled to death.

New York City College, 1991

Rappers Puff Daddy and Heavy D overbook a charity basketball game that goes horribly wrong when crowds kill nine people and injure 29. A lawsuit to determine responsibility is still pending.(Puffy *is* held responsible for an unlistenable remake of "Every Breath You Take.")

Roskilde Festival, Copenhagen, 2000

As a crowd of nearly 50,000 Pearl Jam fans surges, nine of them are crushed to death in front of the stage. The band cancels its next several concerts, calling the disaster a "nightmare." The surge is somehow blamed on the failure of the sound system's rear monitors. —*Steve Simels*

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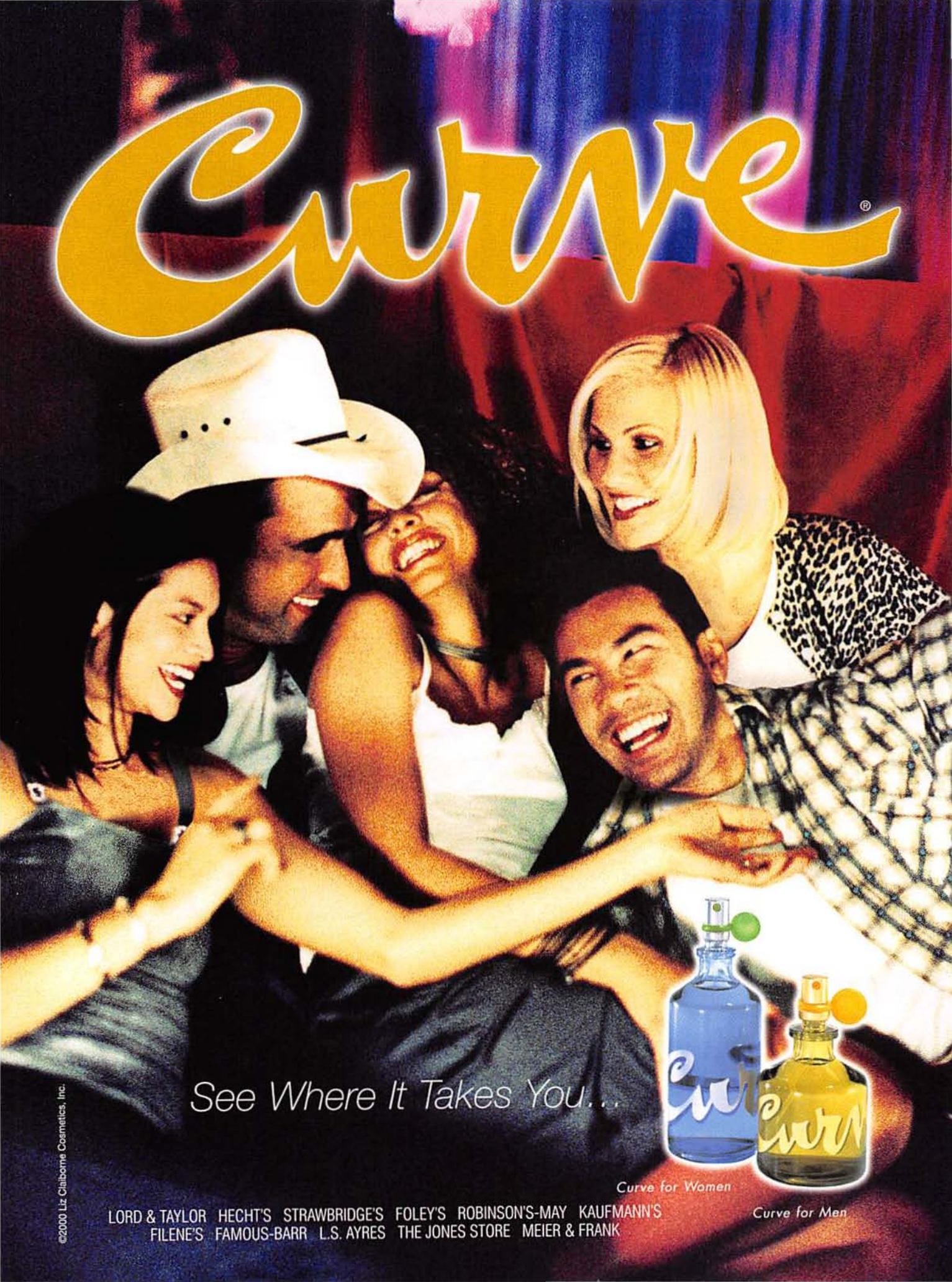

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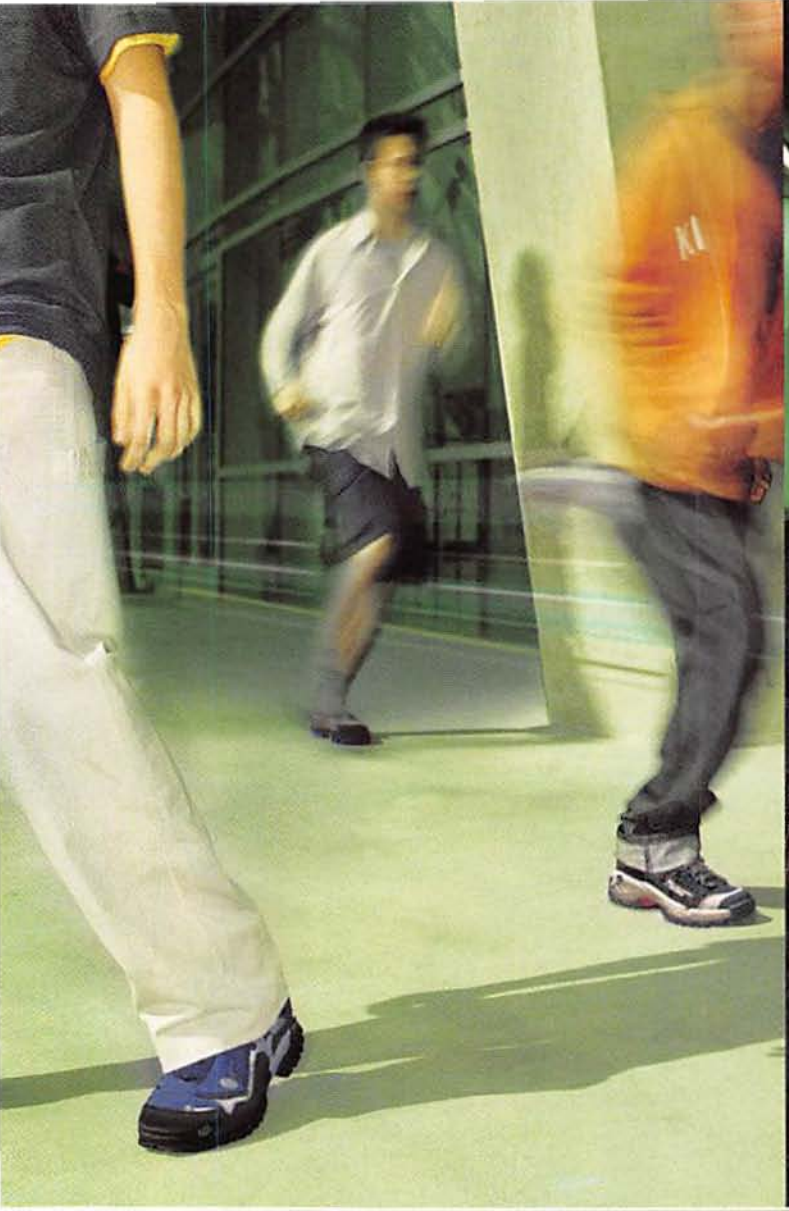

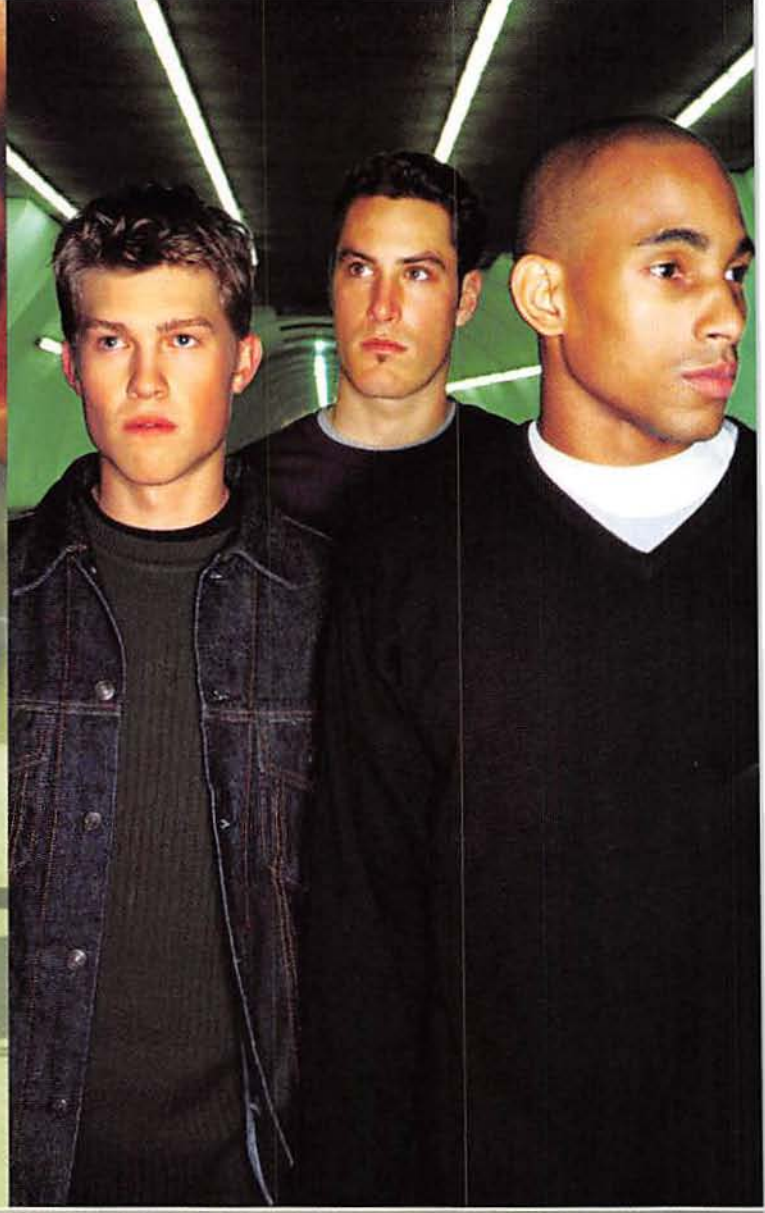

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Play Her Like a Fiddle

It ain't pretty peeling your gal's face off the display windows of diamond stores. Here's how to keep your hottie on ice until you're ready to c-c-c-c-commit. By Jen Sacks

Women know in the first five minutes. Not if we're going to sleep with you—that takes two. What takes five minutes is deciding whether the man across the table is a fun fling we're going to kill a little time with or a bona fide prospective husband. We also know that for guys, that same important but basic decision can take anywhere from two to 50 years.

Girls in the know recognize that this hesitation is hard-wired into men: It's because you don't know if there's a woman on earth worth excluding all the others for. But take it from one who has reason to know—it's hard not to take it personally. When you guys spend months using every other possible word to describe us but *girlfriend;* when we spend night after night at your place but have to be specially invited in each and every time; when living in filth with your college buddy is somehow preferable to the prospect of moving in with us; that feels like straight-up rejection. Being sure about a guy who isn't sure about you leads to nagging, demands, and sometimes, a sad and unnecessary sayonara.

You don't want us to leave, of course—that's the point. And while we don't want you to jump into a hasty decision, we also can't afford to stay in limbo forever as the years tick off and the dating pool is steadily winnowed down to a couple of cross-eyed janitors and that guy who played Urkel. That's why women have developed a number of sneaky and not-so-sneaky ways of forcing your hand. Be very afraid: The most petite woman can easily propel a 200-pound man off the couch, through the jewelry store, and down the aisle using nothing but guilt, or fear of losing us, or just plain weariness from our constant cajoling. And that's no good for anybody.

How can we work out this terrible contradiction? Well, I'm willing to give you the scoop on ways to keep the peace with your gal while you decide whether she's the one. Your part of the bargain's to promise to use the time wisely and come to a decision—no coasting, or you'll lose her. There's no avoiding the decision, but with some maneuvering, you *can* avoid having your precious last months of freedom poisoned by nonstop nagging.

I talked with friends about how they'd squeezed commitment out of their guys—and what their boyfriends did to settle their nerves before settling down. My conversations with ▶

HUMAN Behavior

HUMAN Drama

HUMAN Spirit

HUMAN Combustion

HUMAN Error

HUMAN Sacrifice

HUMAN Experience

HUMAN Triumph

HUMAN SURVIVAL

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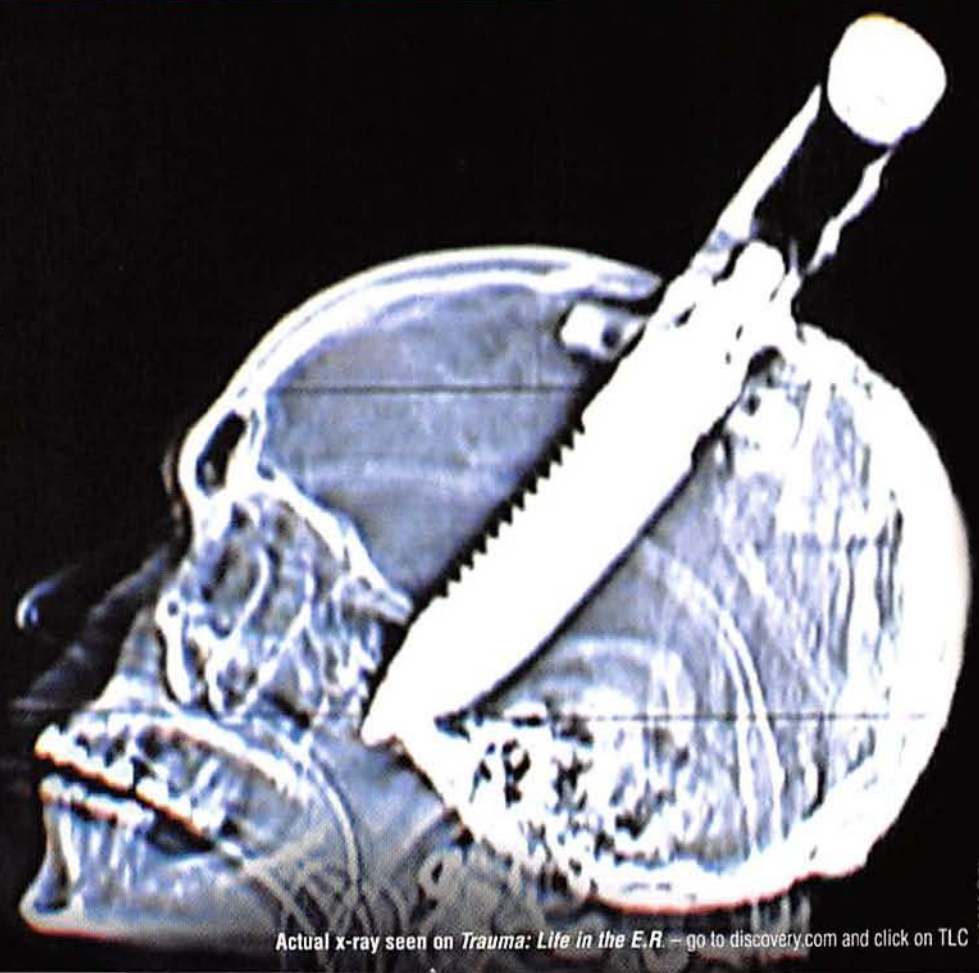
ARE YOU HUMAN?™



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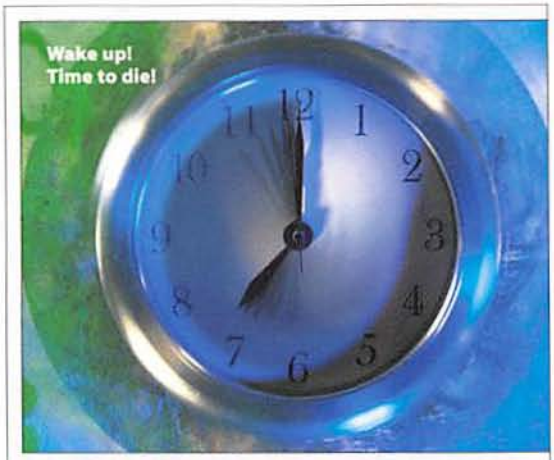


HOW LONG HAVE YOU GOT?

Sure, you'll get married...eventually. But can you hit *snooze* on her biological clock?

This chart will help you figure out how much time is left until D-Day. Start with a leisurely base of two years, then modify according to whichever details apply. If your final score's negative, don't let her bring scissors to bed.

MARITAL MATHEMATICS	+	−
For every year you've already been dating		6 mo.
For every year she's over 30		6 mo.
For every close friend she has who's married		2 mo.
For every sibling she has who's married		6 mo.
For every time she's watched *Sleepless in Seattle*		3 mo.
If you're extremely good-looking	6 mo.	
For every $50K in salary you earn	1 yr.	
For every percentage of body fat under 20 percent you are	4 mo.	
If she catches a glimpse of your extensive *Hardy Boys* collection	4 mo.	
If you're in prison for statutory rape	3-5 yrs.	
For every holiday she's spent with your family		3 mo.
For every time she's gone shopping with your mom		2 mo.
For every member of your family she's accidentally killed	2 yrs.	

them revealed one crucial advantage you have: Women expect so little from men in this department that we'll grudgingly accept, at least for a while, much less than we really want. God, will we ever. Or so I hear.

Delaying tactic #1: Bribe her

When Nina started bringing up "our future" in conversations with her boyfriend, Brian, he didn't break a sweat. But his credit card did. Brian distracted her from their murky future by boosting her enjoyment of the present, with presents: flowers, candy, clothing, jewelry, opera tickets, formal evenings out, the works. And he started doing more of the little things that tell a woman she's loved: the handwritten notes, the flowers delivered (in person) to her office. Since Nina had never had it so good, she was reluctant to louse things up by raising the awkward subject of their future. If you can afford it, put the fear of jinxing it in her. "I was in clover," remembers Nina now. "Nobody has ever treated me so well. It meant he was serious about me, and that told me I'd get him eventually."

And she did. But in the meantime, he added months of freedom by showing progress in the relationship in a public way. When a woman's unsure about her man's commitment level, she starts worrying that her friends, family, even hairdresser all think she's wasting her time—and that's humiliating. Brian's plan attacked this head-on: All his fawning made her look golden in front of her friends and family, which reassured her and bought him all the time he needed.

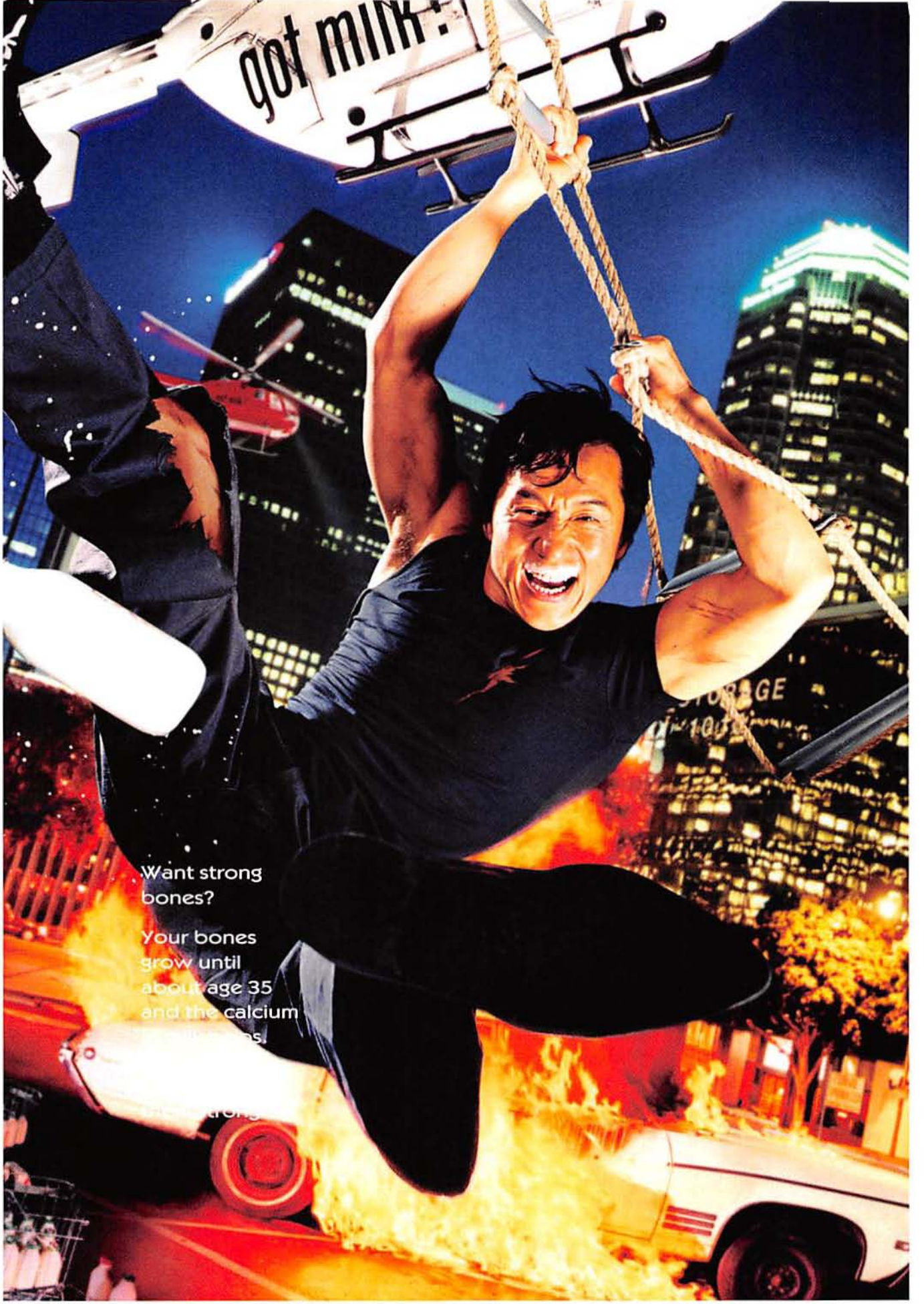
Delaying tactic #2: Give her a time frame

When a guy seems to be coasting, it's easy for a woman to feel taken advantage of. Sometimes all we really want is clear proof of progress. When my accountant, Olivia, asked her boyfriend of nine months, Jim, whether he ever saw the two of them getting married, he took her hand in his, looked deep into her eyes, and said, "I understand what you're saying; this is important to me too. I'm asking you to give me some time to think. You're the first woman I've been involved with that I would seriously consider marrying. But I know myself: I'm not going to be in the position to discuss this for four months. Wait and I promise I'll be back with an answer."

"I was so impressed by how mature he was; he didn't try to laugh the whole thing off or run away like a scared rat," Olivia recalls. "How could I argue with his insisting on taking the matter so seriously and his being so honest?" This was pretty clever of Jim, because women see inability to commit as a sign of immaturity. (That's a self-defense tactic, because if it's not your fault, the only other conclusion is that we're not marriage material... and that's too horrible to face.)

By playing the serious-decisions-call-for-consideration card, Jim effectively neutralized his gal's need for speed. But as foolproof as the tactic is, it's temporary: Olivia only held out for three months before demanding an answer. But by then Jim was a lot closer to knowing, and he'd appreciated the peace and quiet in the meantime. ▶

"Can't a guy fetch the damn paper?"



JACKIE CHAN ©2000 AMERICA'S DAIRY FARMERS AND

SAYS HER

"Do I wanna ball? Sure! Hey, wait..."

Give her a key to your apartment—even if it's just locksmith insurance to you.

Delaying tactic #3: Bring her home to Mom

We're reassured that the relationship is progressing if we're being included in your life. That doesn't mean letting us hang out with you and your frat-boy friends while you eat wings at the bar.

My friend Sam had been dating Frances for about four months when she started to get antsy. His solution was to let her meet his family. He went overboard, hauling Frances to a family reunion and introducing her to every distant aunt and second cousin he could get his hands on. "His family loves me," Frances latter bragged. "Sam's mother told me he'd *never* brought a woman home before..." I just nodded. I know Sam, and I'm pretty sure he has no interest in getting hitched right now. But he's making her feel special, and she's happy (at least she will be until she reads this). That's all we really want from you, after all.

Delaying tactic #4: Slip her a key

One thing you can do to make a girl feel special and temporarily satisfied is offer us a key to your apartment. Even if it's just locksmith insurance to you, the move is full of meaning for us—it's a significant step we can tell our friends about. Sharing control over your home makes it clear you're not hiding anything or bringing other women back to your place (though we *will* find that porn stash you've so carefully hidden). It also shows you're not afraid of sharing your life—another way of quashing that "He's so immature" reaction we instinctively get when we're scrounging for commitment.

A sliding scale applies here, naturally: If your gal already has a key, give her a drawer, an area in the bathroom, or whatever it takes to give her the sense that you're not holding back. Just take a deep breath and remember it's only your stuff, not your life—not yet, at least. But be forewarned: Letting her keep tampons in your bathroom cabinet inevitably leads to: "I'm practically living here. Why don't we move in together?"

Delaying tactic #5: Shack up

Done right, this extreme move potentially gives you years to wallow in your indecision (believe me, I know). But here's the deal: Moving in together is universally perceived as the last precursor to marriage. There's no other way to put off that tux short of faking a coma. Somewhere between one and five years, depending on the girl, she'll start getting paranoid. If it gets that far, you can expect the crème de la crème of humiliation: the ultimatum.

Yes, we know you hate them, and we're aware there's a risk you'll use our ultimatum as an excuse to ride off alone. That's why we never drag it out until we're forced. If you're hearing an ultimatum, she's prepared to back it up, and that means she's already looking at her options (when she says, "...maybe we should start seeing other people," what she means is, "...maybe I should see that cute guy at work who's flirting with me").

If you think there's a chance you want to go all the way with this woman, use the time I've bought you wisely—by searching your soul before it's too late and answering the two questions that matter: *Am I ready?* and *Is she the one?* When it comes to those two questions, I can't help you at all. M

SLIPPING THE KNOT

These celebrity masterminds managed to delay the inevitable for years with some of Hollywood's A-list misses. Watch and learn, young Grasshopper.

Couple: Julia Roberts and Benjamin Bratt
Duration: 3 years and counting
How long does she have to wrap those legs around him before he finally succumbs?

Couple: Elle Macpherson and Arpad "Arki" Busson
Duration: 4½ years and counting
Even Australia's greatest natural wonder can be held off...if your Swiss bank accounts are worth more than Sydney.

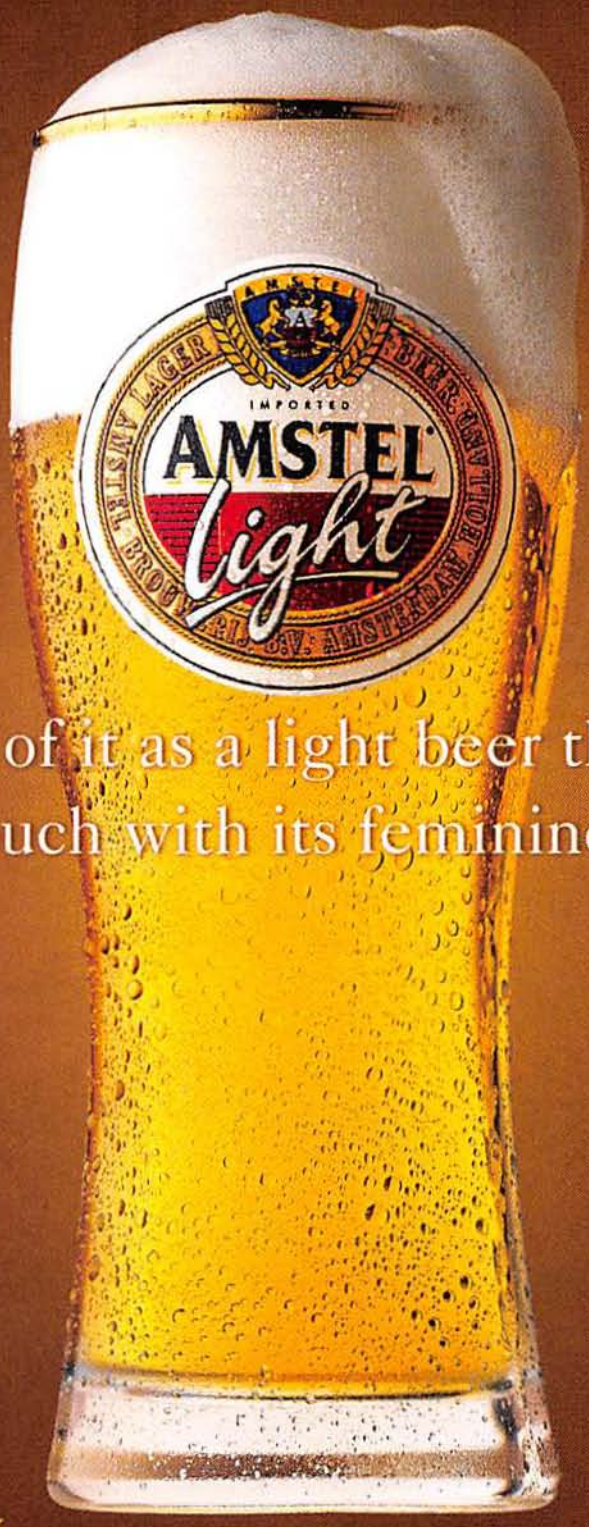
Couple: Claudia Schiffer and David Copperfield
Duration: 5 years
"When I snap my fingers, you will think magic is cool." Was she ever pissed when the spell finally wore off.

Couple: Susan Sarandon and Tim Robbins
Duration: 12 years and counting
All he has to do is go along with her cockamamie political causes.

Couple: Liz Hurley and Hugh Grant
Duration: 13 years
Now, there's a strategy—make her want to hold off on that wedding by banging a skanky hooker.

Couple: Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell
Duration: 17 years and counting
If she's sufficiently blonde, it's possible that marriage will simply never occur to her...

They saw *Batman and Robin* and they're still interested?



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Ask Dr. Maxim

A fire in the belly, fun with laser beams, some not-so-nice bulges, and moderate drinking (what a concept!).

I had to give up atomic Buffalo wings because of an ulcer. Is it true there's a new cure?

✚ Sure is. Turns out everything we knew about ulcers—that they're caused by some combination of stress and spicy food—was completely wrong. Australian physicians J. Robin Warren and Barry Marshall noticed that a steady regimen of soy protein and yoga wasn't curing anything. They soon discovered that most ulcers are caused by *H. pylori*—a bacterium about half the population carries but few are susceptible to. Luckily the bug can be wiped out in a matter of weeks. All it takes is antibiotics and a proton pump inhibitor (a powerful antacid). If you feel a gnawing pain in your stomach that's relieved when you eat, or if you experience nausea, chest pain, mucousy vomiting, or maroon-colored poop, see a gastroenterologist and he'll set you straight. Until then avoid wings, aspirin, alcohol, caffeine, and gun-toting ex-girlfriends, all of which can irritate your gut.

Somebody's shooting laser beams into your eyeballs... Sometimes things go wrong.

I'm considering laser eye surgery, but I hear it can ruin your vision. What's the real deal?

✚ Well, you're letting somebody shoot laser beams into your eyeballs and burn away part of your cornea, so sometimes things go wrong. But not often. Chances are less than one in 100 that you'll come away with a serious side effect. Common side effects include dry eyes and "halos" when you look at lights (but not x-ray vision, unfortunately); both usually disappear within six months. In rare cases, infection or scarring can leave you with permanent blurriness, and even if the surgery is done right, you might not see as much improvement as you'd hoped for.

But there are plenty of good reasons to go ahead with the operation. And since readers going blind can really cut into a magazine's revenue, we want to help you find the right doctor. You want an ophthalmologist who's a corneal (not a retinal) specialist, trained to work where the laser cutting is taking place. Don't consult an optometrist; they just prescribe eyeglasses. For a surgeon near you, check www.eyenet.org, the American Academy of Ophthalmology.

Don't be upset if the surgery doesn't let you read a parking ticket from the far side of the lot. You have a 95 percent chance of attaining 20/40 vision or better (even if you're currently 20/400), but the worse your vision, the longer the healing time and the greater the chance of complications. If you're still unsure, try taking the coward's route: Have one eye operated on and see if you're happy. You can always get an eye patch and a parrot.

How many of you *still* don't know there are chicken wings on the table?

I have a hernia, but it doesn't hurt. Is it cool to just let it be?

✚ While a little extra bulge in the groin area is not normally a bad thing, an inguinal hernia—in which your intestine protrudes through a tear in the lower abdominal wall—isn't the best way to fill out your Levi's. A hernia can be present at birth or can result from heavy lifting or straining while on the throne. ▶

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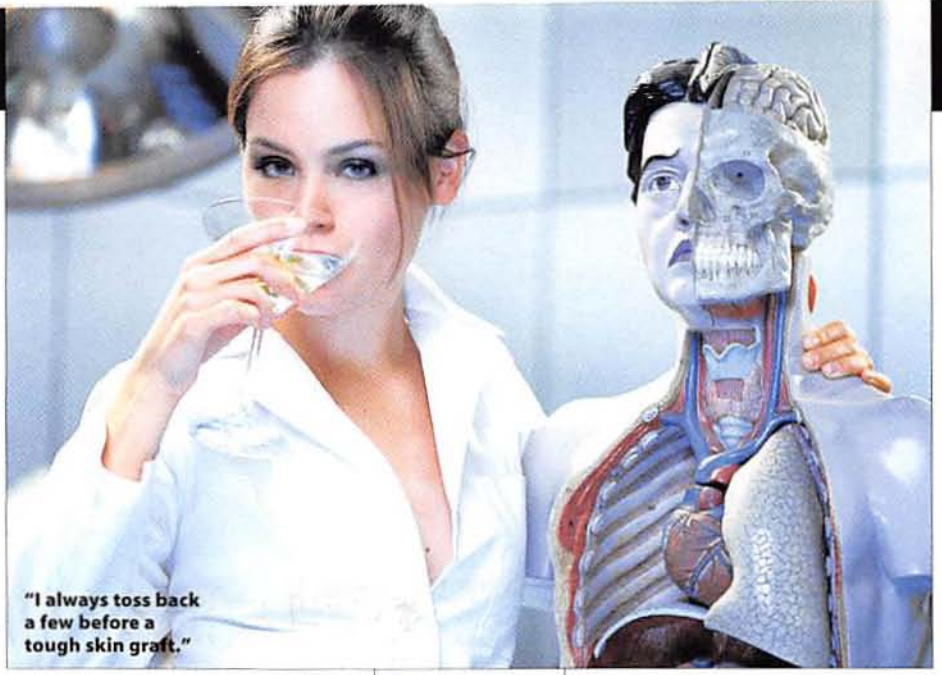


"I always toss back a few before a tough skin graft."

Other than the unsightly panty line, most hernias don't cause serious problems; often you can push the lump back through the muscle with no pain. Problem is, these suckers don't heal spontaneously and can eventually get worse from day-to-day exertion like coughing. If your hernia feels tender to the touch or gets bigger, it's time to see the doc—a little same-day surgery will sew those viscera back lickety-split. If it becomes more difficult or impossible to tuck back in, seek help immediately, because if it gets pinched outside the stomach wall, a.k.a. strangulated, it can lead to severe pain, gangrene, and your own episode of *ER*.

Most hernias don't cause serious problems, but they also don't spontaneously heal.

I drink too much, but how can I tell if I'm a bona fide alcoholic?

✚ Like "loser" or "hooker with a heart of gold," the "alcoholic" label is fuzzy, and if it applies to you depends on whom you ask. If you're not scribbling this question on a cocktail napkin, a better question is, Do I have a drinking problem? Then the answer is easier: If you're concerned about your drinking, it's by definition a problem. But having a little problem doesn't mean you have to go off the sauce.

Basically, the severity of your drinking depends on two factors, *how much* and *how often*. If you drink five days a week, you've developed a dependency: You need booze to end the day. If you drink once a week, but every time you do, it's binge-all-night-and-wake-up-with-a-fat-girl, that's trouble, too. So is avoiding alcohol-free social events or ditching friends who don't drink. Signs things are escalating: DUIs, being chronically late for work, and/or calling in sick because your face is stuck to the floor.

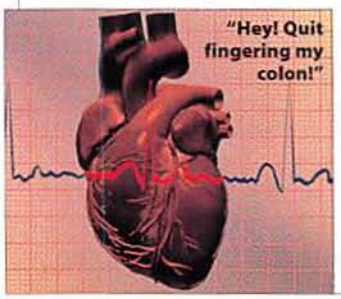
Sound familiar? Try changing your drinking habits. For information on cutting back, check out Moderation Management (www.moderation.org), a self-help group that doesn't subscribe to the puritan ethos of AA. If matters are spinning out of control, show up at Alcoholics Anonymous (www.aa.org) and listen to the members tell vivid tales of their alcohol-induced exploits. Anyone is welcome, but meetings are strictly BYOB. M

GOT A HEALTH QUESTION?
Send it to Doctor@maximonline.com

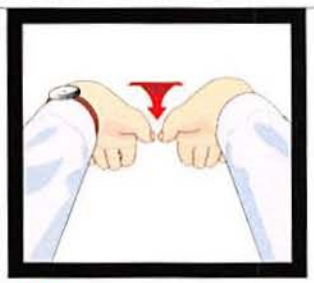
THE CARPAL TUNNEL TEST

Got an aching in your mitts? Here's how to tell if it's all in your head or all in the wrist.

Have tingly hands after long hours of typing, lifting weights, or...um...typing? Think God may have given you carpal tunnel syndrome as punishment for your sex-surfing sins? Here's one way to find out—and nobody has to know but you and your Maker.



STEP 1
First find someplace where no one will see you, because this is, well, kind of embarrassing. All secure? OK, now hold both hands next to each other straight out in front of your chest, palms down, so the outsides of your thumbs are barely touching each other.



STEP 2
Bring your hands up to chin level so that your wrists and elbows are bent. Make sure to keep your hands relaxed (you should look like an adorable begging puppy). Hold for a minute. Think about attending that fabulous new Broadway musical.

STEP 3
Leaving them bent, check out your hands. Any throbbing in your fingertips—or pain, numbness, or tingling in your hands? These are indicators you may have carpal tunnel, an inflammation caused by repetitive hand motions that overly stress the nerves of the wrist.

Consulting specialists: Ulcers: Galen Cortina, M.D., Ph.D., assistant professor of gastrointestinal pathology at UCLA, and Susan Mitchell, Ph.D., R.D., nutrition expert. Laser surgery: Michael Goldstein, M.D., ophthalmologist, corneal specialist, and director of refractive surgery at the University of Florida College of Medicine. Alcohol dependency: Pat Gary, clinical case manager at the Hazelden Clinic, Minnesota. Hernia: Haya Rubin, M.D., general internist at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine. Carpal tunnel: Mark Pruzansky, M.D., hand surgeon at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York.

Illustrations, Paul Wooton

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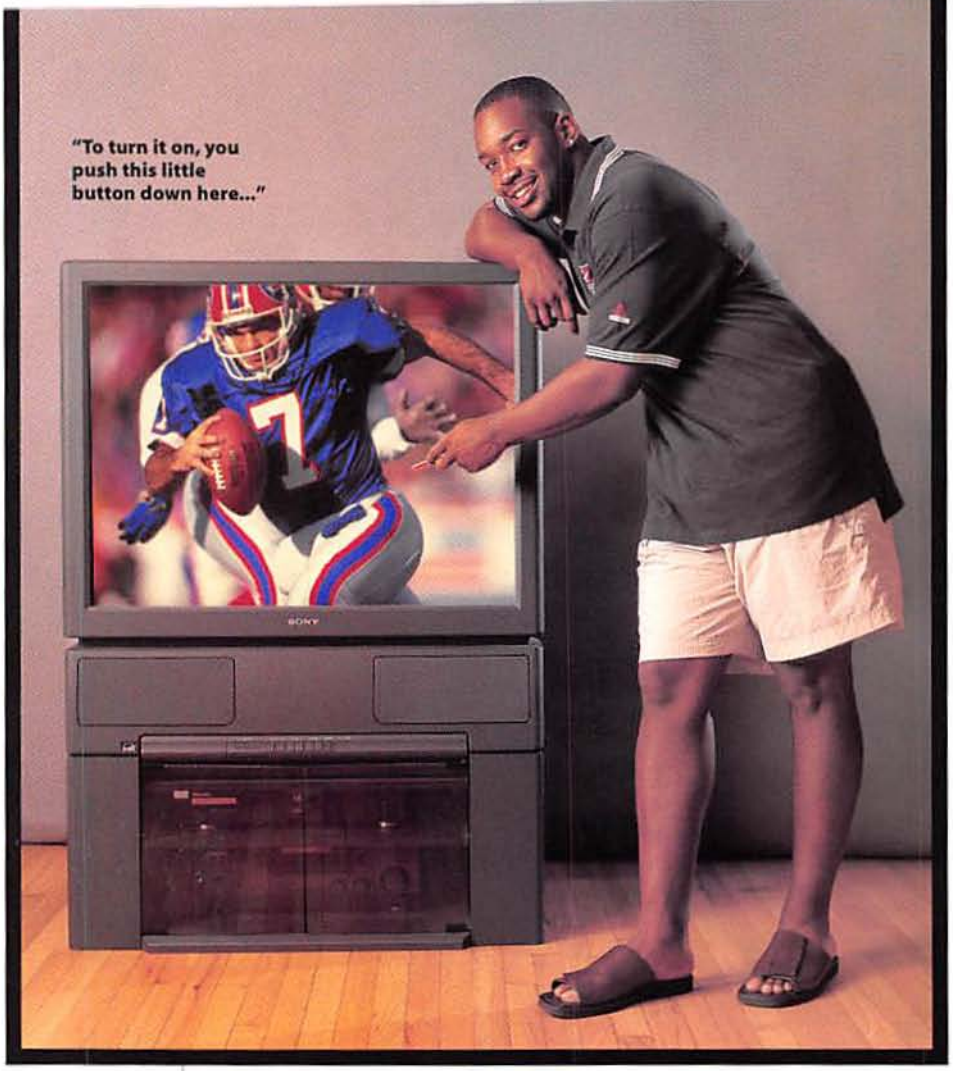


Watch like a Pro

Two of the NFL's best passers—Buffalo's Doug Flutie and Tampa Bay's Shaun King—school us on how to drop back into the pocket of a La-Z-Boy. By Allen St. John

There are two basic ways to watch football. You can sit there with your buddies, your creamed eel, and your beer and slowly drink yourself into a stupor, paying scant attention to the intricacies of the world's greatest game unfolding before you. Or you can sit there, slowly drink yourself into a stupor, and watch like the pros. For the latter approach (sans the stupor part—we've got that nailed), we corralled two of the NFL's top quarterbacks—the Buffalo Bills' veteran passer Doug Flutie and Tampa Bay's rising star Shaun King (who this season just might lead the Bucs to their first championship)—and asked them to give us some behind-the-scenes tips on deciphering America's most complicated sport. After all, when you have the inside scoop on what's happening on the field, Sunday afternoons can have all the intensity of a goal-line stand right in your living room. Hike!

SO HOW DO YOU WATCH A GAME?

Flutie: I turn the game on, mute the TV, and order a pizza. Why kill the sound? I get annoyed at the overanalyzing—the strategies, coaching points, the pregame thing. It's overkill.

WHAT ANNOYS YOU ABOUT ANNOUNCERS?

King: The thing that kills you is when they talk about what a guy should have been doing. They'll critique a quarterback, saying he's got to step up in the pocket and avoid the rush. Hey, when the QB's got three guys coming at him from different angles, taking a step up isn't going to cut it. Or the QB will call a pattern and the receiver just plain blows his route, and the guy in the booth talks about how the quarterback underthrew him. It's funny, actually.

WHAT SHOULD WE BE WATCHING?

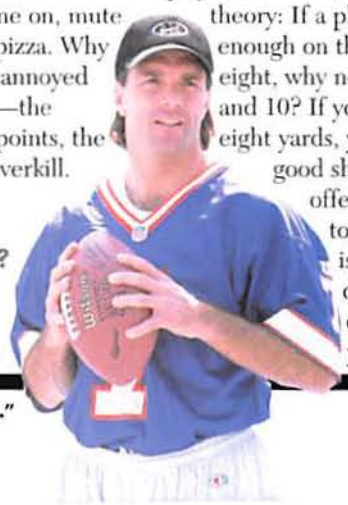
King: Watch the quarterback. Who else? He's the best indicator of offensive momentum. Is he moving back from the center quickly? That's something I'm working on, because the faster you get back in the pocket, the more time you have to look for different receivers. Is he keeping the ball high? That's an extremely good thing because it gives you a quicker release.

WHAT PART OF THE FIELD SHOULD WE BE WATCHING?

King: Focus on the flats—the area between the defensive ends, five to 15 yards deep from the line of scrimmage. That's where most throws are going. Running plays are going to go there, too.

OK, ON WHICH DOWN SHOULD I NOT GO TO THE FRIDGE FOR A BEER?

Flutie: In a close game it's tough. Everyone knows that third-down plays are crucial, but here's my theory: If a play is good enough on third down and eight, why not run it on first and 10? If you don't pick up eight yards, you're still in good shape. Most offensive coordinators think the goal is to get to third down and four or less, so then you've got a ▶



"Go long, little dogie."

Photographs, Jeffrey Camp/Liaison Agency

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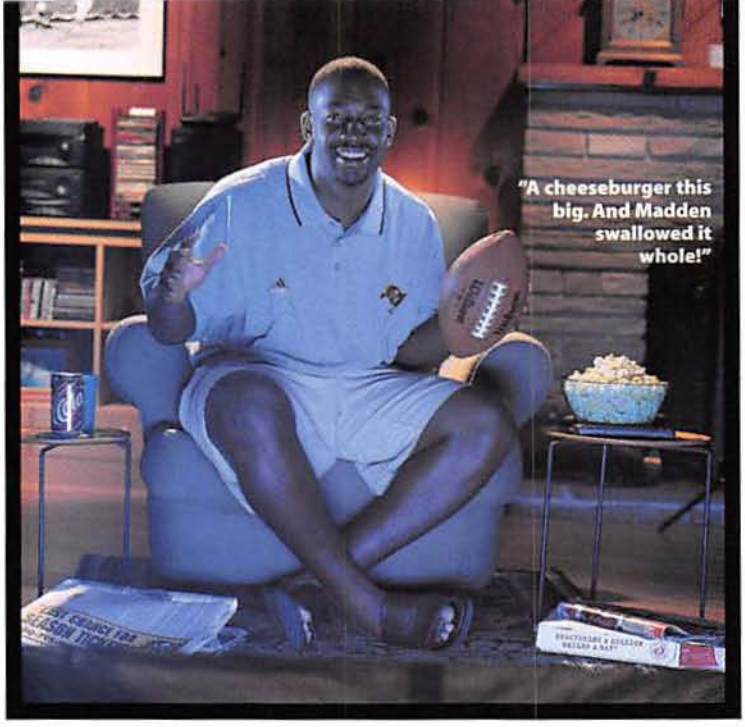
'During those TV timeouts, you'll have a little of that *Longest Yard* stuff going on.'


"A cheeseburger this big. And Madden swallowed it whole!"

good shot at completing a short pass for five yards or less. But why not pass on first down and second down, and maybe not even get to third down? Then there's room for error or room for taking a shot at a big play. That's always been my mentality, from playing in Canada, where it's three-down football. It seems like a luxury to have that extra down. Anyway, the answer is, there's never a good down to get a beer. Go during a commercial.

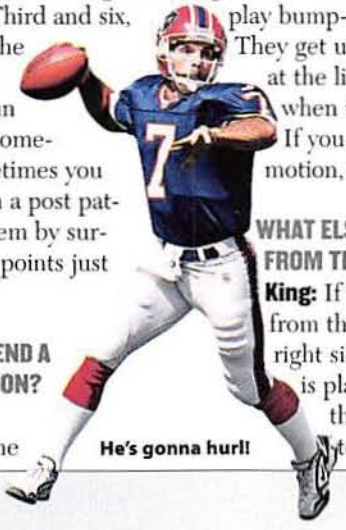
ANYTHING ELSE I SHOULD LOOK OUT FOR ON THIRD DOWN?

King: Look for the big play. Sometimes third down is a good time to go long. Third and six, third and seven, the defense thinks you're going to run a curl or an out, something short. Sometimes you can send a guy on a post pattern and catch them by surprise. Bingo—six points just like that.

WHY DOES A QB SEND A RECEIVER IN MOTION?

King: To fool the defense. If you line up in one formation and then send guys in motion, a lot of times the safeties won't react quickly enough, and it'll give you an advantage.

Flutie: It also softens the coverage. A lot of cornerbacks like to play bump-and-run coverage. They get up in the guy's face at the line of scrimmage when the ball's snapped. If you send a guy in motion, they can't do that.


He's gonna hurl!

WHAT ELSE CAN I LEARN FROM THE GUY IN MOTION?

King: If you send a receiver from the left side to the right side and the defense is playing man-to-man, the defender is going to follow him over. If nobody follows him, then you know the defense is playing zone.

SO HOW DO YOU ATTACK A ZONE?

Flutie: In a zone defenders are kind of like salesmen—everyone's covering a territory. So a receiver runs to a spot and turns around where there's a gap in the coverage. Or you can put a defender in a bind by sending two receivers to the same zone.

THEN WHAT ABOUT MAN-TO-MAN?

Flutie: When you see man-to-man coverage, the quarterback has to believe the receiver's going to be able to deke the defender one-on-one and win the matchup. Instead of running to a spot, the receiver has a clock in his head: "I've got two and a half seconds to beat this guy, then the ball's going to be *here*."

King: That's where having a great wideout like Keyshawn Johnson can help. He can fake a guy out of his shorts. Plus, he's big and physical, so it's almost impossible to cover him one-on-one.

WHAT'S THE ONE THING ABOUT QUARTERBACKING THAT MOST FANS JUST DON'T GET?

Flutie: The one thing that people don't understand is that you're not calling a throw to a specific individual. "Throw the ball to Jerry Rice," they say. The ▶

AIR HEADS!

Why turn the sound off when you turn the game on? A few reasons:

"The word *genius* isn't applicable in football. A genius is a guy like Norman Einstein."
—*Joe Theismann*

"In my next life I want to come back as a kicker or some fat lady's poodle. It's basically the same."
—*Fox commentator Howie Long, on place-kickers*

"I'm not afraid to let people know that I'm kind of an idiot."
—Terry Bradshaw, on himself

"If a face could only talk."
—*Pat Summerall, on Bill Parcells' expression before a game*

"Well, they've got everything. If they take over coaching, like everybody wants them to, there's not going to be anything left for the white people."
—*former CBS commentator Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder, on African-American players*

"Oh, Suzen. Oh, God. Oh, God!"—*Frank Gifford, caught on videotape with a woman who was not Kathie Lee Gifford*

"He's one man who didn't let success go to his clothes."—*Former Chicago Bears head coach Mike Ditka, on Fox announcer John Madden*

"Look at that little monkey go!" —*Howard Cosell, on African-American receiver Alvin Garrett of the Redskins*

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SMELLS LIKE TEAM SPIRIT

Don't change that channel! Here are a few tips for following the halftime show.

"The duodenum's connected...

DOUBLE LUNGE
This move is sometimes performed as a pose for the camera but is more often done when a cheerleader is bracing herself to have another girl (or several!) climb on top for a pyramid. **Bonus:** Hey, nice pompoms!

"to the jejunum's connected...

TOSS IN HOLLOW POSITION
A cheerleader is thrown into the air, usually by two others, sometimes 15 feet high. "Hollow position" means that she is bent in a "pike." She lands on her feet or is caught in a "cradle." **Bonus:** *Thud!*

"to the ileum's connected...

KICK LINE
A traditional dance move à la the Rockettes, this drumstick kick is usually performed to music. It's sometimes called "drill team" (get your mind out of the gutter!). **Bonus:** Comes in handy during bar fights.

"to the cecum's connected...

TOE-TOUCH JUMP
The cheerleader jumps as high as possible and holds her arms and legs out parallel to the ground like David Lee Roth. A classic move, this can be done in tandem or at random. **Bonus:** Uh...um...

"Aw, hell with it. Go team!"

THE STRETCH
Posing in silk fringe for the camera, *Maxim*'s spry associate editor David Itzkoff demonstrates this classic stretch—known in geriatric circles as the "granny moon." **Bonus:** "Hi, Mom!"

defense dictates who you're going to throw to. You call a pass pattern with three or four options and find the guy who's going to be open. Jerry Rice or no Jerry Rice, if the defense drops deep, you have no choice but to dump the ball off.

THAT RECEIVER WAS WIDE OPEN! WHY DIDN'T YOU THROW IT TO HIM?

Flutie: A lot of times when you see that guy wide open on TV, it's because the QB dropped back, took his read of the defense, and saw that someone's in a position to make a play on that wideout. So he turns his head the opposite way and reads the other side of the field. While the quarterback's doing that, the defense, especially in a zone, will drift away from the first receiver toward where the quarterback's looking. And as soon as the ball's out of the quarterback's hand, the defenders will break to the ball. Meanwhile the first receiver is 15 yards open with his hand in the air, yelling, "Hey, I was open on that play!"

CAN YOU SEE WHEN AN INTERCEPTION IS COMING?

Flutie: Anytime you see a quarterback about to get hit and he just gets rid of the ball—look out. A lot of times he's getting rid of it just to get rid of it, and maybe he's throwing before the receiver's ready or just throwing an ill-advised ball. And if a quarterback is rolling to his right and all of a sudden he's gunning the ball back across the field, that's another pick waiting to happen. A lot of guys think their arms are stronger than they really are.

HOW DIFFERENT DOES THE GAME LOOK ON TV COMPARED TO WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE ON THE FIELD?

Flutie: When you're under center, that's really when you get your best view. After that there are people flying all over the place—people running in and out of your field of vision. But your focus is 10 or 15 yards downfield. It's like looking across a highway with cars whipping back and forth, but you're focusing on someone across the highway. At times there's two offensive linemen and two defensive linemen standing where you want to be looking. Then you slide up or drift back a step, or you look around them or find a little crease between them.

HOW CAN YOU TELL WHEN AN OFFENSE IS IN SYNC?

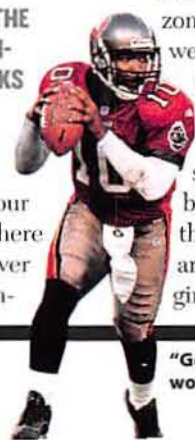
King: When you're really in a rhythm, you're hitting your receivers in stride so they're racking up big yardage after the catch. A great example is the St. Louis Rams last year. Kurt Warner was doing a great job of getting the guys the ball where they could get a whole lot of yards after the catch.

WHEN DOES A QB CALL AN AUDIBLE?

King: Let's say we called a weakside run—the play's going away from the tight end—but during the cadence, the strong safety comes over to the weak side. That gives them four defenders there. So I'll audible to a strongside run or pass. Then at least you've got a chance.

OK, WHAT GOES ON WHILE WE'RE WATCHING BEER COMMERCIALS?

Flutie: With the offensive coordinators calling the plays, and the earpieces in the helmet, it's very businesslike in the huddle. But during TV timeouts, you'll get a bit of that *Longest Yard* stuff going on. I remember a time we were backed up in our own end zone. The offensive linemen were facing the stands, and I was facing down the field. We were playing the Raiders, and there were some women in black leather bikinis. I'm trying to talk about the next play, and the linemen are saying, "Hey, check out the girl in row five!" M



"Get these damn words outta my way!"

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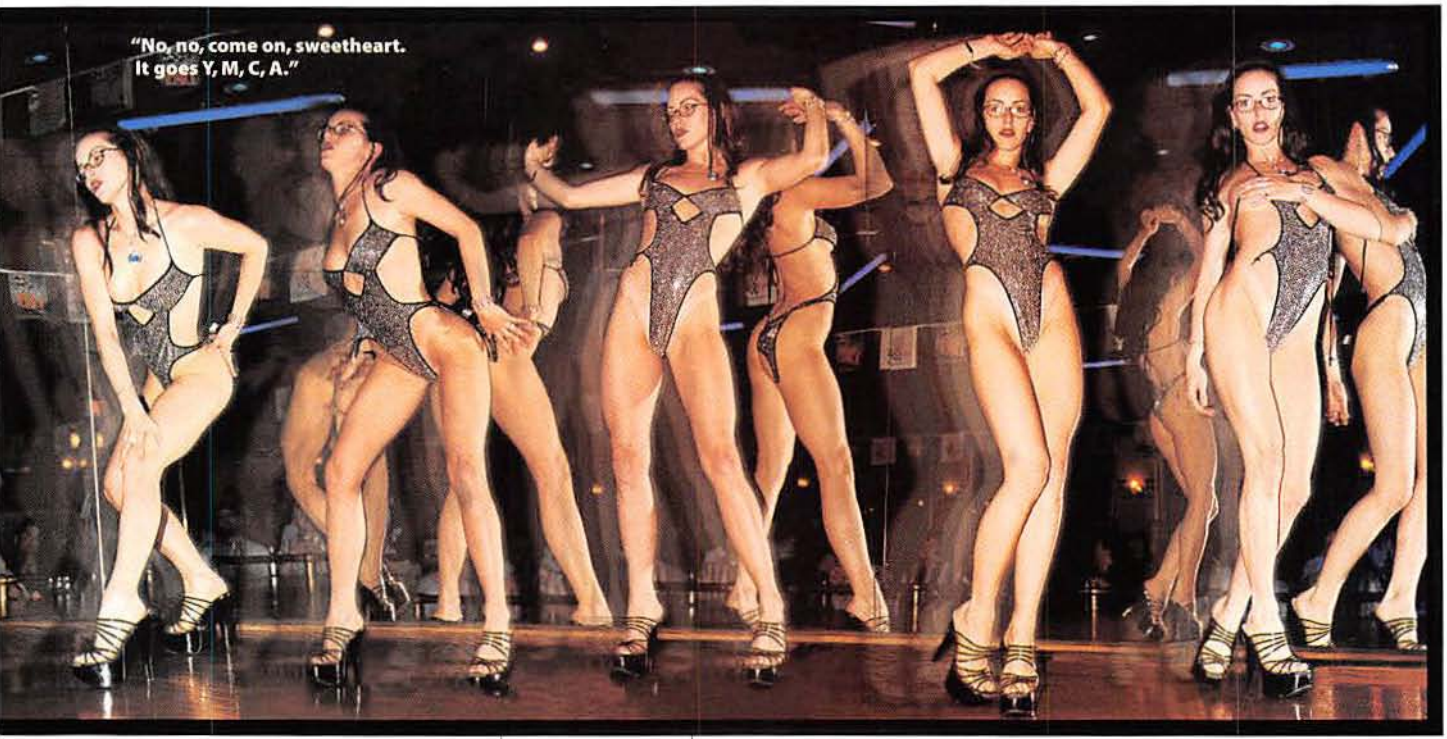
Montreal Exposé

With amphibious tour buses, 24-hour casino action, and strip clubs beyond your wildest dreams, this city will leave you broke, hung over, horny, and exhausted. What's not to love? By Paul Bibeau


"No, no, come on, sweetheart. It goes Y, M, C, A."

I didn't actually see the hooker kick the guy in the balls—I just heard the girly squeal (his, of course). By the time I pushed my way through the crowd, it was all over: She was up; he was down for the count. All around me people were jabbering in French-flavored English. "She keecked eem een ze ballz—really beat ze sheet out ov eem. It was tairable," the guy next to me lamented. "I theenk she focked eem and ee didn't pay, eh!"

Whether "ee" paid or not, the guy was certainly "focked." When the hooker wobbled out of the alley on her spiked heels, adjusting her green tube top, the crowd gave her a round of applause. She made a little bow before slipping away.

It would have been tough enough a sight to process while sober, but I'd been on a mean drunken tear—not one of those binges that puts your lights out quick, but a Hemingwayesque long, slow burn of a drunk that leaves you sapped and full of shakes. I'd pillaged one raucous strip bar after another since 7:30 that night—places where the girls did slow, sultry dances onstage that looked like genuine erotic art, and places where women ripped Canadian fives out of your mouth with their breasts before performing sex acts on one another. By 1 A.M. I was wandering the streets in a daze, trying to get my head right.

The Native Americans who lived here first named it 'place of the beaver'...

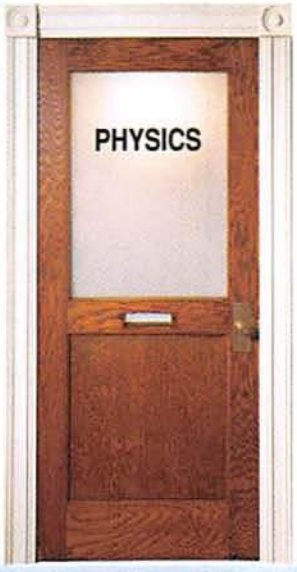
Where the *hell* was I?

I'd been warned that Montreal was a seething hotbed of insanity and vice, though the idea was tough to reconcile with the city's romantic aspirations. The Native Americans who lived here first, perhaps foreseeing it would become the sin city of the Great White North, named it "place of the beaver." Under the guidance of trusted local friends, I decided to put the town to the test.

Starting out early, I hit Parc Jean-Drapeau (Parc des Îles) on the Ste.-Hélène and Nôtre-Dame islands. The Grand Prix was here, and I indulged my inner redneck by watching low-slung Formula One cars whip around. There's also an old fort here that houses the Stewart Museum (514-861-6701), which features a cool military display and exhibits on antique globes and maps. But the main attraction here is the casino (800-665-2274). Narrow side to side but six stories high, it has 115 tables and 3,000 slots. Though I knew I'd be back later, I dropped four quarters in the nearest machine, just for grins, and won $65. Nice.

From here you can hear the screams from La Ronde (800-361-8020), an amusement park with a buttload of rides, games, restaurants, and bars. (Booze plus roller coasters...you don't ▶

Photographs, Pierre Paul Poulin/Corbis Sygma; Benoit Acquin (nightclubs); Digital Illustrtion:John Sosnovsky



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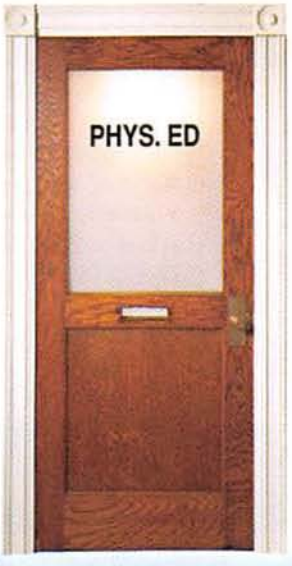

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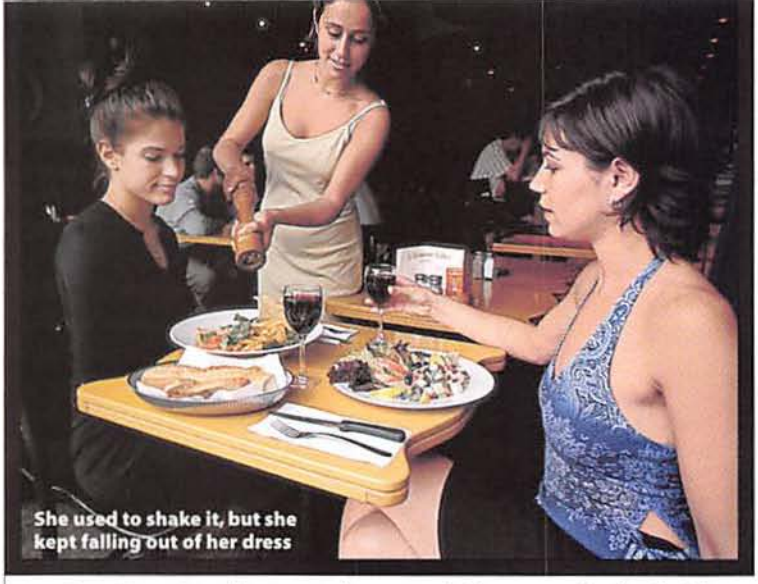
want to be a janitor here.) Full admission is $29 Canadian (just $20 U.S.—you get a lot of bang for your buck thanks to the watered-down Canadian dollar) and well worth it. But skip buying lunch there and take the subway for a smoked-meat sandwich at Schwartz's Deli (514-842-4813). Canada isn't known for its kosher delis, but this joint is like a place of worship for locals. By noon the line stretches well out the door.

Finding a place to eat in Montreal isn't hard; figuring how to order is. Folks here speak English and French equally well, but they don't like it when you assume they speak English. But if you ask, *"Pardon, parlez-vous anglais?"* you'll get a snotty "Of course I speak English." To avoid insulting either their culture or their intelligence, you end up doing a little catechism: Bring a dictionary so you can start talking in halting French, then let them stop you and tell you they speak English. Look relieved and continue in the language God gave you.

On the other hand, just saying *"Je suis américain"* works way too well when trying to chat up Montreal women—since the Frenchies detest English-speaking Canadians, it really pays to be American. The women here have a certain…ridiculously stunning beauty. There's even a local look: a sexy repressed-librarian style, with unkempt hair, nerd glasses, and a tight button-down shirt covering a sizzling body. Great girl-watching spots include McGill, one of Canada's top universities (full of young coeds who don't look a day older than Katie Holmes), and a street called St. Denis, packed with trendy shops, restaurants, record stores, and hipster chicks taking advantage of the drinking age of 18.

'Je suis américain' works way too well when chatting up Montreal women.



She used to shake it, but she kept falling out of her dress

Following another tip, I checked out the Insectarium (514-872-1400), a palace of trippy wonders. Inside you can check out case after case of every kind of beetle imaginable, including scarabs as large as a man's foot—not the kind of thing you want to see crawling out of your shower drain. After a cumulative case of the willies, step outside, where you can stroll around in a tent swarming with butterflies—also a major chick hangout. Unprompted, one of the cuties there explained the mating habits of butterflies to me. "Ze male and ze female stay togezzer for two days at a time," she said with *that accent*. "After, ze male is so exhausted, he dies." I needed a shower, pronto.

For stoner-style excitement, you want the Old Port, where you'll find an eye-popping IMAX theater with a seven-story screen (514-496-4629) and the SOS Labyrinth, a playground for grownups with two miles of mazes, secret passageways, and puzzles (514-869-9919). Clear ▶

THE KING OF CLUBS

The insider's guide to partying on the road.

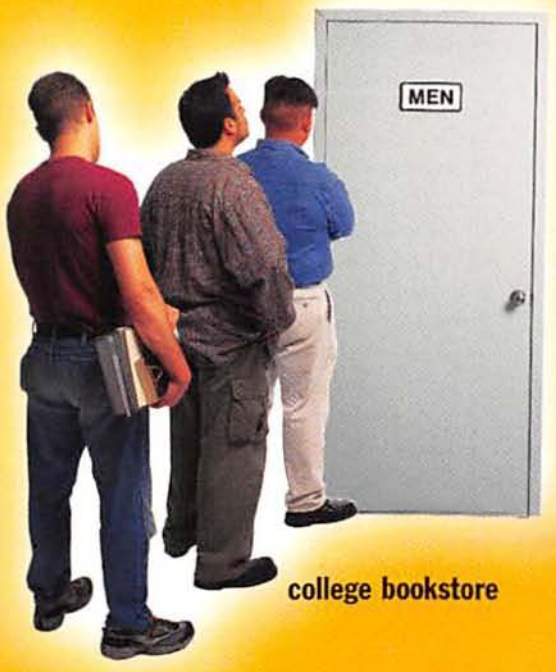
A good night on the town starts with cocktail hour at **Globe** (3455 St.-Laurent). It's a five-star restaurant, but the bar is a mecca for Hollywood celebrities, sports stars, and local glitterati, such as they are. If things empty out, the party's moving to the elegant **Wax Lounge** (3481 St.-Laurent), where the humidor is always full of Cubans (no, cigars). If you're looking for jubilant meat-market action, head downtown to Crescent Street. This block-long strip is packed with old-school pick-up bars and bump-and-grind discos.

For a jazzier, groove-cum-boudoir chic, check out the former 1930s bordello **Quartier Latin** (318 Ontario E.). DJ Alpha-Mic spins drum 'n' bass on school nights; expect jazz and turntable acts on weekends. The slightly too cool **Tokyo Bar** (3709 St.-Laurent) offers the best terraces and eye candy in town. Buy co-owner Lamine a drink and meet some of the city's finest ladies, who come here to get sauced for free till midnight on Sundays. On weekdays opt for **Bily Kun** (354 Mont-Royal E.), a revamped period tavern decorated with ostrich heads (a warning to any flightless birds that might want to storm the joint). Look for Gilles behind the bar, and order a frosty pint of local microbrew Grisou and shots of imported Czech spirit Becherovka.

Move on to **Sona** (1439 Bleury), where you can trip with models and strippers and the scantily stylish crowd till 10 A.M. on weekends. Or slip a word to doorman Colin and bypass the line at the city's most popular after-hours, **Stereo** (858 Ste.-Catherine E.). It bounces full of half-nude women until noon.—*Dimitri Katadotis and SkidMore*

That's the last time we take Mom to Canada with us

OK, one wish left...



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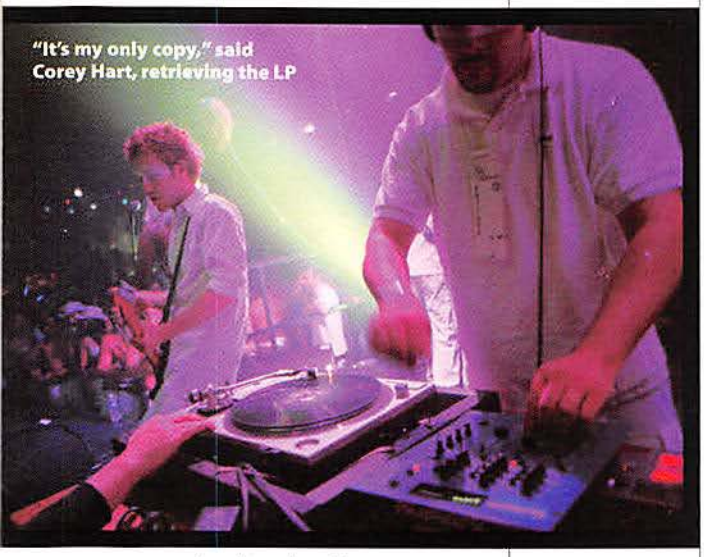
"It's my only copy," said Corey Hart, retrieving the LP

your head with a short trip on L'Amphibus (514-849-5181), a killer all-terrain tour vehicle with a twist. Built from the plans and skeleton of a WWII troop carrier, the sucker looks like an armored Partridge Family bus. The tour of the Old Montreal district starts out tame enough: architecture, historical sites, etc. But just as boredom threatens to set in, the bus drives down a ramp and right into the river. There's this moment before the propellers kick in when you think of Ted and Mary Jo, but then the craft steadies and the water tour begins. Highlight: Near the shore of Ile Ste.-Hélène, you come within a dozen feet of a murderous riptide that splits the river in half.

If you haven't started drinking yet, it's time to hit the Peel Pub (514-844-6769), on Ste. Catherine. This famous joint is an underground rec-room type of place with a low ceiling and light just bad enough to go easy on the eyes. It can get packed, and it's a ton of fun. For higher-end liver abuse, try Sherlock's, a posh, heavy-on-the-velvet pool-hall restaurant whose prices will make you think you're in New York (514-878-0088). For classic Canadian scenery, though, there's no substitute for Sharx Pool Bar, sort of a Great White North version of Hooters (514-387-7665).

Two girls do all kinds of crazy fluid swapping for $15.

For restaurants you can take your pick: Montreal's a big city, with the usual mix of great world cuisine. The four-star carnivores-only Beaver Club (yes, ha ha. Can we continue?) is one of the best restaurants in all of Canada, and the only place in Montreal that brings you cigars after your meal (514-861-3511). Or try beautiful al fresco dining at Le Latini (514-861-3166), an Italian place on Jeanne-Mance. (They're both pricey, so go on somebody else's expense account.) For cheaper eats, L'Anecdote (514-526-7967) on Rachel offers a great Canadian diner menu. On a friend's recommendation, I hit Katsura (514-849-1172) on La Montagne. It wasn't cheap ($25 and up for an entrée) but served up excellent authentic Japanese food—a great date spot.

After gorging myself, I made a beeline for the strip clubs along Ste. Catherine, the best bang for your buck in town. We're talking Swedish talent at Mexico prices: Lap dances were a measly $6, tops, and the shows were mind-boggling. At many of the clubs, you can get a private erotic show with two girls doing all kinds of crazy fluid swapping for $15. A little more green will actually let you break the infamous no-touching rule in a discreet back room—is this a great country, or what? I recommend Club Wanda (514-842-6927). It's a little swanky—more of a club than a bar—but the extra money goes into the women. The downstairs is separated into three deity-themed rooms: a Venus Room, an Aphrodite Room, and a Wanda Room. Wanda? "She is the goddess of pleasure," the owner told me. *Sacre-bleu.*

Finally, after a long night of evil—when the sight of a fellow warrior crying and coughing in a fetal position on the ground calls you back to reality—you'll of course want to sample the local road snack on your way home. It's called *poutine*, and it's essentially a clump of French fries soaked in dark brown gravy and buried under enough cheese to caulk a window. The poutine I procured at a small, nameless deli looked like something off the back of a Kennedy limo…but it went down just as smooth as this wonderful, wonderful city. M

MONTREAL IN FIVE MINUTES

You can't do everything. But you should damn well try.

Best outdoor action: Saute-Moutons. A tour of the Lachine Rapids in an open hydrofoil. Like *Miami Vice* with lumberjacks (514-284-9607).

Best stoner amusement: Cité Imaginaire. A futuristic laser-light show with enough effects to give David Gilmour a headache (514-872-7730).

Bizarrest attraction: Musée Juste Pour Rire ("Museum Just for Laughs"), the only stand-up comedy museum in the world (514-845-4000).

Best photo ops: Basilique Nôtre-Dame (514-842-2925) and L'Oratoire St.-Joseph (514-733-8211), the grandmama and grandaddy of Montreal churches. Huge, beautiful, impressive.

Best late-night trip: Grand Prix. A strip club in the suburb of Richelieu, where the no-touch rules are almost nonexistent (450-658-8397).

Best excuse to exercise: Mont-Royal. It's a mountain, it's a monument, it's a biking-and-hiking park designed by Frederick Law Olmsted, who did New York's Central Park. All over the mountainside, there are spots where the trees are cut so you can look down on the city.

Best sports ticket: The Canadiens (800-361-4595), whose 24 Stanley Cups make them Canada's Yankees. Or check out the Expos (800-678-5440).

Best souvenir stop: Davidoff, the world-famous Swiss tobacconist. Cuban cigars are legal in this part of the world (514-289-9118).

Most elaborate tourist trap: The Montreal Underground. It's just an interconnected set of shopping centers and Metro stops.

Best surprise: In the overcrowded, underrated Chinese Quarter, a pastry shop called Maxim. Great name; good selection of weird, tasty stuff (514-398-9696).

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Chris Rock

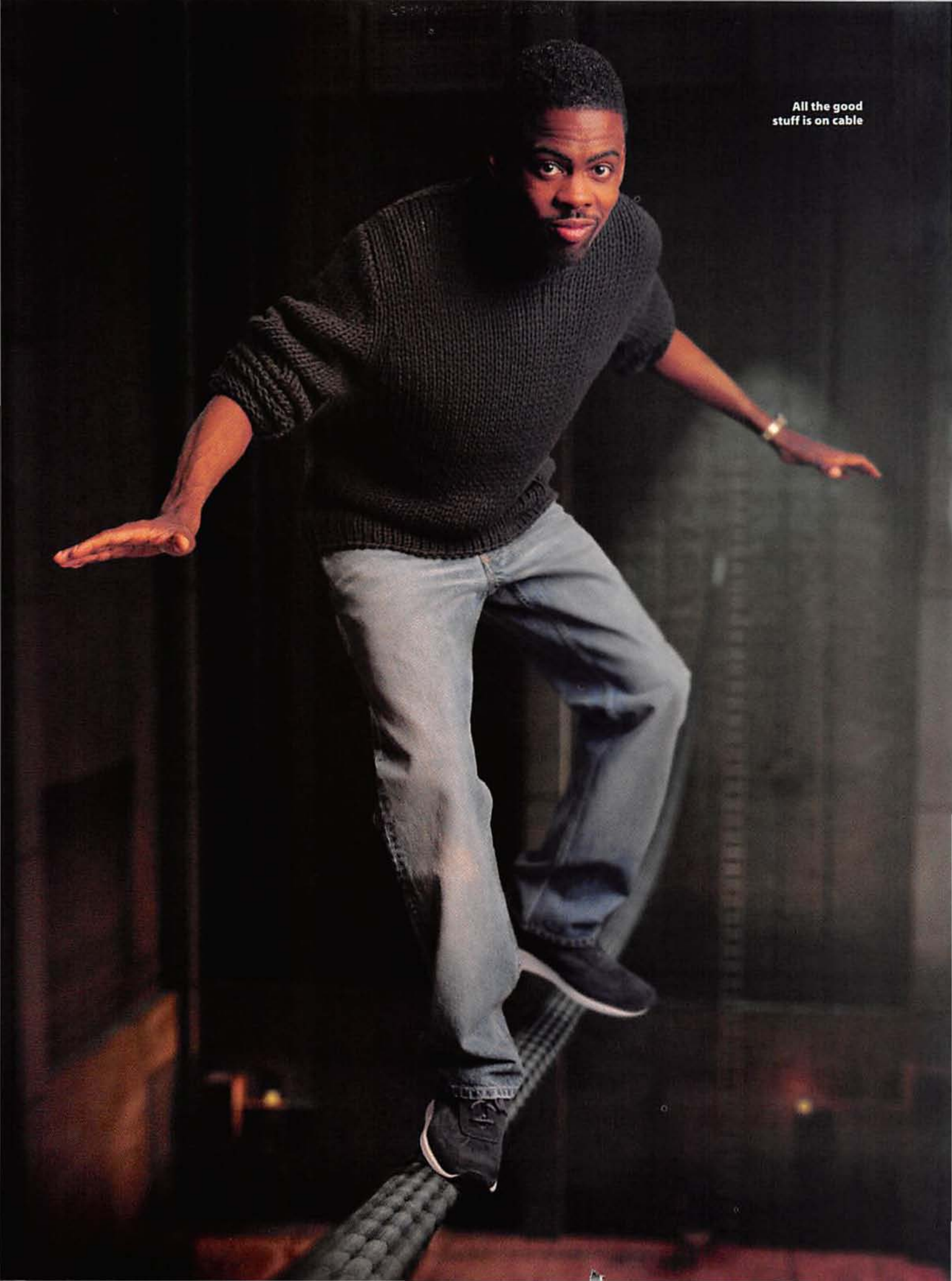
He's the coolest stand-up comedian on the planet, and he doesn't even want his own network sitcom. Long live Rock!

How did you escape the indignity of having one of your *Saturday Night Live* characters turned into a lame-ass movie?
Because I never had a character strong enough to make into a movie.
That sure hasn't stopped anybody so far.
Yeah, I guess if you can make...oh, shit, I really don't wanna name any names. I remember wanting to do a Nat X movie around the same time *Malcolm X* came out. Thank God that didn't happen. Hoo dog, please! I would've gotten *shot*.
Speaking of which, you and Morgan Freeman play hit men in the upcoming movie *Nurse Betty*. How did you prepare?
Started offing people. Went on a mild killing spree—not a big one. Nah. I just followed Morgan's lead and tried not to fuck up too bad. I couldn't even believe they gave me the part, 'cause it's, like, a *real* hit man, not a bumbling, comedic hit man.
Your other new movie, *Down to Earth*, is about a comedian who croaks and gets sent back to earth in the body of a rich white businessman. Do you believe in reincarnation?
Let me put it this way: I think the only reason people behave is because they think this is their only chance. If they thought they would get another shot, then the world would be *re-e-e-ally* crazy. *Extra* crazy.
Your HBO stand-up specials kick ass. How long does it take you to slap one of those suckers together?
I spend two months just getting the material together. I test-run it by doing 15 minutes here, 20 minutes there in little comedy clubs. Then I go down to West Palm Beach, Florida, and perform it for all these old white folks for two weeks to get the act really tight.
You're kidding.
I know it sounds crazy, but because they're so old I really have to explain the stuff. I can't just fall back on my fame. Everything you see me do, retired people have laughed their asses off at—all the dirty, crazy material. When I finally get in front of some brothers, I'm really happy to see them.
After *SNL*, did you ever play the college circuit?
Yeah, I did, but I didn't love it. I never went to college, so I really don't have patience for kids. My humor is more for people who fuck and pay bills.
And college students are only doing half of that.
Aw, most of them aren't really fucking—just talking about it.
Growing up, you were bused to an all-white school. Was your sense of humor a good defense in that situation?
Shit. When was the last time laughter stopped a guy from getting his ass kicked? Please—they just beat your ass and laugh while they're doing it.
Why did you drop out of school in 11th grade?
What was the point? Unless you're rich, you should go to school for a *reason*. There was no reason for me to go to school any longer, so I went to work.
What kinds of jobs did you get?
Red Lobster, the supermarket, working with retarded people at a halfway house. They were all pretty bad, but I never thought that was my life. I was working with guys who had kids and car payments, and I was just making sneaker money, you know.
When did you get famous enough to stop begging women to have sex with you?
Man, I remember this one time I was hangin' out with my comic friend Mario Joyner, talking to these two girls, and I got the *tall* one. I *never* got the tall one. Right then I realized that I was famous. Fame adds about four inches to your height. Fame is like being on the ninth date right away—like you've already met her parents and all that.
Must be nice.
Being famous is like having big tits. You have big tits, everybody's nice to you, everybody looks at you everywhere you go, you can get in anywhere. But you also have to remember that fame, like big tits, is synonymous with stupidity. No one ever says, "My accountant has the biggest tits."
The women we interview in *Maxim* always say they want a guy with a sense of humor. You must have 'em tossing their panties at your head.
Women like it when the guy they want to fuck also happens to be funny. It's never that the guy they find funny is the guy they want to fuck. If you're attractive, women want to have sex with you, *then* get to know you. If you're not attractive, they get to know you really well *before* they'll have sex with you.
But you've been married for three years now. What advice can you give to guys settling in for the long haul?
This is *it*, man. This is your life. You're not gonna have a cool marriage. Everybody says, "Oh, *we're* gonna be different," but it's gonna be as boring as everybody else's marriage. You'd better get used to it.
So what would you tell guys thinking about getting hitched?
Only do it if you really want to do it. And it doesn't matter how long you've been dating her: Don't fall into a guilt trap. Boy George said it best: "Time makes lovers feel / like they've got something real, / but you and me know / they've got nothing but time, / and time won't give me time."
It's weird, but I could swear I just heard Chris Rock quote an '80s transvestite pop singer to make a point about marriage.
Hey, those lyrics come in handy. M

'Being famous is like having big tits. Everybody is nice to you, everybody looks at you, you can get in anywhere.'

Interview by Steven Russell. Photograph by Butch Belair. The fifth season of *The Chris Rock Show* premieres on HBO this month.

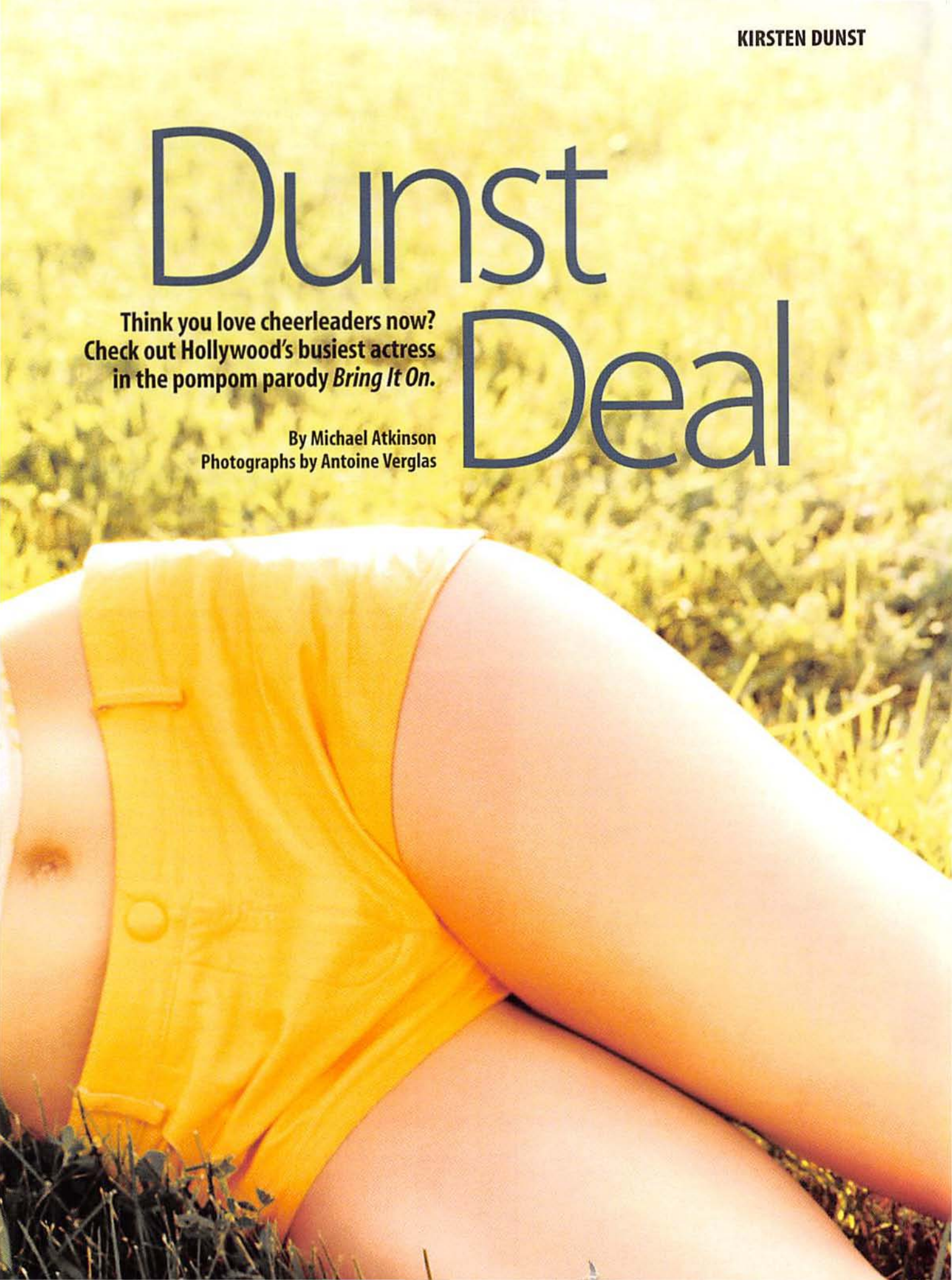
Photographs: Butch Belair; stylist, Amanda Sanders; prop stylist, Donnie Meyer for Mimic hair, Mike Daddy; makeup, Brigitte Trama

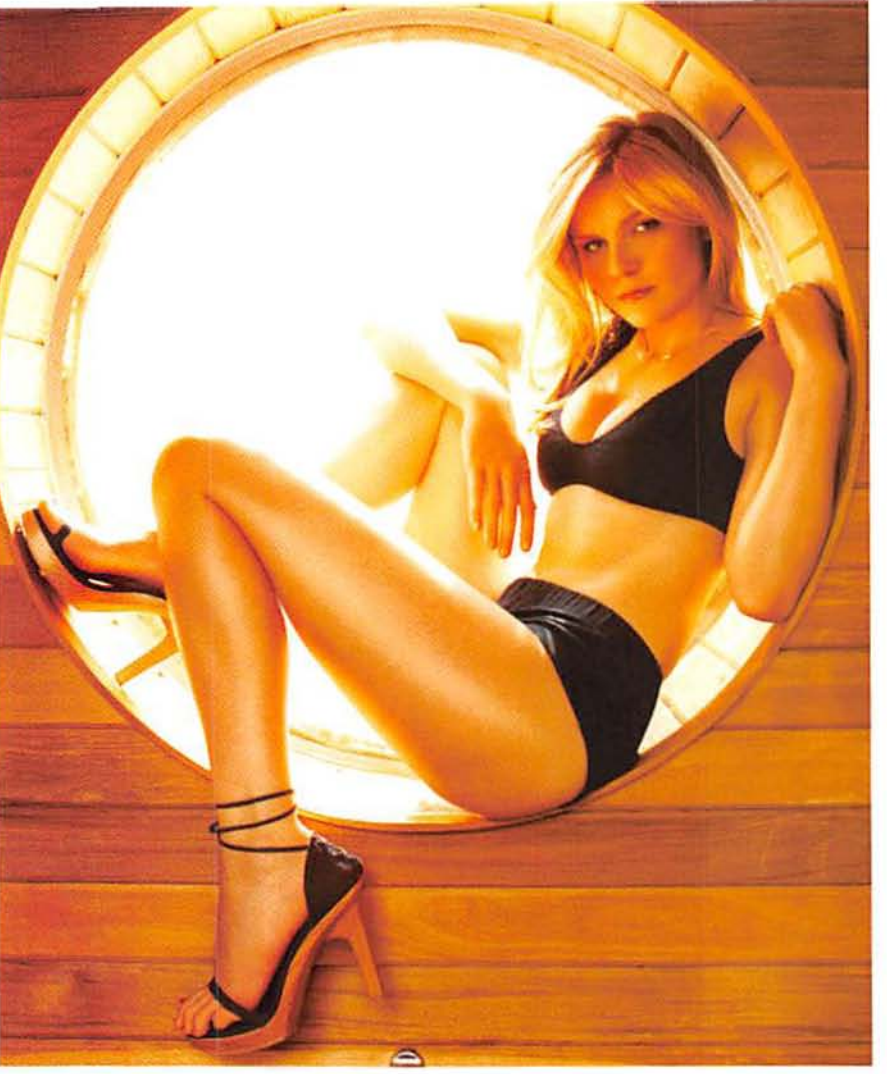

All the good
stuff is on cable

Dunst Deal

Think you love cheerleaders now? Check out Hollywood's busiest actress in the pompom parody *Bring It On*.

By Michael Atkinson
Photographs by Antoine Verglas





For an actress who first snagged our attention as a remorseless, bloodsucking child ghoul in 1994's *Interview With the Vampire*, Kirsten Dunst is one well-adjusted gal. Since that spooky breakout at age 11, Kirsten has earned a rep as one of the most gorgeous, talented, and flat-out *likable* stars in Tinseltown. Her rap sheet includes roles in such wide-ranging projects as *Jumanji*, *ER*, and last summer's Watergate comedy, *Dick*. Most recently she earned the lion's share of critical praise for the indie hit *The Virgin Suicides*. Yet she remains conspicuously unencumbered by less laudable milestones of growing up famous—no nightclub brawls, no drug busts, no quickie divorces from rock-star wannabes.

And now that the New Jersey native, who started wooing the camera in commercials at the tender age of three, has graduated from high school, her career is kicking into overdrive with no fewer than four movies in the can, including this month's cheerleader-versus-cheerleader comedy, *Bring It On*. So is the kittenish blonde who Hollywood couldn't toxify suddenly raring to get racy? We shared a limo back seat around Toronto (where she's shooting yet another movie) to see if innocence seems destined to win out over vice.

You play a high school cheerleader in *Bring It On*. Let us guess: You're the *nice* cheerleader, right?
I guess I am the nice girl again. Bad things happen to nice people, though! Cheerleaders are always being depicted as slutty bitches, and I like that this movie doesn't do that. I had to learn all the moves in one week. It was hard work. I had a good body after all that exercise, though—I was, like, "Damn!" 'Cause I'd never really worked out before that.

GIRL ON FILM

INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE (1994) Kirsten sank her teeth into the undead-tot role, stealing the show from Cruise and Pitt.

DICK (1999) Helped by Michelle Williams (left), Kirsten walks Nixon's dog...and blows the lid off the Watergate scandal.

Were you ever a cheerleader in real life?
In eighth grade. I did it to be popular.
Meryl Streep was a cheerleader, you know.
Really, she was? Aw-w-w. That's cute.
What's your favorite cheer?
Oh, I got a good one. The team I cheered for in school was called the Hornets, so we'd sing, "Look, look! At, at! Our horny guys, our horny guys! Wooo, wooo! Oww!" *[Adds a hand roll and a climactic hip thrust]* This was in eighth grade, at a Lutheran school, and here we are doing this naughty routine. That cheer got banned after we did it a few times.
Your breakout role was that of a lusty bloodsucker trapped in a child's body, but it seems you've been nailing mainly sweetheart roles since.
It's because of the way I look, know what I mean? I look like the innocent girl next door! That's how people see me.
***Interview With the Vampire* wasn't nearly so innocent. What possessed your parents to let you do something that dark and intense?**
Well, I'd been acting since I was three years old, so at the time it just seemed like another role, a character. But that's part of the reason why I did *Little Women* after that, so people wouldn't think I was this weird, troubled child.
Did you even understand what *Interview* was about?
I understood it as much as I could. I didn't even read the book, though, not at that age. My acting coach helped me so much, finding things that I could focus on that would get that anger out that I didn't really have. A lot of the time we used little tricks to get those sexy faces out of me in my scenes with Brad Pitt. C'mon, I was a little girl. Boys had cooties.
Now you've gone goth again in an upcoming sequel to *The Crow*. Why did you pick that role?
I wanted to play an action hero! It's not a cheesy sequel; it's been stepped up from the last one and is more like the first *Crow* movie. I run around, shoot guns, save the day, all of that kind of stuff. I'm ready for roles that totally aren't me. At least I'm not a wimpy damsel in distress.
You've done a pretty good job of avoiding the plague of wimpy teen romantic comedies too.
Yeah, I only pick movies that I think will actually *help* my career. The movie I'm filming now in Canada, *Getting Over Allison*, is teenish but different—no costars from *Dawson's Creek*.
You grew up in New Jersey and moved to Southern California with your mom when you were seven. Hollywood must have been quite a change.
Actually, it's just like high school, with all the cliques and everything! And the gossip in movie magazines is the writing on the bathroom walls. I'm serious.
What's your worst child-actor story?
Growing up in Hollywood, kids act like 40-year-olds. We used to live in this crazy apartment complex filled with mothers and their actor kids. Everyone knows what everyone's doing, which auditions are happening, and there was major backstabbing going on. It'd be, like, "Oh, my daughter got that part," and the movie hadn't even been cast yet, or little girls coming up to you at birthday parties, saying, "What are *you* workin' on?" I had this one girl come up to me right after I'd just gotten the role in *Vampire*, and she was, like, "Yeah, my agent says I'm the next Kirsten Dunst!" And she didn't even know who I was.
Would you poison someone's Evian for a great role?
You know what? If you're a good actress, you're a good actress. I mean, you can't let anyone get to you. You do your best, and whatever is meant to be is meant to be. There's no point in backstabbing. I totally believe in karma, so I feel that it would come back around to me. If I screwed someone over for a role, then something bad would happen to me—the movie would be a total bomb or something.

Stylist, Karen Shapiro; hair, Oscar Blandi for DeFacto; JoAnne Smith for Profile LA

'I want to play an action hero. I'm ready for roles that totally aren't me.'

'I'm very mature for my age, but I'm also innocent in a lot of ways.'

So, how nice are you, anyway? Would you return a lost $20 bill if you needed it to get home?
[Laughs] Well, $20 isn't much, is it? Hmm. If I'd be screwed without it, then, yeah, I would take it. But I'd feel guilty! Anyway, I am who I am. I'm just not a jaded Hollywood kid. I've always gone to normal schools. I'm very mature for my age, but I'm also very innocent in a lot of ways. I think people are surprised that I've been able to remain normal in this business.

How did you manage that?
Oh, I don't know. I never go to *those* parties, and I can't stand schmoozing. I don't go out in L.A.; I don't go clubbing. I'd rather stay home and watch movies with my friends, who aren't involved in the movie business. They're much different. Lots of the kids in this business are very insecure and have problems with their parents, but I've always had a great relationship with my mother. I've never been put on a pedestal or anything.

Still, you started doing TV commercials at three years old, when other kids were watching *Sesame Street*.
My whole life has never been exactly normal. In the schoolyard my mother would be putting rollers in my hair—curls were my trademark—and all the kids in buses would be passing by and looking, and I remember thinking, *Gee, this stinks.* But then, before long, I'd cry if I wasn't working.

What wouldn't you do for a movie now? What if, during filming, a powerful director suddenly decided he really needed you to do a nude scene?
I'd walk off the film! Hey, I'm not that desperate. I wouldn't be, like, *If I don't take my top off in this role, I won't be anything!* I'm not seen as that kind of actress at all. You can be sexual without taking your clothes off.

Any sleazy casting agent ever suggested plastic surgery?
I haven't faced that yet because I'm 18. I just heard that this young actress who's pretty well-known got a boob job, and it's so sad that this industry makes you feel like that's the only way you're going to get work. I guess it works for some people, but...my boobs are fine! They go with my body!

Ever get stalked?
I don't have it that bad because I've grown up so fast and I've looked different in each movie. When *Bring It On* comes out, I think it could be worse. I don't mind it at all, but if it ever gets to the point that everyone knows me, it'll be hard because sometimes I just want to go out to dinner and not wear a hat and sunglasses. When I came to work in Toronto, there was a picture of me in the newspaper walking my dog, and that freaks the shit outta me! That someone takes a picture of me without me knowing? I'd never had that. I felt really...invaded. I wondered if I was caught doing something embarrassing, like not cleaning up my dog's poop in the park.

Are you going to college?
No. I love what I do, and I don't want to stop right now. Now that I'm 18, I can do more indie films because they won't have to worry about how many hours I can work or stuff like that. I want to concentrate on my career.

People usually go to college for the sex and the drugs, *then* worry about a career.
I can go to a Hollywood party for that! That's why I avoid them.

What's a date like for you?
Oh, you know, going out to dinner, going bowling, going to a movie. Regular stuff.

Would you ever date an actor?
Yeah, but that's the hardest. You're far apart all the time, you have a new leading man every movie, he has a new leading lady, sparks are flying...It would take a lot of trust.

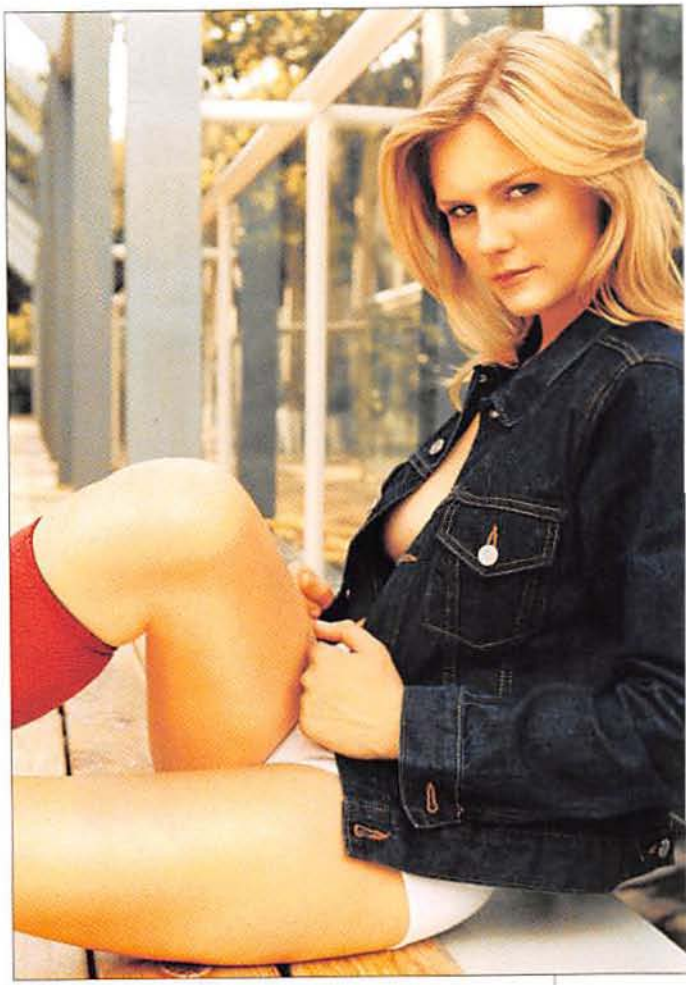
You could get tattoos of each other's names as a reminder.
I wanted to get angel wings tattooed on my back, as a kind of guardian thing. But actors have to get them covered up. But you never know. Maybe I'll need the protection someday. M

DROP DEAD GORGEOUS (1999) As a small-town pageant contestant, she wanted world peace—and out of Minnesota.

STRIKE! (1998) You can't blame guys for invading Kirsten's '60s boarding school, but her pals don't plan to take it, um, lying down.

THE VIRGIN SUICIDES (2000) Kirsten and her four sisters drive the neighborhood boys crazy, then jump into the deep end themselves.

BRING IT ON (2000) This month, our covergirl gives us reason to cheer (and laugh) as a pompom shaker going for the championship.



Kirsten at a glance

Vital stats: Born April 30, 1982, in Point Pleasant, New Jersey, where she got the nickname Kiki. "My school there was huge and terrifying. What I most remember about Jersey is jumping off the dock into the water at my grandmother's house."

Suffering for her art: Before breaking into movies at seven, Kirsten appeared in more than 70 commercials, including one for a doll that could pee. "On the bus all the kids would tease me by singing the Baby Uh-Oh jingle. I got so much torment out of that commercial."

Early kudos: Won an MTV Movie Award and a Golden Globe for *Interview With the Vampire* and was named one of *People*'s 50 Most Beautiful People, all in '95.

Starlet fitness regimen: "I still don't work out that much. I like to walk, but in L.A. everybody drives everywhere, so you kind of have to start exercising."

Favorite Monopoly piece: "I pick the car because I don't have one yet."

Favorite bad movie: "Uh, nobody liked *Romy and Michele's High School Reunion*, but I thought it was brilliant."

Why she turned down a role in *American Beauty*: "When I read the script, I was 15 and wasn't mature enough to understand it. I didn't want to be kissing Kevin Spacey. Come on! Lying there naked, covered with rose petals?"

MAXIM ONLINE
Read more at: www.maximonline.com

'I wanted to get angel wings tattooed on my back, as a guardian thing.'

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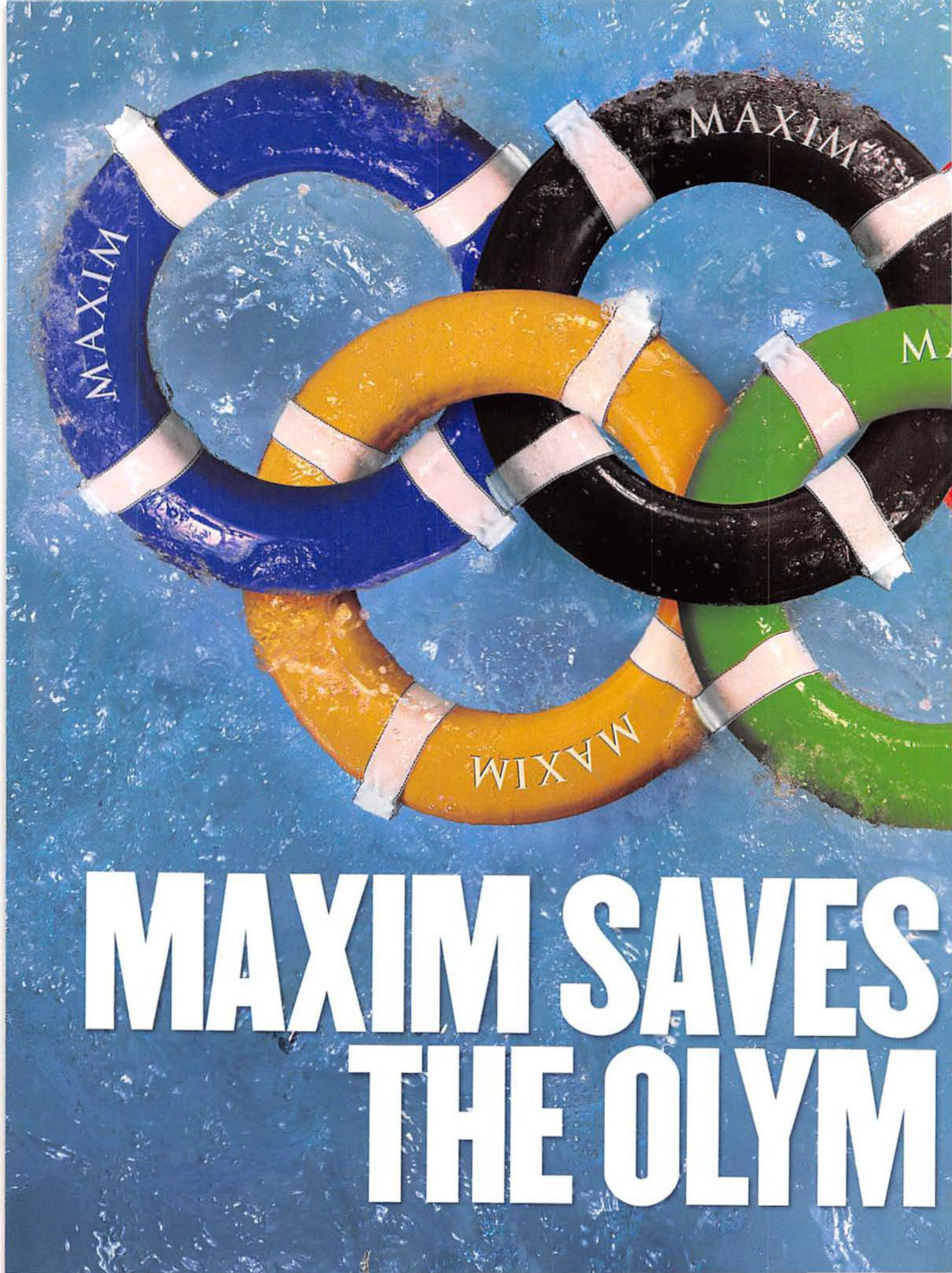
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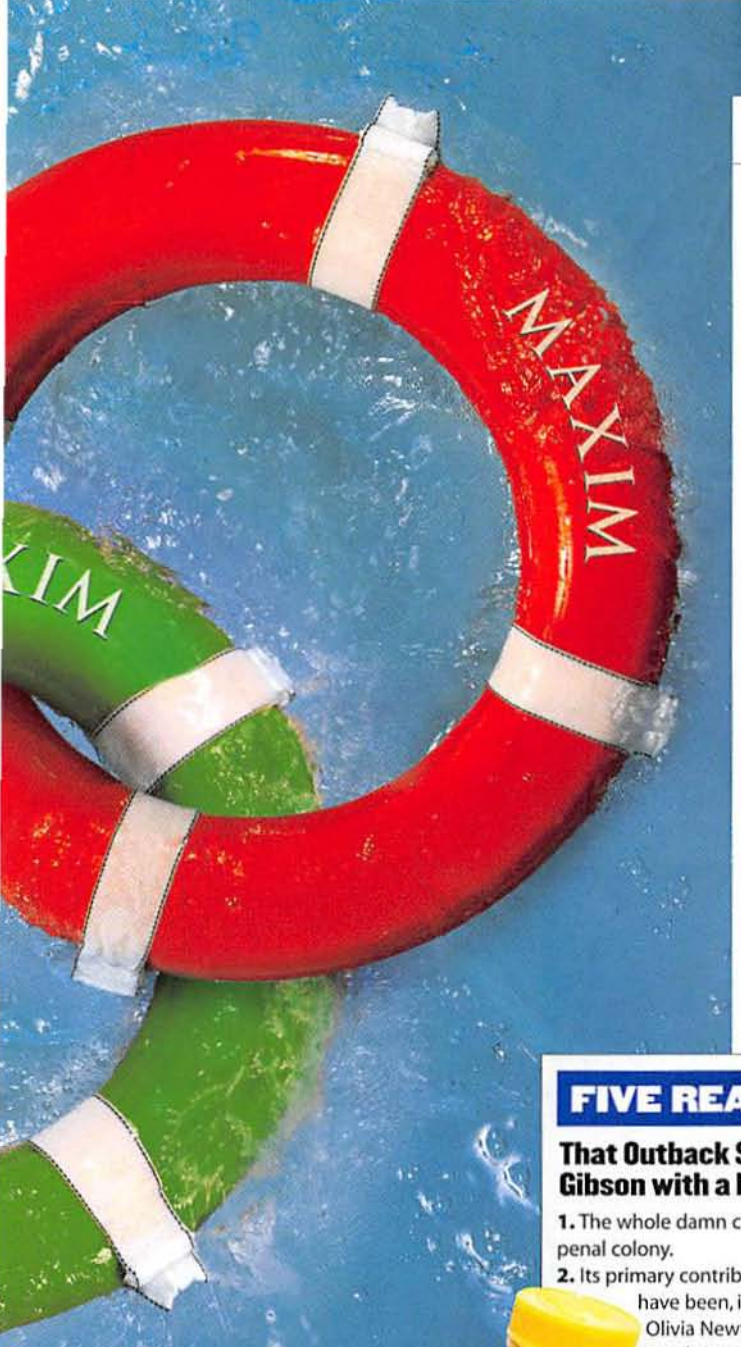


PICS

There's a reason we can only handle this thing once every four years...but don't worry, we've got you covered. By Allen St. John

Let the games begin! The stirring pageantry, the pomp and circumstance, the world's greatest athletes joining in the spirit of international compe—zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz...

Sorry, what were we saying? Oh, let's face it: The Olympics can be deadlier than a *Caroline in the City* marathon. And with NBC airing a staggering 441 hours of coverage—longer than it takes Marlon Brando to pull on a pair of jeans—it looks like a long fall. There *are* some flat-out amazing sports moments; it's just that they get lost in between the dull personal stories ("But even a tragic combine accident couldn't mangle Vladimir's Olympic dream"), the earnest analysis ("Look at the Chinese women finesse that shuttlecock..."), and the hours of nonevents like rhythmic gymnastics ("Unbelievable ribbon move!"). What you need is a reliable road map...and that's where *Maxim* comes in. We'll help you cut through the crap and zero in on the blood feuds, the broken limbs, the sucker bets, and the chance of a lifetime to make fun of all things Australian. Oh, and did we mention jaw-droppingly gorgeous female athletes? (Not knowing what costumes they'd be wearing, we dressed 'em ourselves...see page 140.) So sit back, crack open one of those oil-can-size Australian beers, and let's do the Olympics *Maxim*-style, eh, mate?

FIVE REASONS TO HATE AUSTRALIANS

That Outback Steak House jingle make you want to crack Mel Gibson with a boomerang? Pity your upside-down friends.

1. The whole damn country was started as a penal colony.

2. Its primary contributions to world culture have been, in order: *Crocodile Dundee*, Olivia Newton-John, *Crocodile Dundee 2*, and Men at Work.

3. Vegemite, the national snack spread that tastes marginally better than toe jam, is made of extract from yeast.

4. Forget those cutesy koalas: Australia's most common indigenous creatures include the aptly named death adder, the deadly bulldog ant, the Tasmanian devil, third-rate soap opera stars, and baby-eating dingoes.

5. Most of the country is a blistering, snake-infested desert, except for the fertile, tourist-infested eastern coast.

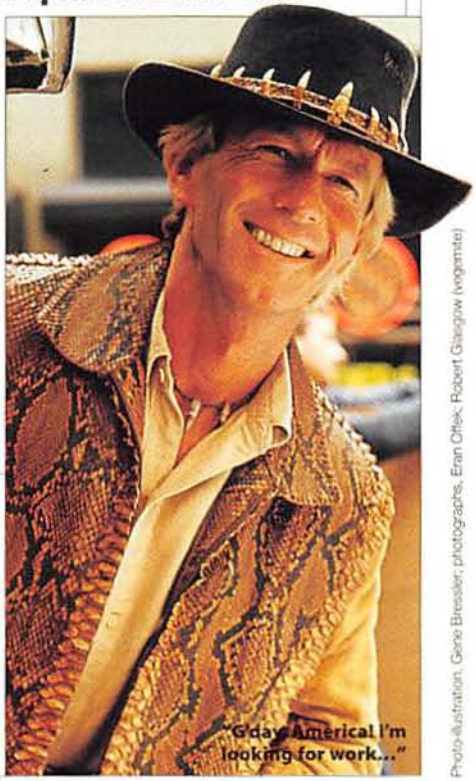


Photo-illustration, Gene Bressler; photographs, Eran Oflek, Robert Glasgow (vegemite)

HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHT #361

1996: Archery gold medalist Justin Huish gallantly removes himself from the team trials after police nab him for allegedly selling marijuana to an informant, and find 4.5 ounces of marijuana, 2.3 grams of hashish oil, a ledger, and $23,000 in cash in Huish's apartment.

SUCKER BETS

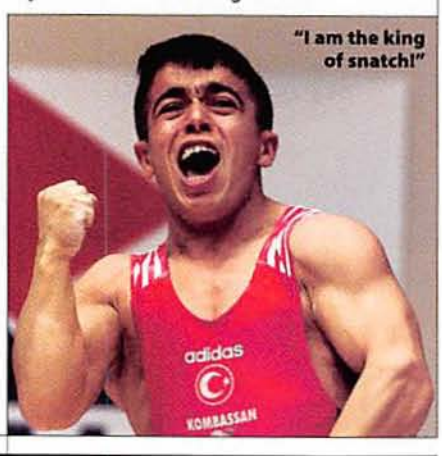
What? Make money on the Olympics? You bet!

The Olympics are 15 time zones away from L.A., 18 from New York. This means that virtually everything will be shown on delay. You could, if you wanted, go to www.nbcolympics.com and score the results of the men's water polo final. When it finally makes the tube, your buddy's twenty will magically leap into your wallet. If you'd rather win on the up-and-up, here are some lead-pipe cinches, courtesy of "Jimmy the Geek," one of Manhattan's leading bookmakers.

Sure Thing #1: Hicham El Guerrouj, men's 1,500
The 25-year-old Moroccan holds the world record in the 1,500 and the mile (both indoors and out), and has won 23 straight times since the Atlanta games. "As close to a sure thing as there is," says Jimmy. The only thing that might hold him back? Hemorrhoids, which caused him to miss a couple of races last year.

Sure Thing #2: Halil Mutlu, 123-pound lifting
He's shorter than Michael J. Fox, but the 4'11" Turk is the defending champion, the record holder at both snatch and clean-and-jerk, and his personal two-lift best of 666.75 pounds is 40 pounds heavier than that of his closest rival.

Sure Thing #3: Sweden, team handball
No, we don't know a damn thing about handball, except 1) it looks easier than bowling, 2) the best player is a former postman with a thyroid problem, and 3) the world champ Swedes are the Lakers of this head-scratcher of a sport. Says the Geek: "The fact that no one outside of Sweden even knows how it's played only works in your favor." Good enough for us.



"I am the king of snatch!"

HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHT #87

1972: Giving new meaning to the word *runner*, Ethiopian Miruts Yifter misses his heat in the 5,000 meters because, depending upon which explanation you believe, he a) spent too long in the bathroom, or b) got lost between the bathroom and the track.

The hockey team's dramatic reenactment of Armistice Day always drew cheers

WE'RE NUMBER ONE!

Don't let all them foreigners fool you: America will still hand the world its ass, as usual. Here's where the carnage begins.

Women's Track and Field Sprints: America's got fast women—and we're not just talking about the cast of *Road Rules*. We're as sick as you of those Marion Jones commercials, but Jones holds the world record for 200 meters and is as close to a lock as it gets. In the unlikely event she comes up lame, as she did in last year's world championships, teammate Inger Miller or teammate and defending Olympic champion Gail Devers should pick up the slack.

Men's Basketball: So Grant Hill and Kobe are chillin' stateside. Worried? Yeah, right. Any hoops squad that includes Kevin Garnett, Gary Payton, Tim Duncan, Vince Carter, and Jason Kidd should be quite capable of liberally pasting the Lithuanians (or the French, or whomever else the world coughs up) and still have enough energy to moon Yahoo Serious.

Boxing: With three world champs in our corner, this one'll get coyote ugly fast. Light flyweight world champ Brian Viloria is the best 100-pounder this side of Jennifer Love Hewitt. Rocky Juarez punches like the great Marciano himself. And the biggest billy goat: heavyweight Michael Bennett, was recently released from prison after doing seven years of hard time for armed robbery. Fun fact: His friends call him The Toy Store Bandit because he got nailed sticking up a Toys 'R' Us. ("Put the money in the bag now! And gimme one of them Rock'n'Roll Elmos...")

Name two reasons the press loves her so much

Freestyle Wrestling: Going to the proverbial mat for America are Sammie Henson, Terry Brands, Les Gutches, and Melvin Douglas...all former world champs. And three other hopefuls—Cary Kolat, Lincoln McIlravy, and Kerry McCoy—may be even surer bets to put a choke hold on the gold. Catch them for free while you can, because six months after the games, you just know you'll have to shell out the bucks to catch them on pay-per-view in *WWF Gold Medal Smackdown*.

Women's Soccer: Yes, yes: three and a half hours of scoreless monotony—we know. But if you're hosing down a urinal cake in the men's room when we take the sudden-death shootout and find out how Brandi Chastain's going to top her bra-baring highlight reel, don't say we didn't warn you. Oh, and of course our girls are going to win it all...Did we mention that?

Men's Cycling Road Time Trial: Lance Armstrong by a mile...at least. Call us superstitious, but we ain't betting against a guy who loses a testicle, is told he only has a 10 percent chance to live, then opts for surgery instead of radiation just so he can keep his chances alive in the Tour de France. Are you man enough to get in his way?

Rowing: American's eight big men and their tiny cox (wait...that didn't come out right) won three straight world championships. These things are always tight, but look for America's best yuppies to beat everyone's sculls in. Haw, rawther...

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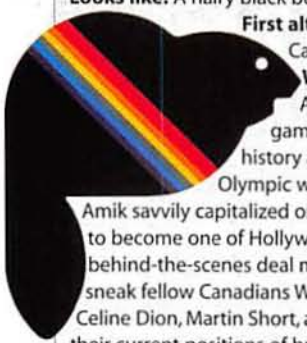
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT ADORABLE MASCOT?

It's all fun and games for the mascots: parties, endorsements, little cartoon hookers. But after the Olympic flame is extinguished...

Amik the Beaver 1976, Montreal

His own words: "I represent the friendliness, patience and hard work that helped build Canada."

Looks like: A hairy black beaver (Oh, grow up.)



First alternate: John Candy

Where is he now? After the Montreal games went down in history as the biggest Olympic waste of money, Amik savvily capitalized on his Olympic fame to become one of Hollywood's biggest behind-the-scenes deal makers, managing to sneak fellow Canadians William Shatner, Celine Dion, Martin Short, and Alan Thicke into their current positions of breathtaking power.

Misha the Bear 1980, Moscow

His own words: "The people of Moscow chose me because there are a lot of nice bears like me in Russia."

Looks like: Boo-Boo's little brother, the "artistic" one who dropped out of college and moved to West Hollywood

First alternate: Ivan the Cabbage Farmer

Where is he now? After America's boycott stained the Soviet Games with a permanent asterisk, Misha was clapped in chains and sent to a gulag for "reeducation," where he died under mysterious circumstances.

Sam the Eagle 1984, Los Angeles

His own words: "The folks over at the Walt Disney Company designed me. You might have heard of them."

Looks like: Rejected cover art for a Steve Miller Band children's album

First alternate: Silly Coney the Breast Implant

Where is he now? Clean and sober now for seven full years, Sam credits a fortuitous encounter with Marie Osmond at Canyon Ranch for his renaissance. Recently Sam cut a sweet deal with the Franklin Mint to sell their tacky crap as official spokesbird.

Hodori the Tiger 1988, Seoul

His own words: "My name means 'little tiger.' Tigers like me are popular in Korea. We make people laugh."

Looks like: Drew Carey's screen test for the Pokémon movie

First alternate: Morris, the 9 Lives cat

Where is he now? After a stint with Vegas illusionists Siegfried and Roy, Hodori was carjacked by poachers who snipped off his "little tiger" to make an aphrodisiac soup. Hodori never really recovered, and his current whereabouts are unknown. Oh, wait...there he is.

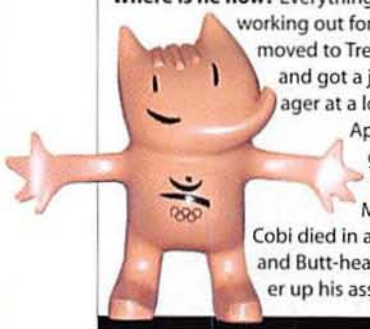
Cobi the Zany Dog 1992, Barcelona

His own words: "I'm Cobi the mountain sheepdog. I had my own television series."

Looks like: Everything that makes European cartoons suck

First alternate: Franco the Dead Fascist

Where is he now? Everything seemed to be working out for Cobi as he moved to Trenton, New Jersey, and got a job as night manager at a local Shoney's. Appearing as a guest presenter at the 1993 MTV Music Awards, Cobi died in agony after Beavis and Butt-head put a firecracker up his ass. Heh heh.



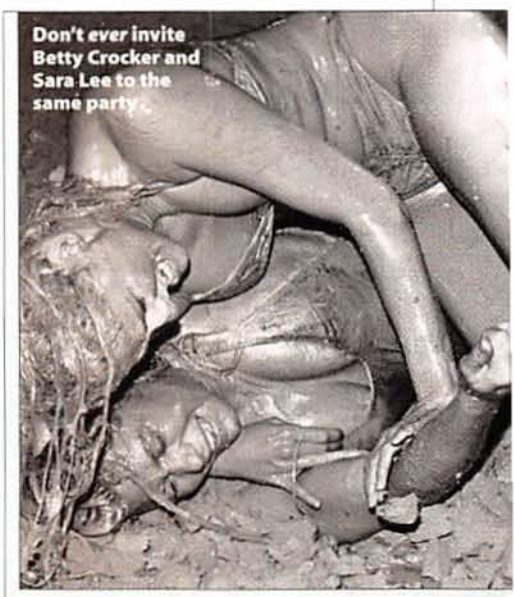
Izzy the Whatizit 1996, Atlanta

His own words: "I live in a fantasy world inside the Olympic flame."

Looks like: The International Olympic Committee's strict no-drugs policy apparently does not apply to the mascot department.

First alternate: Buford the Sodomizing Moonshiner

Where is he now? Traumatized by what he called FBI Gestapo tactics after the Olympic Village bombing, Izzy moved to a remote Montana cabin, where his manual typewriter can be heard clacking all through the night.



100M SKINNY-DIP!

Olympic rule changes we'd pay anything to see.

Shooting
The fix: Require athletes to first fail a basic sobriety test, then take their shots from the back of a speeding pickup truck.

Sailing
The fix: Lift the IOC ban on pirate ships and let enterprising buccaneers bombard, board, and scuttle at will. Winning sailboat, if any, gets to keelhaul all the losers.

Fencing
The fix: Replace novelty tinfoil épées with Viking-style broadswords, get rid of all that candy-ass protective gear, and blindfold both combatants.

Boxing
The fix: The end of the match will be signaled not by a bell, but by a live tiger being released into the ring just as trapdoors in the ceiling open, drenching both fighters in goat entrails.

Wrestling
The fix: Ban from the sport men, all articles of clothing, and people not drenched in a sticky foodstuff.

Javelin Throw
The fix: Host badminton matches just within range.

HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHT #285

1936: Defending gold medal swimmer Eleanor Holm was thrown off the team on the ship to Berlin for shooting craps, getting trashed on champagne, and passing out into a near-coma. She spent the Olympics partying with Goering and Goebbels.

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DRINKING GAMES OF THE OLYMPIAD

Since alcohol can impair judgment and so forth, we strongly recommend you try these drinking games with the delicious taste of tonic water. (Damn lawyers...)

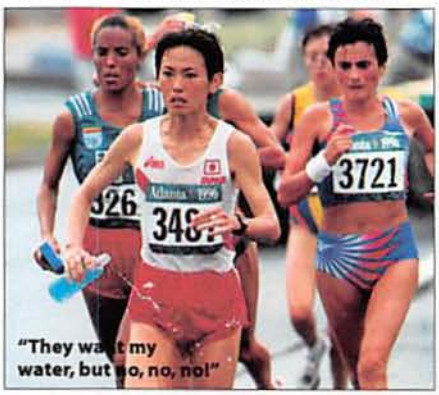
Drinkathon

Event: The Marathon

Rules: You'll want to carb up for this one. Our experts suggest wings, hoagies, or ravioli right out of the can.

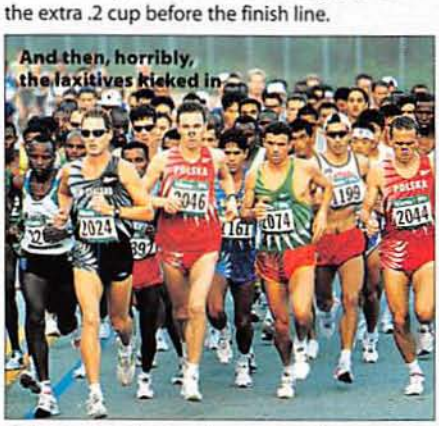
1. Each time a Russian runner stops to barter for shoes, take a drink.

2. Whenever you see a runner grab a cup of water, grab a beer on the fly and finish it off.



"They want my water, but no, no, no!"

3. Players must keep pace with the leader by finishing one cup of delicious frosty beer each time the leader logs a new mile. Don't forget to drink the extra .2 cup before the finish line.


And then, horribly, the laxatives kicked in.

4. The instant the tape breaks and the race is over, first one to the bathroom wins.

Just for fun, race organizers hung the finish line banner with bungee cords

Shot Putter

Event: The Shot Put (duh)

Rules: You'll need Jäegermeister or another liquor that comes in a shot-friendly bottle. Each player chooses a putter to represent and the game begins.

1. After the first athlete 'puts' his shot, the player representing him gets to assign ('put') a shot ('shot') to a player of his choice.

2. The player representing the current leader does all the assigning until his athlete is usurped in the standings. Every time a shot is put, someone drinks.

3. Taking revenge is strongly encouraged.

Spyathlon

Event: Women's Triathlon (cycling, swimming, running)

Rules: Again grab a bottle of Jäegermeister or another shot-conducive liquor. This is an endurance challenge, so be ready.

1. During the cycling leg, drink for each visible incidence of "camel toe."

2. During the swimming leg, drink for each contestant spotted with her headlights on.

3. During the running leg, drink for each obviously malfunctioning sports bra.

Beersketball

Event: Men's Basketball

Rules: This one requires nothing but an adequate supply of drinking material and any men's basketball game involving the U.S. hoops squad.

1. Whenever a sportscaster tries to keep viewers' hands off their clickers by saying, "But don't underestimate these scrappy boys from [insert country here]," drink.

2. Every time an American player scores on an easy fast break over a gawky white guy, drink. Dunks count double.

3. Whenever you see a foreign-born NBA player looking disgruntled because his home country's getting shellacked, drink.

4. Whenever any U.S. player yawns on camera, finish your beer.

5. Begin drinking the moment America's fourth-stringers enter the game, and don't stop until they start celebrating.

HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHT #4

1912: George Patton—yes, that George Patton—misses a medal in the modern pentathlon after finishing 21st in the shooting portion. He claims he was penalized for missing the target when his bullet went cleanly through an existing hole.

"You'll be fine—whoa! Maybe not."

GORE 2000

Sometimes the agony of defeat is more than a metaphor. A run-down of past Olympic carnage.

Bicycle racing

A moment of silence for Knut Jensen. In the 1960 Games in Rome, after taking the illegal stimulant Ronicol, the riding Dutchman passed out from sunstroke and crushed his skull.

Risk of a repeat: Medium to high. In the last two years, the Tour de France had more drug busts than Robert Downey, Jr., but an amazing technological innovation called "the helmet" should keep riders alive (or give paramedics something to scoop up the pieces with).

Fencing

Those blades aren't sharp? Tell that to Vladimir Lapitsky. In the 1980 Moscow Games, he was run through by his Polish opponent, who barely missed his heart. Two years later Vladimir Smirnov was the victim of a freak accident when West German Mattais Behr's foil pierced Smirnov's mask, eyeball, and brain. He died nine days later.

Risk of a repeat: Medium. New see-through masks should clear things up.

Equestrian

In the last 18 months, no fewer than three world class riders were killed when they were thrown or trampled by horses. And Superman couldn't save them, because...well, you know.

Risk of a repeat: High. Take animals with the bulk of a pair of refrigerators balanced on four little pin legs, inbreed the hell out of them to brittle up the bones, then force them to jump, and jump, and jump? For the sport's pasty little upper-crust riders, a bone-rattling horse-Earth sandwich is a foregone conclusion.

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forget routine

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Kristina Lum

SYNCHRONIZED SWIMMING

THE WARMUP Only the innocence of youth allows an athlete to concentrate on waterproof makeup, hair glue, and underwater smiling, so Kristina, 23, began synchronized swimming at age eight. "You have to start that early to develop all the skills you need," she insists. Kristina now has the dubious distinction of joining with the world's only top male synchronized swimmer (Bill May) to form an elite-level mixed-pairs team.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY The U.S. team is the defending Olympic gold-medal winner, after receiving a perfect score in 1996, and although the Russians have dominated the sport in recent years, Kristina assures us: "We are definitely going to Sydney expecting to win gold."

OHHH-LYMPICS "Having a male and a female compete together lets us take the sport to an entirely different level," says Kristina. "Bill and I try to play off the passion of a man and a woman in the water so all of our movements are really close together." Hey, Bill! Need a breather?

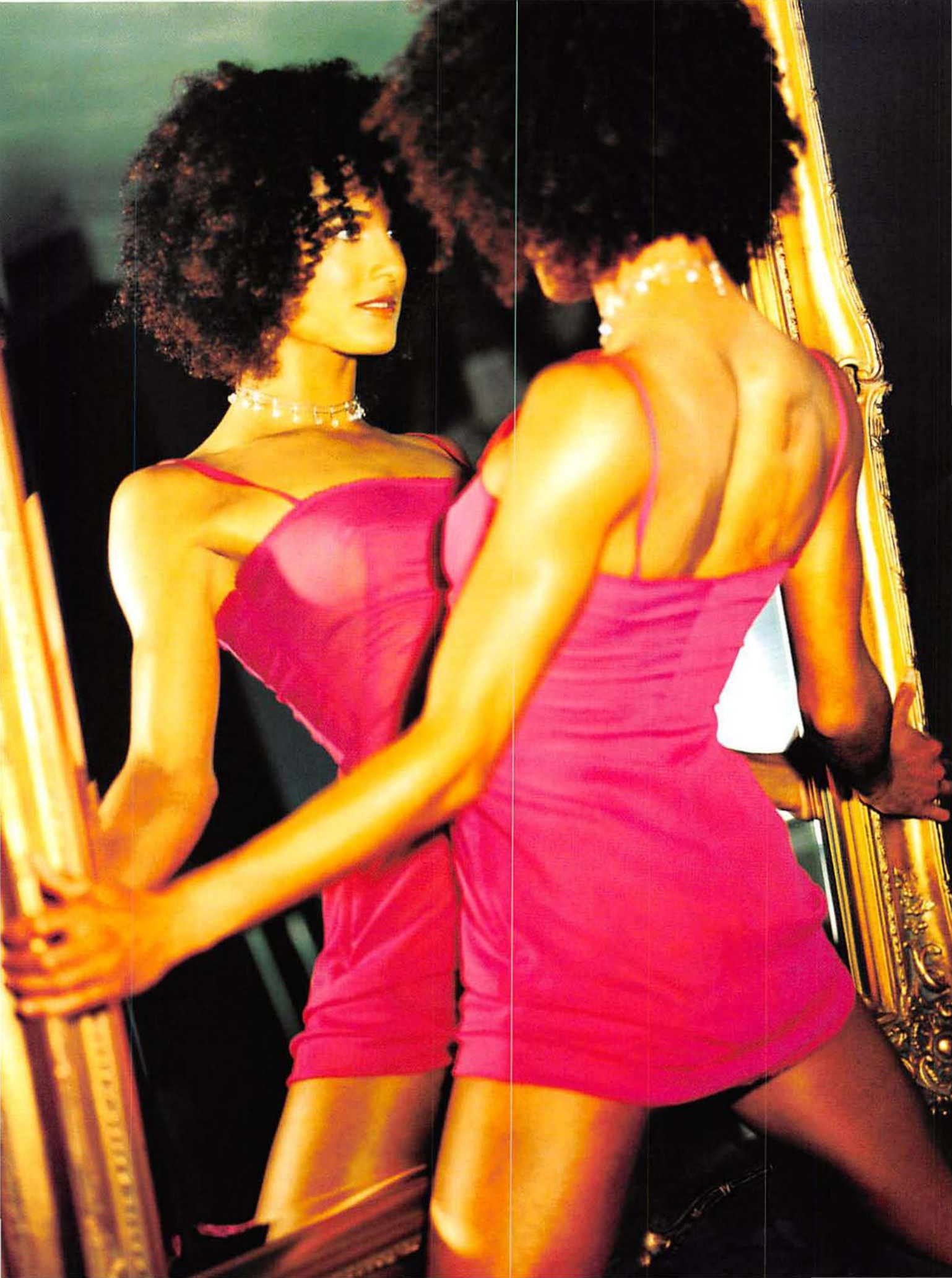
OUT OF SYNC Despite the groundbreaking success of synchronized swimmer turned supermodel Estella Warren, Kristina doesn't see herself following suit. "I can't really imagine myself as a sex symbol. We're just swimmers and athletes."

The Gold Standard

There's nothing hotter than watching a beautiful woman finish first. Behold the fastest, strongest, and sexiest Olympic athletes on the planet.

THE OLYMPICS HAVE long provided a glimpse into a world where form and function erotically embrace. The moments are etched in our subconscious: cold war cutie Katarina Witt flashing her killer smile while winning back-to-back gold; Summer Sanders emerging from the pool in Barcelona (à la Phoebe Cates in *Fast Times*) with two gold, a silver, and a bronze. This month Sydney will be hotter than ever. These athletes already own 33 national titles, eight Olympic medals, and a Rhodes scholarship. Best of all, they agreed to slip out of their spandex shorts and sports bras straight into the sexiest getups we could create. Let the Games begin!

By Alex Straus Photographs by Willy Camden



Jill Wittenwyler

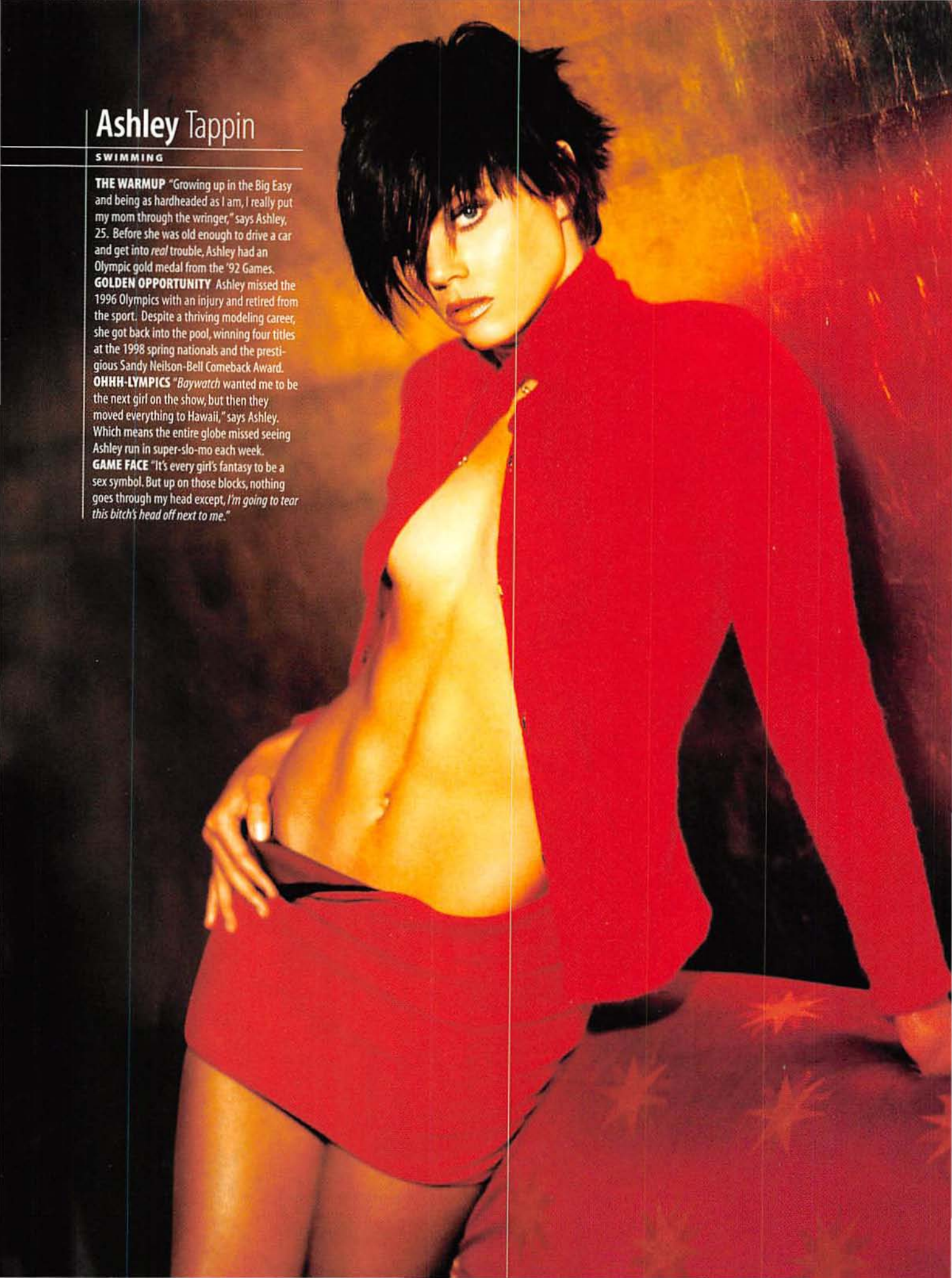
POLE VAULT

THE WARMUP Jill, 29, lived on a farm in Wisconsin before becoming a star basketball player and heptathlete in college, and didn't even start pole-vaulting until graduate school. "The first time I tried, I jumped eight feet," says Jill. "Within a year I was 13th in the U.S."
GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY The 2000 Games will mark the first time women's pole vault is an Olympic event, and Jill, along with teammate Mary Sauer, will try to win medals on the very last day of competition.
OHHH-LYMPICS "I tried to introduced myself to a fan, when he said, 'Yeah, I know who you are,'" says Miss September in the U.S. TrackGirls 2000 calendar. "I just knew he was looking at me, thinking, *I've seen you naked.*"
PASSING THE BAR "There's nothing wrong with promoting sports through sex appeal," says Jill, who worked as a body double for Daryl Hannah in an upcoming movie. "Let's face it: Sex sells, and the women of track and field are definitely sexy."

Nnenna Lynch

TRACK AND FIELD

THE WARMUP Nnenna, 29, was raised in New York, where, along with her older sister, she ran circles around the cross-country and middle-distance competition. She went on to win four national championships at Villanova University and, in 1993, a Rhodes scholarship.
GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY Nnenna, who competes in the 5K and 10k, has battled injury but remains confident: "I know I have a lot more talent to bring out."
OHHH-LYMPICS "I usually don't wear makeup or fancy clothes, so this was a lot of fun," says Nnenna. "It's completely different and altogether a fantasy—it's like taking on a totally different character."
CROSS-TRAINING Nnenna spent two years overseas enjoying the most prestigious scholarship in the world but never lost her God-given common sense. "England was great, but there's just nothing like an American breakfast and an American shower." Amen.



Ashley Tappin

SWIMMING

THE WARMUP "Growing up in the Big Easy and being as hardheaded as I am, I really put my mom through the wringer," says Ashley, 25. Before she was old enough to drive a car and get into *real* trouble, Ashley had an Olympic gold medal from the '92 Games.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY Ashley missed the 1996 Olympics with an injury and retired from the sport. Despite a thriving modeling career, she got back into the pool, winning four titles at the 1998 spring nationals and the prestigious Sandy Neilson-Bell Comeback Award.

OHHH-LYMPICS "*Baywatch* wanted me to be the next girl on the show, but then they moved everything to Hawaii," says Ashley. Which means the entire globe missed seeing Ashley run in super-slo-mo each week.

GAME FACE "It's every girl's fantasy to be a sex symbol. But up on those blocks, nothing goes through my head except, *I'm going to tear this bitch's head off next to me.*"

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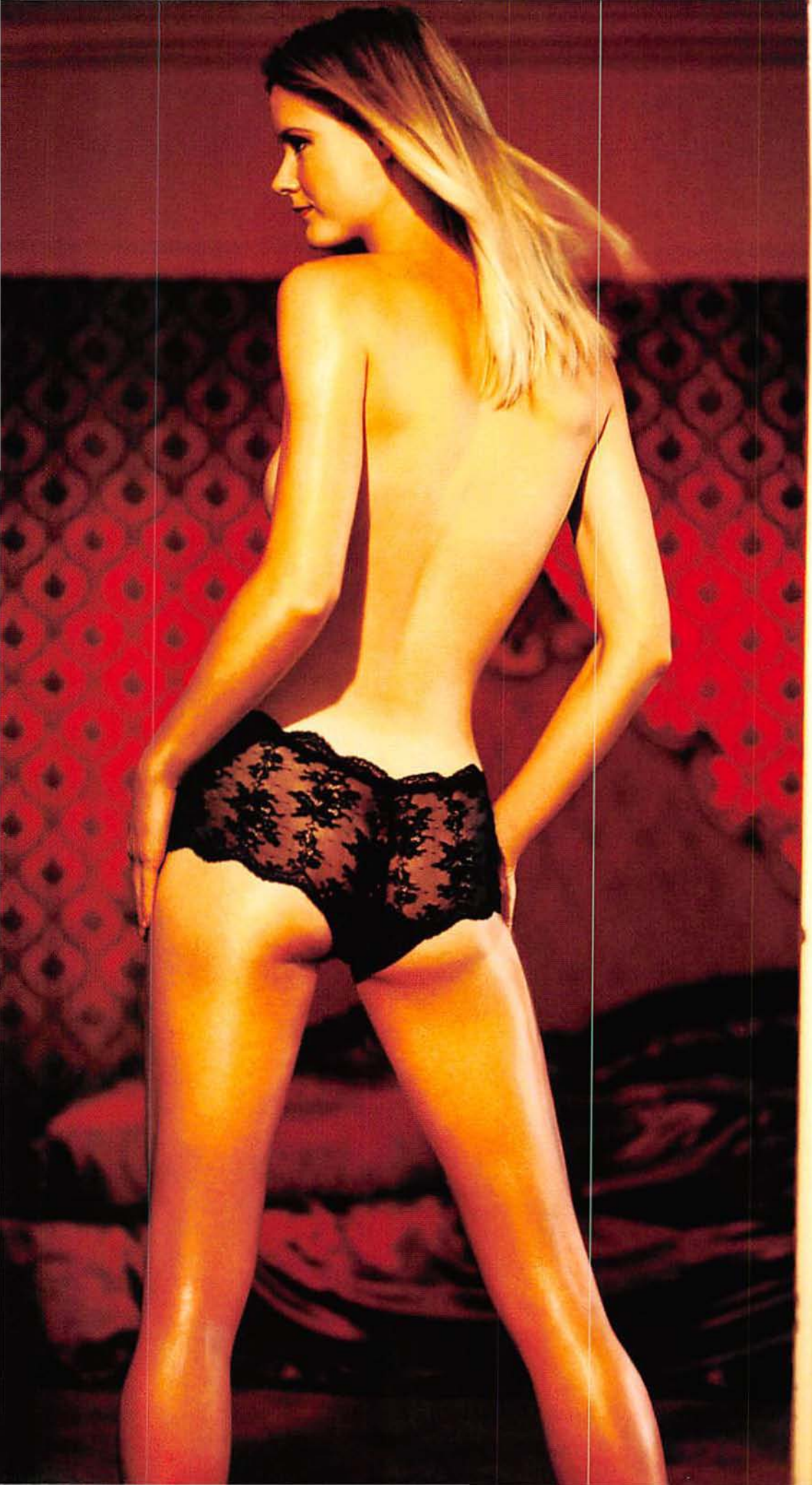

Amy Acuff

HIGH JUMP

THE WARMUP Amy, 25, started competing because "there was nothing else to do" in her home town of Corpus Christi. She became a four-time Texas high school champion, two-time U.S. national and NCAA outdoor champion, and an all-American at UCLA.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY Since her first Olympics, Amy has earned a pre-med degree and now believes she can be the first woman to clear 7'—anything above 6'10" would be a world record and win her a medal in Sydney.

OHHH-LYMPICS Amy has ruffled some feathers by competing in an Anne Klein fur tube top that looked as if it might become a belt at any moment. "I just try to go out there and have fun."

RAISING THE BAR Amy is the mastermind behind the TrackGirls 2000 calendar, in which 12 athletes posed in the buff for charity. "It was a natural union because there are so many incredible bodies in track and field."

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Mary Sauer

POLE VAULT

THE WARMUP Mary, 24, is a cheesehead and proud of it. "My father is one of the few people with season tickets in Green Bay—Packers rule!" At just 5'5", she was a basketball and volleyball player in high school and a gymnast, high jumper, and triple jumper in college. She began pole-vaulting just three years ago.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY Mary routinely vaults over 14 feet and recently cleared 14'8", making her the No. 2 ranked U.S. woman and No. 3 in the world. "I may be new to the sport," Mary says, "but I'm a fast learner."

OHHH-LYMPICS Mary has no problem with athletes using their bodies to attract attention to their sport: "Models and movie stars just don't look like normal women, so it's great we're being recognized for something other than being six feet tall and ultra-waif-thin. I've worked really hard to get where I am."

OUT OF THE VAULT "I love to dance and have fun," says Mary. "Actually most women vaulters love to party. We have a lot of crazy girls." Just don't make any pole jokes at the bar.

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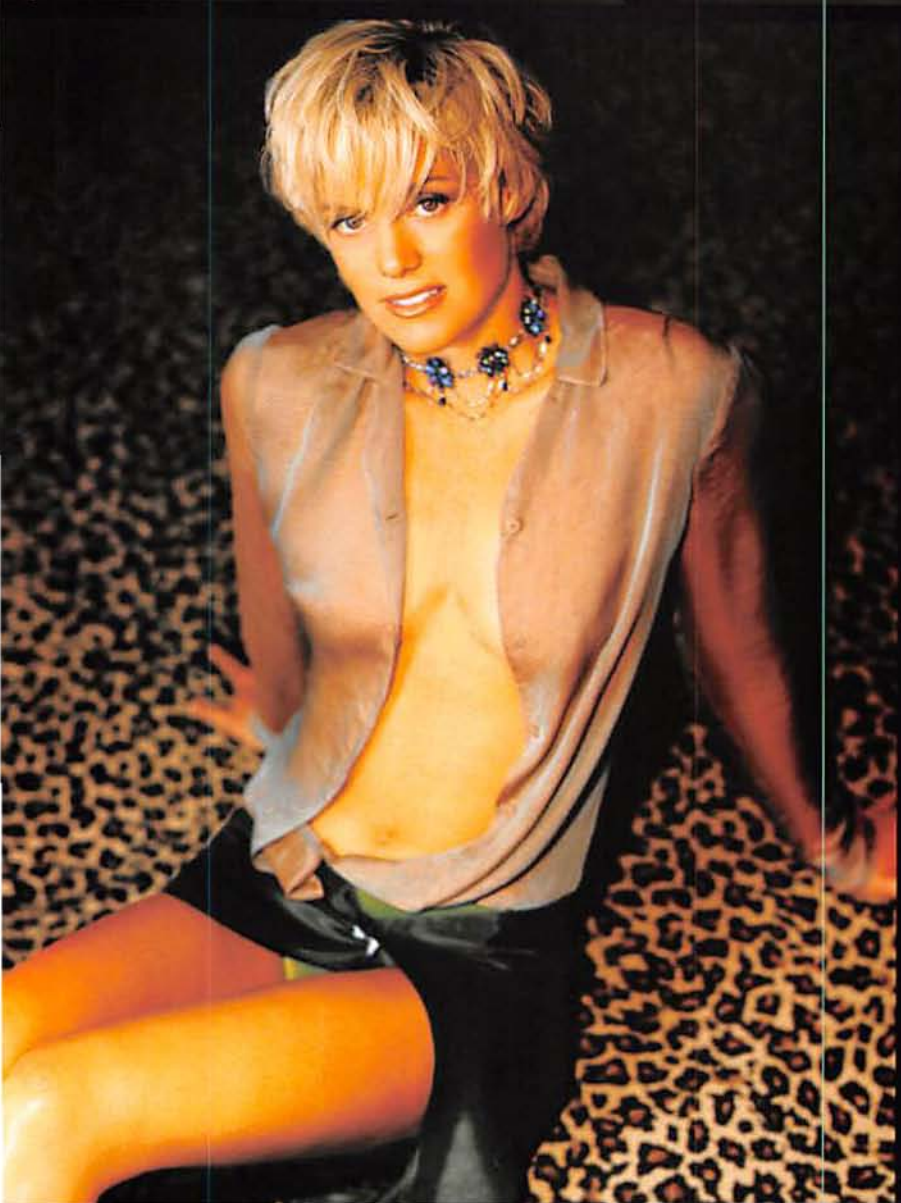

Heather Olson

SYNCHRONIZED SWIMMING

THE WARMUP Heather, 24, began synchronized swimming at age nine, and skipped her senior year of high school to train for the Sport That Gets No Respect. Her sacrifice paid off with a gold medal in 1996.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY When her sport made its Olympic debut in 1984, there were two events: solo and duet. For years the governing body was unable to adequately explain what on earth "solo synchronized swimming" is, so it's been dropped in favor of team competition. As team captain, Heather qualified in both events.

OHHH-LYMPICS "Last year I had a fan chase me into the shower for an autograph," says Olson, laughing. "The funny thing was that I'd done the same thing to a synchronized swimmer when I was a kid."

IN SYNC Heather can't resist the glory of the Olympic Games, even if it attracts an odd fan base: "At the Olympic trials, there was a guy we called Foot Fetish Man because he would constantly call us and make remarks about our feet. It was really creepy."

Dara Torres

SWIMMING

THE WARMUP Dara, 33, grew up in Beverly Hills and is the only female American swimmer to win medals in three consecutive Olympics, beginning in 1984. Then, while being a successful model and hosting a series of absurd Tae-Bo infomercials, she didn't swim a single lap for seven years.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY After being prodded by a friend, Dara unretired, breaking the American 50-meter freestyle record in July. She is now both the youngest and the oldest woman to break that record and will venture even further into the record books with a medal in Sydney.

OHHH-LYMPICS "There's a side of me that plays pickup basketball in baggy shorts and a tank," says the first female athlete to appear in the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue. "Then I get dressed up and men won't ask me out. Yes, I am tall and strong-looking, but I'm very personable."

GENE POOL The first American woman over 30 to swim in the Olympics is a team leader and a kidder: "The girls say, 'Hey Dara, are those jeans from the '80s?' So I tell them where to find the Clearasil."

Stylist, Emma Carlsen; hair, Lani Morrison for Profile L.A.; makeup, Hiromi Ionoko for Lux Artists Management; for Nnenna, hair, Travis for ARTISTS/Next for Timothy Priano; makeup, Joe Simon for ARTISTS/Next for Timothy Priano; produced by Caroline Schrank; special thanks to the Design Hotels, Inc.

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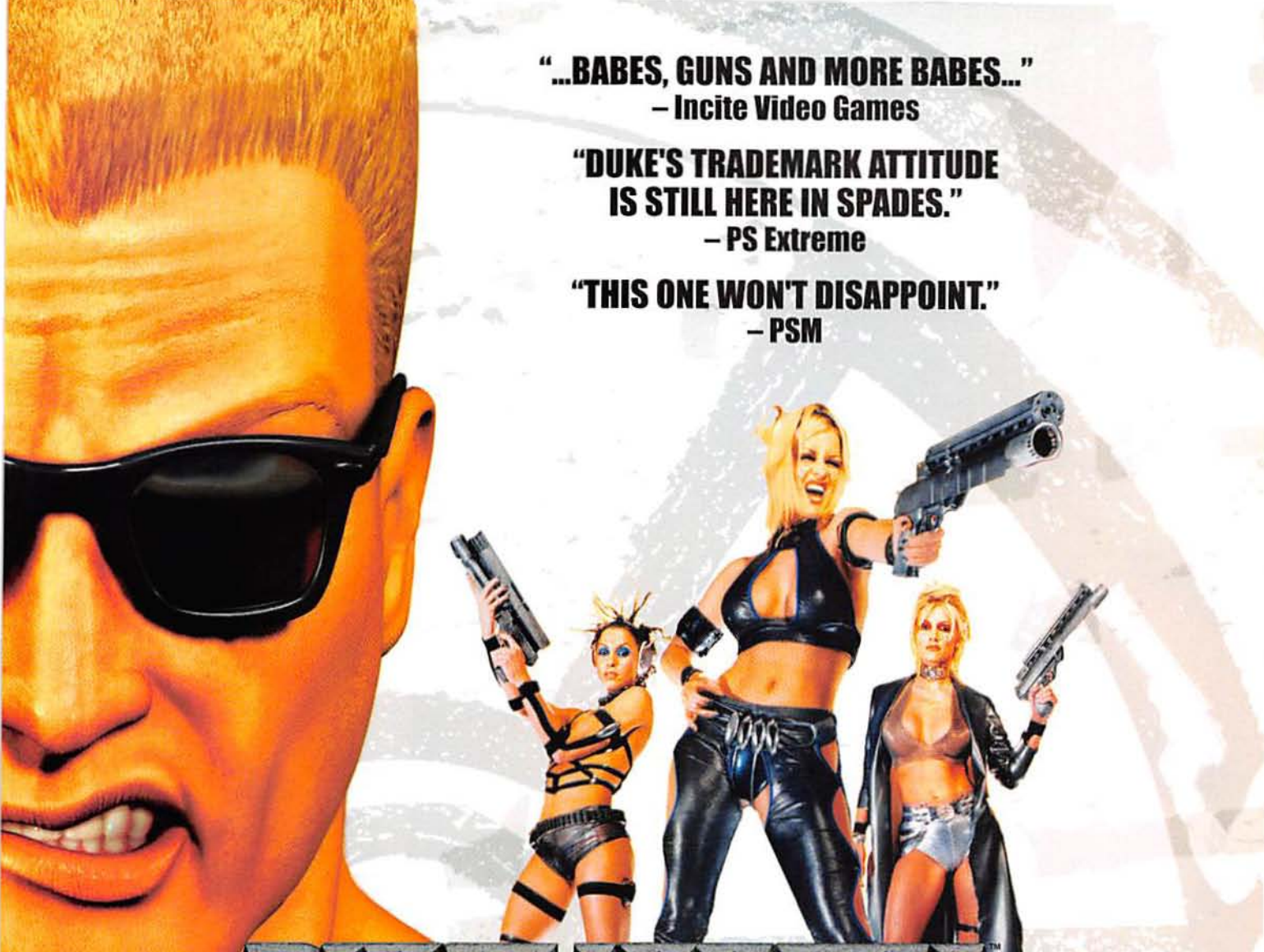

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The boy scouts eagerly reviewed their flag-folding techniques

Hail to the Veep!

Actress Susan Ward announces she'll be candidate Andrij Witiuk's vice president. Heavy on the 'vice'...

One short month after launching himself onto the national political stage by announcing his presidential candidacy, *Maxim*'s assistant managing editor, Andrij Witiuk, is already making history by naming Susan Ward as his running mate. The stunning and savvy star of *The In Crowd* and TV's *Sunset Beach*, Susan follows in the footsteps of such political luminaries as Ronald Reagan, Sonny Bono, and Jesse Ventura in making the leap from entertainment to politics. Oh, yeah, and that guy from *The Dukes of Hazzard*.

As the only major candidate with the balls to choose a female running mate, Andrij already has crackpots Al Gore and George W. Bush on the defensive. "Susan was an easy choice," Andrij admits. "She told me she wanted to run, and of course I couldn't say no." That irresistibility will come in handy when Ward takes over as our country's second-in-command. "Just imagine her showing up at a summit with OPEC, or with China, or with Quebec," says Andrij. "They'll give her anything she asks for."

As an established actress, Susan brings a new quality to the vice presidency: perfection. "Just look at our last few V.P.'s," Andrij sneers. "Gore. Quayle. Bush. Mondale, for crying out loud. The Democrats and Republicans have forced these dull mediocrities down our throats for long enough. I for one say it's time we had a veep you'd actually talk to at a party."

And what does the candidate herself have to say? "It's like a dream come true for this sweet young Southern girl. I can't think of a more exciting and outgoing man to be president." Andrij couldn't agree more. "Let's keep Gore and Bush on TV, where they belong," he pleads. "Elect Witiuk and Ward and we'll throw a four-year party the world will never forget."

The brilliant tactician proves he can count too

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Photographs, Davis Factor for aRT mIX the agency; stylist, Karen Shapiro; prop stylist, Jake Klein; hair, Bertrand Witz for Cloutier; make-up, Agostina for Cloutier

THE ART OF WAR

Tired of your woman spanking you six ways to Sunday? Here's how to handle yourself in a spat so you both end up on top.

By Tim Dowling
Research by Marcy Smith
Photography by Dominick Guillemot

As much as we all fantasize about the bachelor life, most of us realize the upsides to a full-time relationship. You get regular sex. You get a cheerleader for your successes and commiseration for your failures. You get extra pillows and fluffier toilet paper. But no matter how strong the relationship, there's one guaranteed downside: arguments.

It wouldn't be so bad if you could win once in a while. Men lose arguments consistently, hopelessly, as if losing were the point of the exercise. No matter how unassailable your position, the love of your life can easily make you roll over like the Italian army every time.

How do they pull it off? Because men hate conflict. In most cases we'll take the loss just to get the whole hostile discussion over and done with. But women revel in arguing, because for them an argument is a chance to share feelings for you and gain a better understanding of one another. They believe arguing is good for a relationship. How can you sit there watching TV when your very couplehood's at stake?

Well, if the battle must be joined, so be it. We will fight them in the kitchens, we will fight them in the hallways, we will fight them on the lawns and in the drive-throughs. And we're going to win, at least once in a while, because we've pulled in experts to help us understand how women are beating us. Because if you're ever going to sign a cease-fire in time for the fourth quarter, you must adopt her weapons and tactics. Yes, you're going to learn to fight like a girl.

BATTLE TACTIC #1:

Evasive Maneuvers

Speaking to women the way they speak isn't easy. "Men feel ridiculous talking to women in their language," says Jonathan Robinson, author of *Communication Miracles for Couples: Easy and Effective Tools to Create More Love and Less Conflict.* According to Robinson, women speak an average of 25,000 words a day, while men utter a mere 13,000. Moreover, men speak 12,000 of their daily words at work, compared with just 10,000 for women. By the time you get home, you've only got 1,000 words left to say, while she's got 15,000 to get through before bedtime. Recipes for disaster don't come much more foolproof than this. She's liable to pick a fight just to use up her quota, and if you get drawn in, you may run short of words by the end of the week and have to grunt to get plates passed to you at dinner. Some kind of evasive tactic is clearly called for.

Fortunately one is at hand. Robinson swears that 95 percent of all domestic conflicts can be eliminated by simply acknowledging her feelings—that's usually all she wants from an argument anyway. This may require you to engage in a little female-speak, but Robinson has it pared down to a handy fill-in-the-blanks response: "I understand your ____. That must feel ____." Obviously what goes in the blanks is fairly important—you can't say "I understand your *ridiculous hysteria.* That must feel *girly.*" You want to restate her complaint so she sees you're listening. If you time it right, you could defuse a serious argument during a commercial break.

BATTLE TACTIC #2:

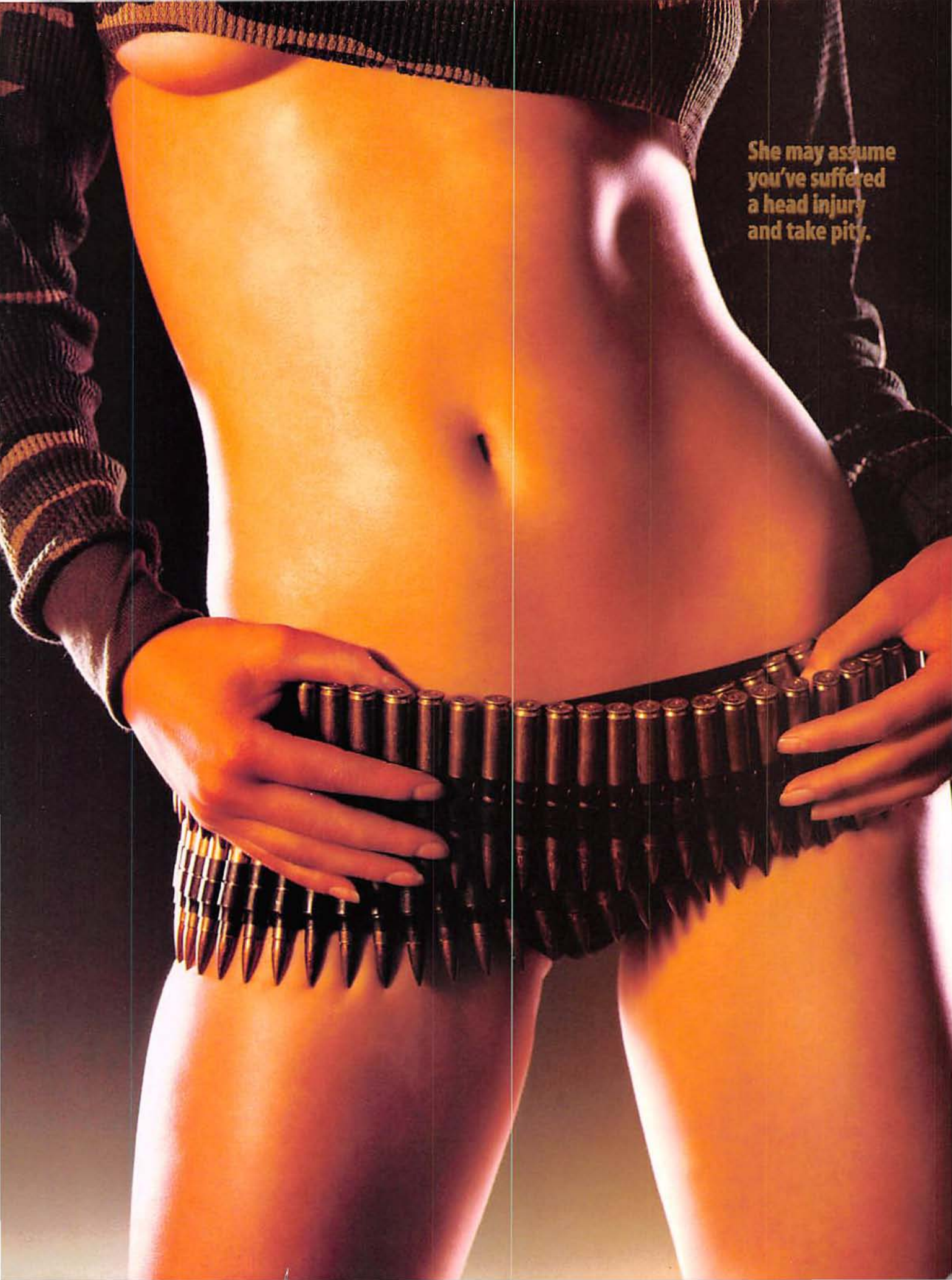
Securing the Front

Avoiding battle is a good first move. But remember that women find this stuff oddly therapeutic; eventually shots will be fired. That's when a good offense is the best defense. Take up a strong position, make a show of force, but for God's sake know when to retreat.

Like all good warriors, you must be a student of history: If you can't remember the cruel, caustic things you said the last time you got into a big fight, you're doomed to relive them when you realize she's retained them verbatim in her flytrap memory. (Don't show surprise—that just frees her to make things up and attribute them to you.)

The best defensive strategy is simply to limit the engagement—find out what she's really upset about as fast as possible. Most arguments take place on several levels. If she's yelling, "Why didn't you unload the dishwasher?" while trying to perforate your cheeks with a barbecue fork, odds are she's mad about more than the plates.

To find out if there's another issue, Dr. Blaine Fowers, author of *Beyond the Myth of Marital Happiness,* suggests looking for clues, including "stronger feelings than are appropriate for the issue" and a situation in which "no matter how you try to address the issue, it doesn't work and her feelings


She may assume
you've suffered
a head injury
and take pity.

remain unresolved." (If that sounds like every argument you've ever had, get in line.)

Getting to the heart of her antagonism may be easier by using "meta-talk," according to Jeffry Larson, Ph.D., author of the ominously titled *Should We Stay Together?* "Meta-talk is talking about how you talk," he explains, suggesting statements like "Let's talk about what's not working in my communication." At the very least, the sensitive approach should give you the element of surprise—she may assume you've suffered a head injury and take pity. Once you establish that the real argument is not about the dishwasher but about you appearing to flirt with an ex-girlfriend at a party, you can happily forget all about the dishes. If that's not winning an argument, what is?

BATTLE TACTIC #3:

Engaging the Enemy

Once the battle is joined, the danger of escalation is high. You're liable to find yourself taking fire from all sides in an argument much more heated than the one you tried to avoid. At this point you may even begin to wish you'd simply unloaded the goddamn dishwasher while muttering under your breath. But don't throw in the towel. Follow our five-point plan and use your opponent's most effective weapons against her.

■ **Listen to her.** Listening may not sound devious, but consider this: One of the reasons your girlfriend wipes the floor with you is that as you talk, she's cataloging all the little inconsistencies in your argument. You, on the other hand, probably don't even listen to what *you're* saying, much less what she's saying to you. When she speaks, listen carefully, and in your reply—this is a trick for improving your "argument memory"—rehash the concerns she just raised. She'll take you a lot more seriously, whether you deserve it or not.

■ **Dare to be wrong.** One of the most basic flaws in male squabbling technique is overemphasizing the value of being right. As women know very well, it doesn't matter if you're right. In fact, it's better if you aren't: Righteousness can often impair your ability to employ some of arguing's more effective tactics. Remember, in an argument, there's no right and wrong—only winning and losing. Admitting you're wrong and losing an argument are not the same thing, in the same way that saying "I was wrong to buy a Porsche without consulting you" is not the same as saying "I will take the Porsche back." Saying you're wrong robs your opponent of one of her chief tactics. If you own up right away, there's nothing to fight about. "When you admit you did something wrong, that's like putting butter in a warm pan," says Fowers. "It just melts her." It may be difficult, but Robinson makes an effective case for trying: "I encourage guys to ask themselves, *Would I rather be right or have love? Would I rather be right or have great sex tonight?*" Anyone still want to be right?

■ **Use silence.** During an argument, men like to keep up a fairly constant patter of assertion and counter-assertion. We believe, not without cause, that running out of things to say makes us look weak and stupid. In playground confrontations, the point when the talking stops is usually the point when the punching and ear pulling start, so we learn to use rapid-fire verbal response. Women often use silence in arguments, knowing that even a little bit can send a man into a panic. The trick is to keep calm and make it seem like the silence was your idea. Stretches of quiet in the middle of an argument may not appear to achieve much, but their calming effect is remarkable. Hostage negotiators call it "dynamic inactivity," and it allows both sides to reassess the situation. Obviously, prolonged silence can become counterproductive; after two or three days of not speaking, it may be difficult to pick up where you left off. But maybe that's not so bad, either.

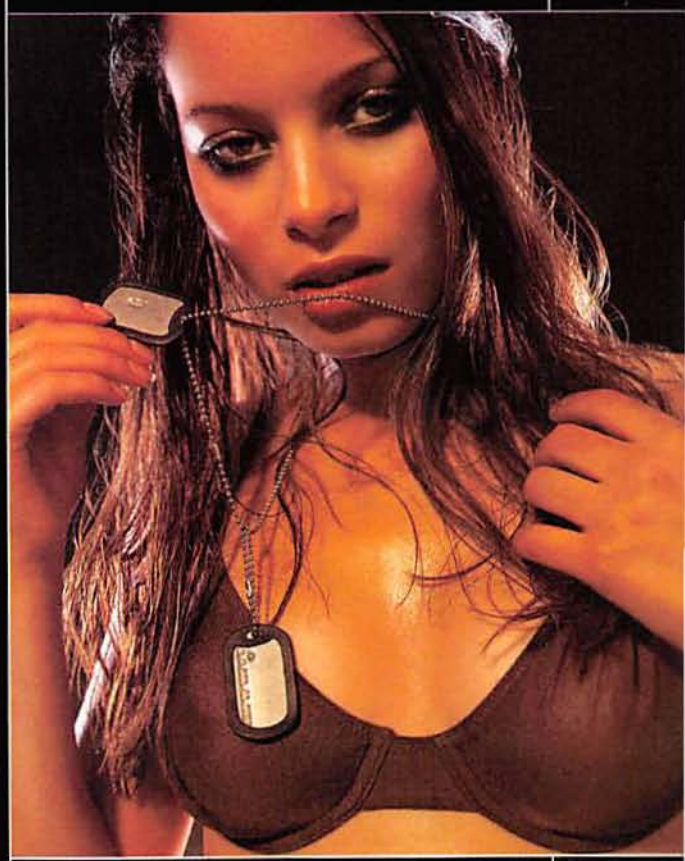
■ **Expose yourself.** According to *Difficult Conversations*, a manual for everyday negotiation, arguing is often an unproductive process of trading foregone conclusions (e.g., "You're being selfish" versus "You're being demanding"). This makes arguing between couples little more than a protracted battle of wills of the sort most men are accustomed to losing (e.g., "I'm not paying the list price for this car" versus "Well, maybe you just can't afford a quality car like this..."). Rather than flinging the same accusation over and over again, try being more revealing about yourself. Instead of saying, "Quit nagging me!" try, "I resent being told what to do all the time," and move toward a more detailed assessment of what's bothering you—and how you feel about her criticisms. It may sound even more selfish to talk about yourself, but it's kind of fun when you get used to it.

■ **Don't attack the defenseless.** After listening carefully to her tirade about what a selfish and immature pig you are, you may notice all sorts of false premises, unsound deductions, and ▶

15 THINGS NEVER TO SAY

When you're arguing with the woman you love, be sensitive, restrained... and don't say anything stupid.

1. **"Don't you have some laundry to do, or something?"**
2. **"No, really, I was laughing about...this joke I heard one time."**
3. **"Ooh, you are so cute when you get all pissed off!"**
4. **"You're just upset because your caboose is starting to spread."**
5. **"Wait a minute, I get it...What time of the month is it?"**
6. **"Are you gonna cry? *[Force lip to quiver mockingly]* Cry for your mommy?"**
7. **"You sure you don't want to consult the great Oprah on this one?"**
8. **"Sorry, I was just picturing you naked."**
9. **"That reminds me. Next time you go to the store, could you add 'giant fucking cork' to the shopping list?"**
10. **"Whoa, time out, honey. *Frasier's* back."**
11. **"Looks like *someone* had an extra bowl of Bitch Flakes this morning."**
12. **"Is there any way we could do this via E-mail?"**
13. **"Hey, baby—if I want a lecture about commitment, I can get one from my *real* wife."**
14. **"I could *so* use a blow job right about now."**
15. **"Who are you kidding? We both know that thing ain't loaded."**



Stylist, Jeanne Yang for Cloutier; prop stylist, Pierre Schroeder; hair, Giovanni Giuliano for Celestine LA @ Prive Salon; makeup, Luis Casco for Mary Kay/Celestine LA; model, Soundis/Wilhelmina

blatant falsehoods that have crept into her reasoning. You will be strongly tempted to pounce on her poorly constructed argument, with the upper hand seemingly there for the taking. But restrain yourself and remember that this is not about being right, especially on technicalities. Likewise, she may present unreasonable ultimatums of the "If you don't like it, you can leave right now" variety. You can safely ignore these as well, just as hostage negotiators gloss over demands for $10 million and a helicopter, knowing that in an hour the request will be downgraded to a sandwich and a change of underwear.

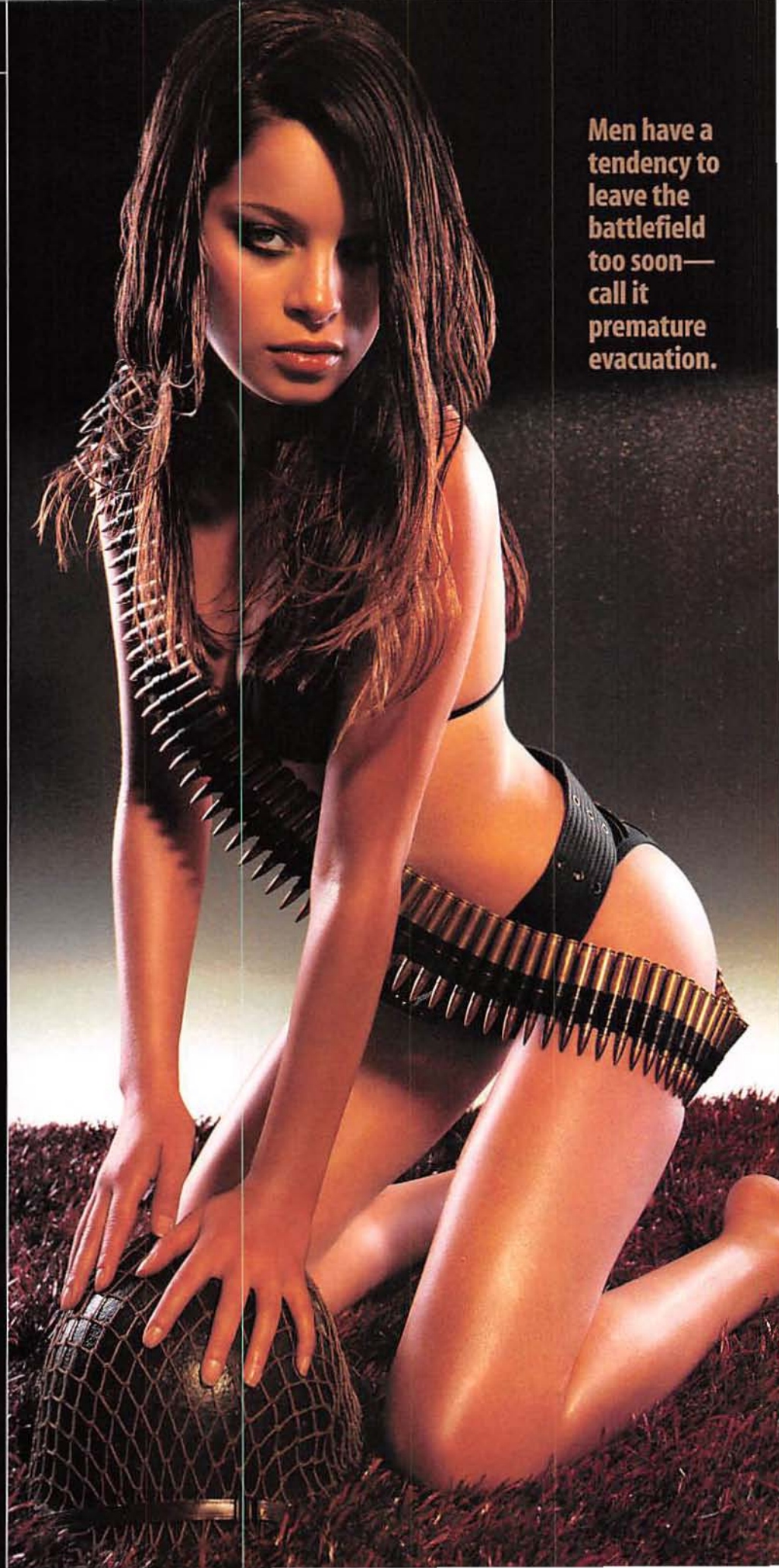
Don't let the little things distract you—they're just tracer bullets to find your weak spots. Watch for advanced female techniques, including sneaky false apologies ("Well, I'm sorry if what I said made you feel that way"), crying their way to the moral high ground, and the granddaddy of them all, withholding sex. While these are effective weapons, they're notoriously difficult for men to use with success. Just try withholding sex. Turns out that women can survive for a long, long time.

BATTLE TACTIC #4:
Signing the Cease-fire

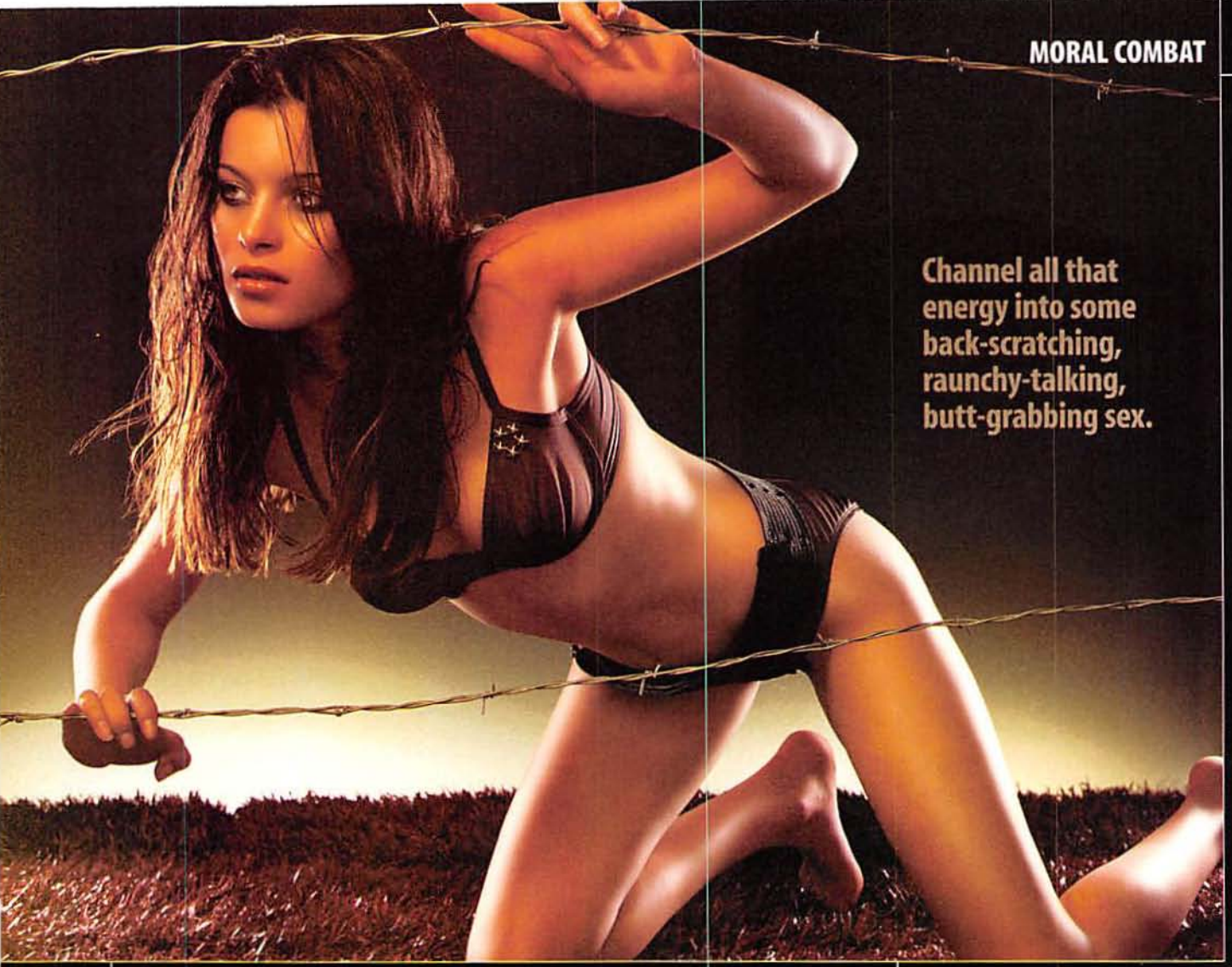
So how do you know when it's over? Don't assume that her leaving the room means you've triumphed: She may have gone in search of something to kill you with. Men have a tendency to leave the battlefield too soon—call it premature evacuation. "The first possible escape looks good to a guy who's uncomfortable with the conflict in the first place," says Fowers, "but this is not the best course of action." Neither is pressing your point an hour after a truce.

The ideal, of course, is to end the fight with a sense of closure; otherwise it'll be back with a vengeance. "Some issues can go on for years, and they just keep cropping up because they never really get resolved," says Andrew Christensen, a coauthor of *Reconcilable Differences*. Next time it'll be in front of your new boss at a dinner party after she's had seven too many Chardonnays.

By the time you sift through all the hostile jabs and petty frustrations, the mismarked emotional baggage and the cutlery tossing, what's left of any argument usually boils down to a simple statement like "I need you to stand up for me to your bitchy mom" or "I see your failure to unload the dishwasher as a symptom of distance between us." Assuming you've followed the steps above, you should be able to negotiate some sort of mutually satisfying agreement. "Once you've identified the problem and given both your sides, you ▶



Like it when the bad guy dies?
KRIEGMAN
BELOVED HUSBAND, NEIGHBOR AND SUPER EVIL GENIUS
BORN
MARCH 3, 1965
DIED
JULY 9, 2000
JULY 23, 2000
AUGUST 6, 2000
AUGUST 20, 2000
SEPTEMBER 3, 2000
SEPTEMBER 17, 2000
OCTOBER 1, 2000
OCTOBER 15, 2000...
Like it when the good guy dies?
SMITH
BELOVED FATHER, NEIGHBOR AND SECRET AGENT
BORN
APRIL 5, 1960
DIED
JULY 16, 2000
JULY 30, 2000
AUGUST 13, 2000
AUGUST 27, 2000
SEPTEMBER 10, 2000
SEPTEMBER 24, 2000
OCTOBER 8, 2000
OCTOBER 22, 2000...
the WAR next DOOR
New original comedy. Premieres Sunday, July 23 at 9pm/8c
USA NETWORK



MAKE-UP SEX MADE EASY

Our girl under covers tells you how to relieve that tension with a bout of box-spring bingo.

For the past hour and a half, you've been listening to what a selfish, insensitive, ungrateful, all-around asshole you are. Now it's time for the payoff: that frantic, sweaty, emotionally charged release known as make-up sex. Well, take it from me: She wants it as bad as you do. There's no better time than after a brawl worthy of pay-per-view to remind you of how soft and round our breasts are, how hot to the touch our thighs are, and how we can move our lips and hips in ways that make your eyeballs do backward rolls. Break up with that? You'd have to be crazy.

The better you are at post-battle passion, the more grateful your girl will be that you're still her boyfriend. Women love knowing that their relationship can survive the odd screaming match—and security, in case you didn't know, turns us on. Until the next time you act like a selfish, insensitive, ungrateful all-around asshole, anyway.

Remember that there are two types of make-up sex: the tender I-love-you-too kind that occurs after a fight ends, and the saucy spank-me kind that erupts right in the middle. Both are intense, but anyone can pull off the former. Going directly from animal rage to animal lust is a little trickier...and better. To take your girl's anger horizontal, follow these five steps:

Step 1: Never ask. "I said I was sorry I had lunch with my ex-girlfriend—now could you bend over and hike up your skirt?" won't cut it. Take her temperature by grasping her hand and gently but firmly pulling her close to you. If she yields, slide a hand onto the back of her neck and give her a long open-mouthed kiss. If she balks...

Step 2: Praise her. Do *not* say, "You're beautiful when you're angry." Instead acknowledge that her argument is valid but you disagree—and she drives you so wild, you can't keep your hands off her. Take her seriously and she's more likely to let you take her sexually; cover your ass by saying, "You turn me on so much, I can't think straight."

Step 3: Please her. Make-up sex can also act as an apology. Save your pride and spend 20 minutes helping her build up to the orgasm of her life (with your hands and mouth, so it's clear it's all about her). She'll definitely forgive you.

Step 4: Go wild. The same aggression that threatens us during a fight makes us feisty between the sheets, so channel all that lingering raw energy into some back-scratching, earlobe-biting, raunchy-talking, butt-grabbing sex. And tell her you love her while you're banging her brains out.

Step 5: Don't fall asleep. Unless you want to continue the fight over breakfast, curl up and hold her softly for at least 20 minutes after the lovin' (more if you know what's good for you), and listen to whatever the hell she wants to tell you.

Finally, no matter how good this was for you, please be a gentleman and wait at least 24 hours before picking another fight. —*Andrea Moore*

can reach a resolution by saying something like 'Can we work on this together?'" says Fowers. "Convey the sense that you're both on the same side."

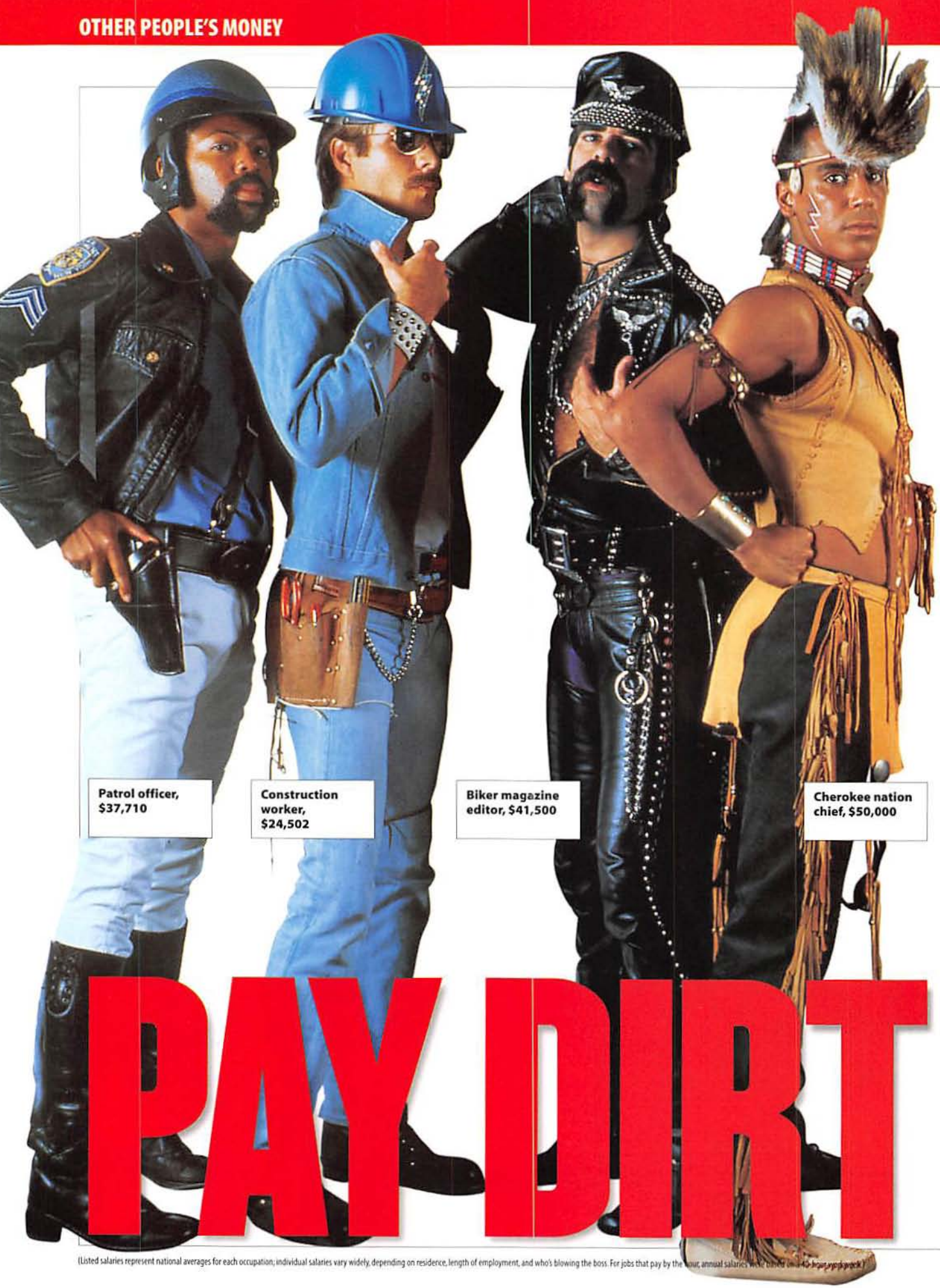
According to our experts, body language is the best evidence of her willingness to make peace. "If her nonverbal messages don't agree with what she is saying, always trust the nonverbals," Larson says. "Nonverbals don't lie." Is she nodding in agreement, indicating you've understood what she was trying to get across? Or is she sitting there with her arms crossed, blown away by just how stupid and insensitive men can be? "If she looks angry, then it's not over no matter what she says," notes Robinson. "If she looks soft, like she wants to hug you, the argument is over and the matter has been resolved." Hot diggety—time for make-up sex.

So there it is. You've had the argument, fought the good fight, resolved the conflict, and engaged in the passionate lovemaking that is your just reward. Just for insurance, lay out some steps the two of you can take to make sure this conflict doesn't arise again. Then it's sleep, glorious sleep. Don't worry about the dishwasher...maybe it'll unload itself tomorrow. M

TREY PARKER & MATT STONE

ABSOLUT CENTERFOLD

One in a series of 20 portraits celebrating ABSOLUT VODKA's 20th anniversary.



PAY DIRT

(Listed salaries represent national averages for each occupation; individual salaries vary widely, depending on residence, length of employment, and who's blowing the boss. For jobs that pay by the hour, annual salaries were based on a 40-hour workweek.)

Consult our nationwide salary guide and—oh, man—the guy in chaps makes more than we do! By John Tessitore and Jeff Wise

Seaman, $15,296 plus room and board

Rodeo cowboy, $50–$60,000 in prize money annually

The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker left the group in a bitter creative dispute

People don't keep many secrets anymore. Ask a guy about his sex life, medical history, or whether he's ever committed a crime and odds are he'll answer you honestly and without hesitation.

Now ask him how much money he makes. He'll stutter and squirm and avert his eyes, demonstrating explicitly uncomfortable body language that can only mean: *Couldn't we just talk about our balls?*

But as much as we hate to divulge the unfairly reductionist secret of our own salaries, we love to peek at other people's paychecks, if only to see how our own stack up. And so to satisfy our curiosity and quench our competitive thirst, we've put together *Maxim*'s first-ever salary guide. Combining data from the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, the Princeton Review career guide, and reports from more than 40 professional organizations, we present the following national salary averages. We may not be able to help your own bottom line, but you *can* use our data to get a raise, justify a career switch, or single out undesirable party guests for humiliation. Good luck!

NFL starting offensive lineman, $1,408,000

(The Jacksonville Jaguars' Tony Boselli makes $6.5 million a year at presstime, an NFL high.)
Upsides: Appearance fees, free merchandise, cheerleader groupies. Take no shit from nobody, ever.
Downsides: High head-trauma-to-endorsement-contracts ratio; will last only four years in the bigs, on average, before becoming a bitter, flabby has-been.

Pastry chef, $45,000

Upsides: Make a name for yourself and you can smear chocolate syrup on a Rice Krispies Treat and get yuppies to shell out $50 for it.
Downsides: Shrinking pants, zippers that won't stay put, creaking floorboards

Aerospace engineer, $66,950

(Fourteen percent of all aerospace engineers work for either the Defense Department or NASA for $65,000–$75,000.)
Upsides: Snappy answer for hoary old "What're you, a rocket scientist?" question
Downsides: Class jock will still pants you at your high school reunion. ▶

Public relations director, $49,100
Upsides: Free drinks and fancy meals on company dime, plenty of party invitations
Downsides: Constant low-level hangover, smile cramps, creeping inability to distinguish good from evil

U.S. president, $200,000
Upsides: Troops, tanks, and stealth bombers to take out any country that ever lost your luggage. See the captured aliens at Area 51. Suck intern's face without fear of reprisal.
Downsides: Become the target for every two-bit psycho who wins a free Uzi at a trade show; live in America's own Beirut.

Former U.S. president, $157,000
(George Bush, Sr., receives $80,000–$100,000 per speaking engagement.)
Upsides: Personal staff, use of U.S. embassies, taxpayer-footed $4 million a year Secret Service protection
Downsides: Aides chuckle and missiles stay in silos when you yell, "Order the strike *now*, goddamnit"; must face the music with discreet-till-now battle-ax you cheated on while in office.

Dot-com programmer, $60,000
(More than 1,000 America Online employees are now millionaires.)
Upsides: "Earn" buckets of cheap stock options (as little as one dollar a share for start-ups), join other *Voyager* fans in all-night spitball war versus those *Deep Space Nine* weenies.
Downsides: Seventy-hour workweeks and a blinding Winona Ryder tan; carpal tunnel syndrome withers hands into useless claws

Catholic priest, $14,209
(The pope controls an estimated $1.5 billion in Vatican assets.)
Upsides: Free room and board, pocket-money stipends for wedding and funeral services, fresh-faced altar boys. Collar often works as a free pass to bars and neighborhood stores.
Downsides: Closet empty except for one black shirt; johnson may be used for urination only. (There'd *better* be a God…)

Peace Corps volunteer, $1,600
(Pay is commensurate with local cost of living.)
Upsides: Jungle women, feds spot you up to $6,075 when you return.
Downsides: Lice, mosquitoes, Ebola, and the increasingly unbearable company of unshaven hippie chicks.

Air traffic controller, $64,880
Upsides: Cool business address: "The Tower"
Downsides: "OK, Rosie, just relax, we'll do this together. Now, switch off the autopilot…"

Cab driver, $14,770 plus tips
Upsides: Boss is a voice on the two-way and can be turned off at will.
Downsides: Gunk all over inside of windshield; gushing exit wound on forehead. (Cabbies suffer the third most on-the-job violent assaults after cops and security guards: 510 were murdered in the U.S. between 1992 and 1998.)

"I'm singing right now, lady. I'll validate your parking in a minute."

Lounge singer, $60,000
MICHAEL FITZHUGH, mid-30s, Mandalay Bay, Vegas

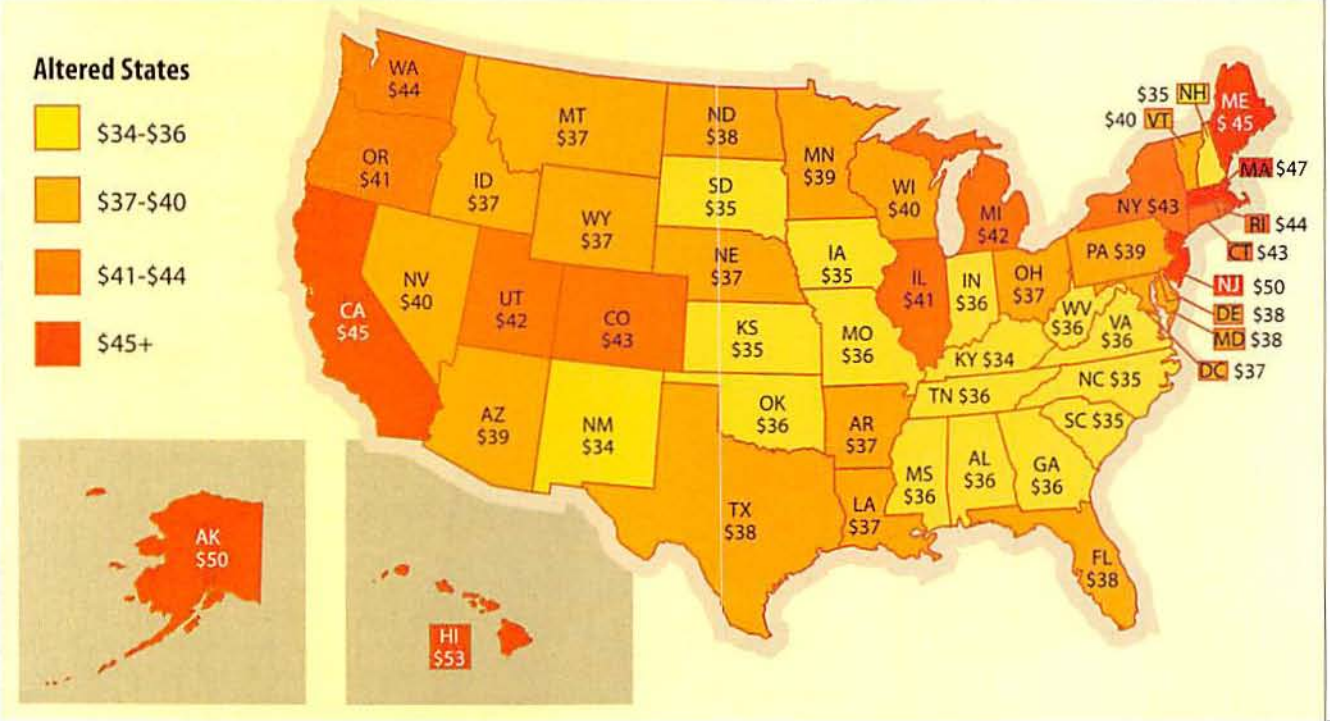
What's the worst place you ever played?
Surprisingly enough, it was the Beverly Hills Country Club. It was for a private party. The people were just totally rude and just very ugly. They were drunk. They were very obnoxious. It was a nightmare.

Does your job help you meet women?
I don't get approached a great deal because they think I'm untouchable. The guys in the band, it's a different story.

What about this job surprises you?
That they love me. Mandalay Bay is a huge success, but they're down-to-earth people.

THE THREE BASIC FOOD GROUP$—BEER, MEAT, AND TOBACCO

Here's the combined cost of a six-pack, a T-bone steak, and a carton of smokes in *your* state.



Figures are based on information from the Accra Cost of Living Index and independent sources.

Emergency room nurse, $39,900

Upsides: Get to bark out nonsensical jargon like "He's in v-fib! Get the paddles. Epi stat." (Translation: "He looks like shit. Let's make a good show of it.")
Downsides: Never-ending parade of pants-crapping drunks (30 percent of all ER visits are alcohol-related) and bellyachers (stomach pain is the most common complaint)

Orchestral musician, $30,020

Upsides: Sedentary lifestyle and lots of down-time; many compatriots are socially awkward and will laugh at any joke.
Downsides: Teaching "Hot Cross Buns" to third graders to make ends meet (three fourths of all musicians have part-time gigs)

Manicurist, $15,800

Upsides: Steady work (Americans spend more on nail care than on movie tickets); can reassure yourself at least you're not a pedicurist.
Downsides: Handling a nonstop parade of dirty paws. Only 68 percent of the people who use public rest rooms wash their hands—hand germs may be responsible for 9,000 deaths a year.

Private-college professor, $72,700

(Colleges in New Jersey pay an average of $82,688 a year, the highest in the nation.)
Upsides: Esteem of regular schmoes and immunity from being fired (a.k.a. "tenure"); asinine behavior is tolerated as "eccentricity."
Downsides: Endless forbidden parade of comely coeds makes testicles swollen and sore to the touch.

Salaried farmer, $23,244

(On average a private farmer earns 84 percent of his income away from the farm.)
Upsides: Beautiful sunrises, plenty of exercise, get to witness storied chicken-running-around-with-head-cut-off phenomenon
Downsides: Defending hottie daughters against traveling salesmen; alien ships fuck up your fields with mysterious designs.

Hot dog vendor, $500–$600 a week

Mohamed Saad Ali, 33, cart at Seventh Avenue and 41st Street, New York

How many hot dogs do you sell a week?
You have to understand I don't own this cart, I work for someone else. I make 35 percent of what I sell. Per week I probably sell $1,000 to $1,500 dollars' worth of stuff.

Anybody ever beg for a hot dog?
Oh, yeah, all the time. A lot of girls come by and try and convince us that we should give them free hot dogs. But we are working and cannot give away free hot dogs.

How many hot dogs do you eat a day?
I am around hot dogs all day, so I eat other things. I probably eat three of them a week.

Private eye, $21,020

Upsides: Bust heads, chase down perps, and use high-tech spy equipment to peep at women undressing.
Downsides: Facial rash from cheap disguise kits; contempt and ridicule from beat cops More than 40 percent of your workload is divorce-related—that translates into many long nights parked outside Motel 6.

IRS agent, $31,370

Upsides: Awesome power to screw up people's lives, opportunity for bribe-taking on a massive scale, Christmas bonus from Satan
Downsides: Fraudulent audits and kickbacks can land you 20 years in jail, $500,000 in fines, and a spirited anal rape by every inmate who figures out your occupation.

Fast-food-chain manager, $25,000

(Some McDonald's managers receive company cars and profit-sharing opportunities.)
Upsides: Free food, stupid collectibles. (McDonald's 1998 Teenie Beanie Babies now command $20 per set on eBay.)
Downsides: Acne, ineradicable French-fry smell in clothes, burn scars all over forearms from coworkers' hilarious deep-fryer pranks.

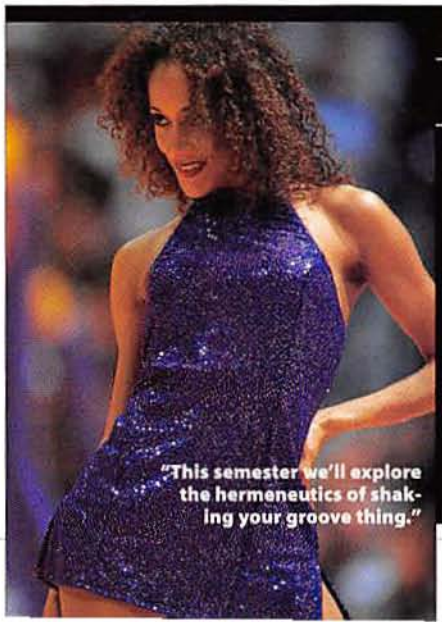
Interstate trucker, $24,273

Upsides: Obnoxious air horn and juicy Teamster benefits; nobody cuts you off.
Downsides: Severe sleep deprivation and the jackknifing high jinks that ensue: In 1998 large trucks were involved in 4,561 fatal crashes.

Physical therapist, $56,600

Upsides: Ass grabbing is all in a day's work.
Downsides: Ass in question belongs to hairy geriatric gentleman with spastic colon. ▶

Bruce prepares for a big meeting with David Geffen


"This semester we'll explore the hermeneutics of shaking your groove thing."

Laker girl/professor, $10,000/$45,000

Karyn Daniels, 29, the Los Angeles Lakers; Long Beach City College, Long Beach, Calif.

What's the hardest part of the job?
Since you're always in the spotlight, you need to keep in shape. And most of us have other jobs, so you come from working eight to three, then you work that night from three to 11, and then you get up and do it again.

Do any of your students know?
Some of them. I've had students come up to me and say, "We went to the Lakers game, and one of the girls looks exactly like you!" And they wouldn't put it together.

Are you married?
I live by myself, with a plant.

Dot-com co-CEO, $90,000

Bruce Forman, 29, Romp.com, Los Angeles

What is your Web site about?
The Web site is a freewheeling entertainment destination, specializing in truly no-holds-barred videos, animation, and games.

Are you richer now than you were?
It was a step down in income from banking. But a worthwhile step down. I have some options which may be worth something someday, but it's been a hell of a ride.

What's your favorite recent splurge?
Blowing a bunch of cash on New Year's Eve in Las Vegas for the year 2000. It was like money was no object—gambling, carousing for four days. That's a long time in Las Vegas.

Photographs, previous page, Cint Karlsen/Liaison Agency; this page, from top, Seth Kushner/Corbis Sygma; Blake Little; all graphics by XPLANE (www.xplane.com)

State chief prosecutor, $93,600
Upsides: Constant thrill of victory: State courts convict 89 percent of the mostly guilty bastards they face.
Downsides: Someday those bastards will be out on parole—and this time your precious Batman will not be there to foil them. (Oops…ignore that.)

Bank teller, $17,200
Upsides: Easy hours, combination to the vault is just one drunk supervisor away, can give self "shower of money" before closing up at night.
Downsides: E-banking and ATMs are eroding your job security but absorbing none of the holdup risk.

Architect, $47,710
Upsides: Leave a semipermanent footprint on your civilization.
Downsides: It's a warehouse for BILL BRADLEY IN 2000! mugs.

Casino dealer, $40,000
Upsides: Natty threads, half-nekkid cocktail waitresses, and liberal tipping: At top casinos, tips can boost salary by $200 a night.
Downsides: Extreme boredom, nagging suspicion you're being watched, you resent Japanese men who blow your salary in one hand.

Here's how it's done, O.J.

Hand model, $80,000
Ellen Sirot, early 30s, Parts Models, N.Y.

Do you have to wear gloves a lot?
I wear gloves constantly. Right now I'm wearing my little black cotton gloves. I have about 200 other pairs of gloves that can go with any outfit.

Do people think you're crazy?
My sons are used to it. Other people, on the other hand, do not know what to make of it—especially during the summer months.

What about guys you date?
My rule is: No touching below the elbows. I'm serious. They can pet my hands very, very softly…maybe. If they're really good.

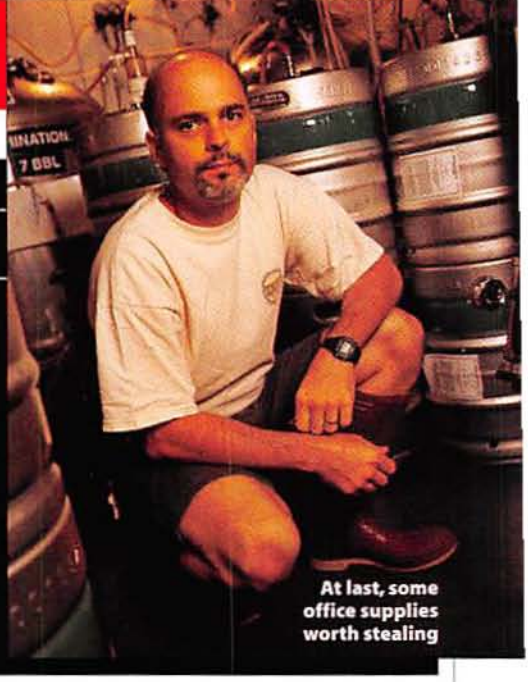
Chief brewer, $35,000
Stephen F. Hale, 40, The Saint Louis Brewery Tap Room, St. Louis, MO.

You have a great job!
It's not a purely glorious job. There's lots of cleaning to be done. During the course of an average day, we're cleaning more than half the time. It's a food-processing environment.

Which is superior, chips or pretzels?
You've gotta be kidding! Pretzels. That's what brewers eat with beer—soft homemade ones.

Do you have groupies?
Yep. There's regulars we see here every day.

What's your favorite name for a beer?
I don't like giving beers silly names.


At last, some office supplies worth stealing

Veterinarian, $50,950
Upsides: Doctor-style authority without all that foolish schoolwork; can always borrow a prop dog when necessary to pick up the bettys.
Downsides: Scratches, bites, hair, fleas, drool, etc. etc. Because animals can't tell you what they feel, diagnosing means sifting through their various excreta.

Archeologist, $38,990
Upsides: Enjoy fame and fortune by identifying random pointy rock as prehistoric "tool."
Downsides: Whip is useless against rolling boulders, poisonous snakes, devious Nazis, and collapsing rope bridges.

Surgeon, $217,000
Upsides: Country clubs, fast cars, state-of-the-art gadgets, starry-eyed nurses, godlike power to give and take life
Downsides: Hangover jitters can cost your patient a lung. ("There were complications…")

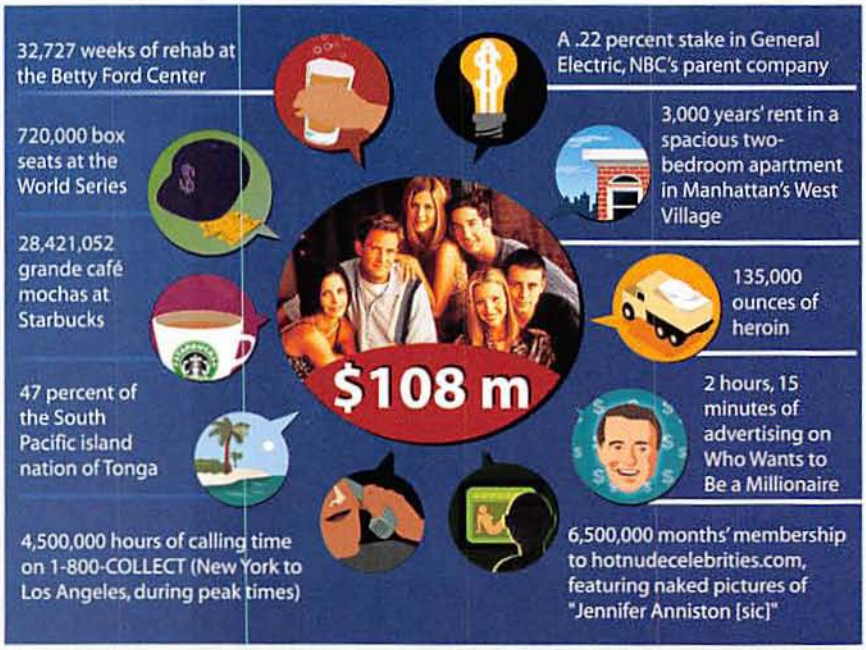
Librarian, $38,470
(Rare-manuscript librarians at the Library of Congress earn $55,000–$80,000.)
Upsides: Catch up on reading, tear out last page of thrillers, tell your social betters to *shh*.
Downsides: Burning humiliation of having to hit adult people up for 15¢ late fees

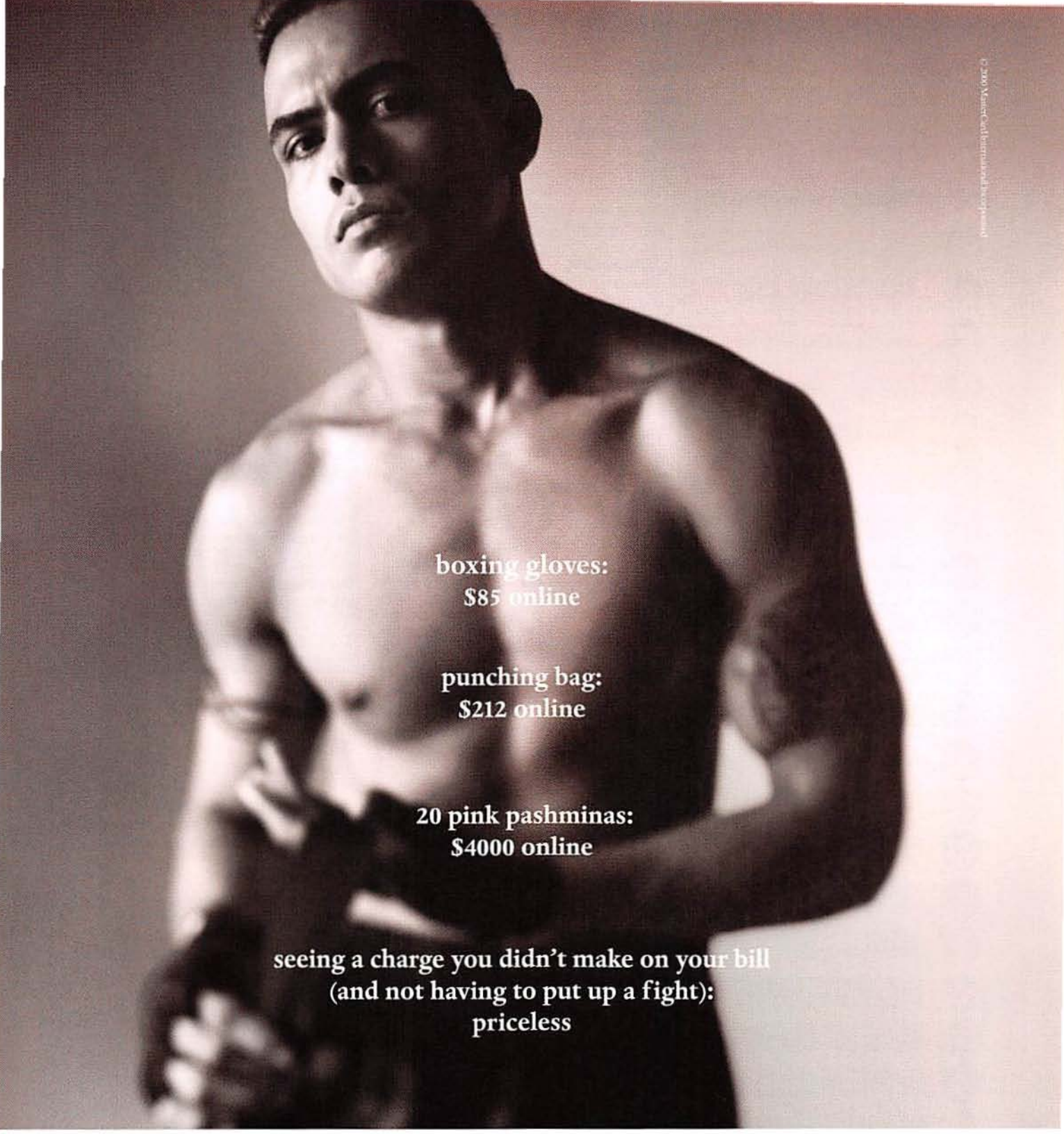
Insurance agent, $34,370
Upsides: Provide welcome relief for fellow human beings in their hour of need.
Downsides: Must field constant whining and blubbering: "Ooh, we had a fire!" "Ooh, my village was wiped out by an earthquake!" "Ooh, I've been shot!" "Me! Me! Me!"

Photographs, this page, from top: Scott Indermaur/Liaison Agency; Seth Kushner/Corbis Sygma; next page, Blake Little (x2)

WITH *FRIENDS* LIKE THESE...

NBC's sitcom stars will earn $108 mil this year. What can that buy?


32,727 weeks of rehab at the Betty Ford Center
A .22 percent stake in General Electric, NBC's parent company
720,000 box seats at the World Series
3,000 years' rent in a spacious two-bedroom apartment in Manhattan's West Village
28,421,052 grande café mochas at Starbucks
135,000 ounces of heroin
$108 m
47 percent of the South Pacific island nation of Tonga
2 hours, 15 minutes of advertising on Who Wants to Be a Millionaire
4,500,000 hours of calling time on 1-800-COLLECT (New York to Los Angeles, during peak times)
6,500,000 months' membership to hotnudecelebrities.com, featuring naked pictures of "Jennifer Anniston [sic]"



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THE PRICE OF FAME

1999 was a good year to be on top.

Source: Forbes, L.A. Business Journal, World News Digest, Brills Content, People, Entertainment Weekly, and independent sources. Endorsements and other taxable income are included when the information was available.

Stockbroker, $53,700

Upsides: Expense accounts, high-dollar suits, inside tips, hottie trophy wife
Downsides: Hair loss, ulcers, migraines; market blip can wipe out your portfolio while you're innocently jerking off in the john.

Stage actor, $10,000

Upsides: There's no business like show business of no business we know.
Downsides: "Would you like some biscotti?"

Electrician, $35,318

Upsides: Electricians only electrocute themselves about half as frequently as the general population.
Downsides: Kids snicker at your hairy dime slot while you're trying to work.

Human resources manager, $49,010

Upsides: You're the company sugar daddy, dispensing jobs, money, and benefits.
Downsides: As the conductor of exit interviews, yours is the last face disgruntled former employees see on their way to the gun show.

Artist, $500

(Ninety percent of the people who call themselves artists earn less than $1,000 a year.)
Upsides: Pay dirt is possible: British artist Damien Hirst's thought-provoking bisected animals fetch upwards of $250,000 each.
Downsides: Poverty; hostility of senators; nastiness of modern media, like piss and shit

Prison guard, $28,540

Upsides: Mandate to whup ass; potentially profitable side business running contraband; can while away spare time watching conjugal-trailer spy-cam.
Downsides: Shower duty

Sea captain, $41,200

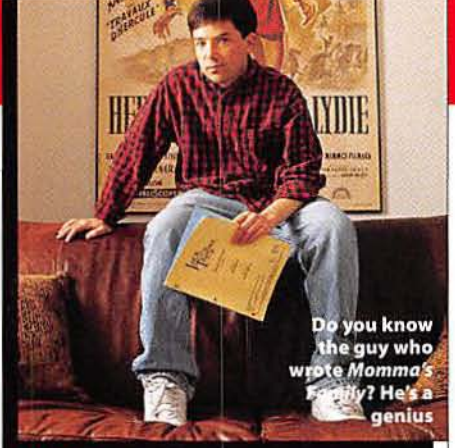
Upsides: Months off between voyages, healthful sea air and serenity of open ocean, license to say "Arrgh" in colorful sea-dog accent
Downsides: Deck-swabbin', jib-hoistin', and scurvy-gettin'; landlubbers giggle when you tell them you're "every ounce a seaman."

Travel agent, $23,400

Upsides: Discount travel rates and occasional "familiarization" trips to new locations.
Downsides: "Have fun in Monte Carlo. I'll still be here in Topeka…sitting in my office…at my desk…when you return."

Psychologist, $48,050

(New Jersey shrinks in private practice average $97,500 a year, a national high. Missouri shrinks average $53,500, a national low.)
Upsides: When you tell her she's crazy, you have the technical knowledge to back it up.
Downsides: "Doc, I think I'm a horse." M



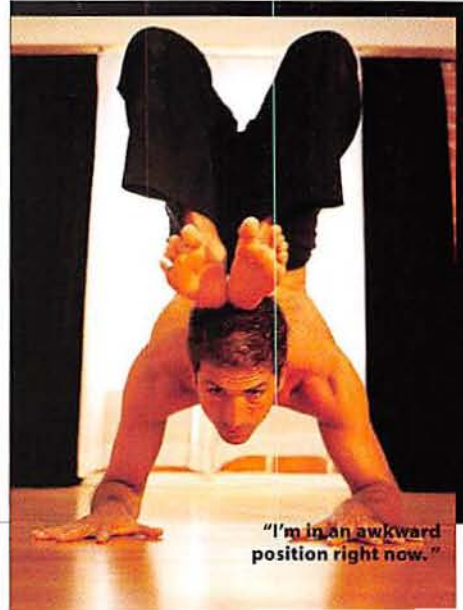
TV writer, $410,000

Eric Morris, 32, Renaissance Pictures/Studios USA, Universal City, Calif.

What do you actually do?
Write scripts—five half-hour shows. Each of which is only 22 minutes long once you take out the ads.

How do you blow your cash?
Fine cocaine and $500 whores. No, seriously, I don't blow my cash because there's no job security.

What are the occupational hazards?
One, and only one: You have to work really hard to keep your really easy job. There's a lot of politics involved. There's a lot of people you have to keep happy.



Yoga guru, $250,000

Mark Blanchard, 38, self-employed, NYC/L.A.

How did you become a yoga instructor?
I was in the entertainment industry, acting and directing theater. I was working with so many celebrities, and I was doing yoga with them during rehearsal. Then I started to do it as an instructor, and it caught on.

What exactly is yoga?
Yoga is about balancing your physical system so that you're stronger than ever before; so that from strength, flexibility is built; and then you get in touch with your inner self.

Is your class a good place to meet girls?
Are you kidding? If I have 25 people in class, there's probably 7 to 9 guys at the most.

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5 MG BORON (GLUCONATE)–Increases Testosterone levels up to 200%. Boron is a safe and effective way of raising your Testosterone level. Increased Testosterone means faster muscle growth along with increased fat burning.

500 MG TRIBULUS TERRESTRIS–Imported directly from Bulgaria, this anabolic is absolutely the best muscle and strength producing ingredient available. Tests on healthy men show Testosterone levels significantly increased 50% or more in just 5 days.

50 MG ANDROSTENEDIONE–European studies show that Androstenedione is converted to Testosterone in the liver. Studies indicate a boost in Testosterone levels of 337%. This product is a direct Testosterone precursor–that is one metabolic step away from pure Testosterone. Androstenedione is the true East German secret!

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Week 7 - 2 Tablets/day
Week 8 - 1 Tablet/day
Week 9 - 1 Tablet/day

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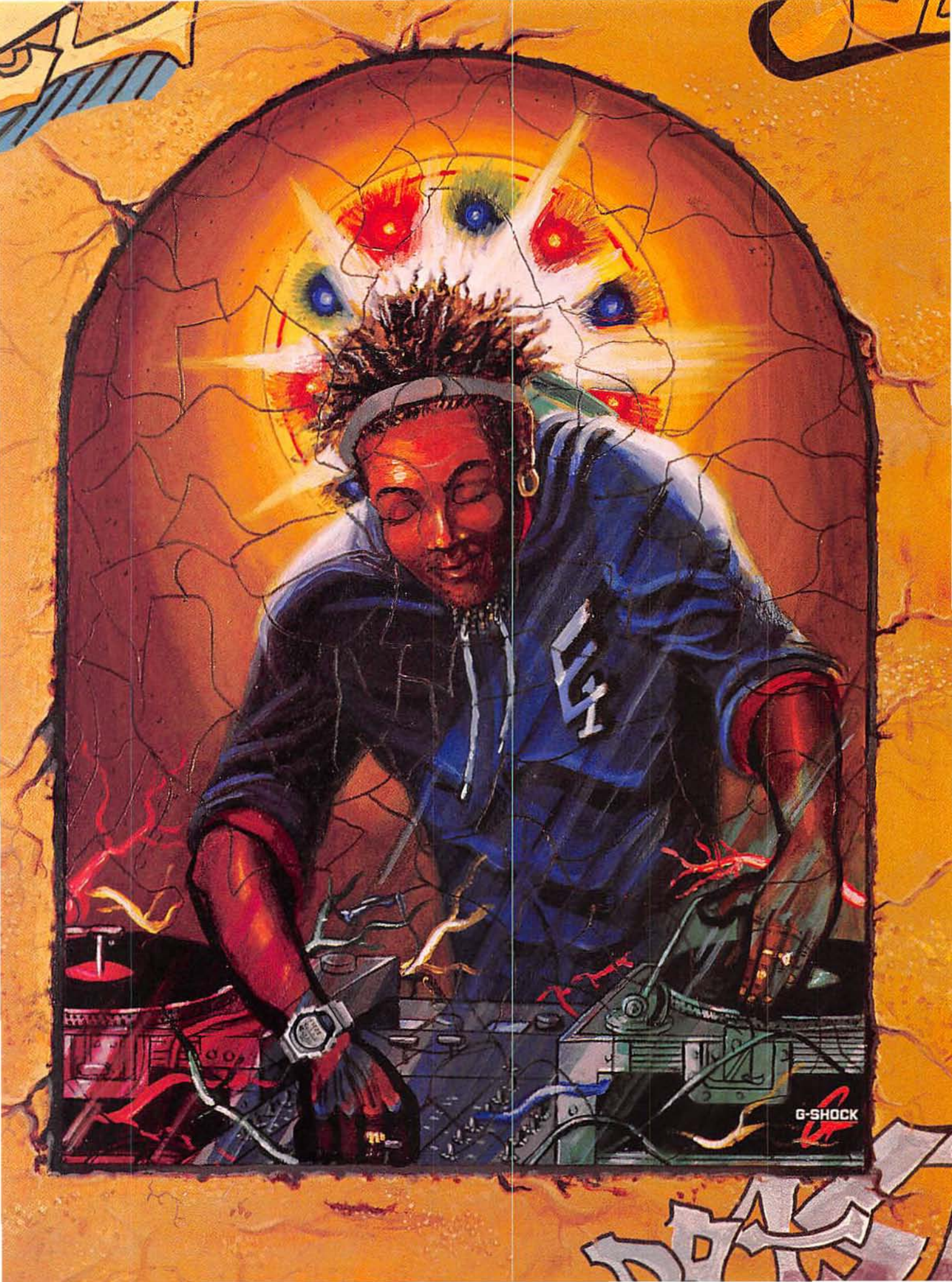
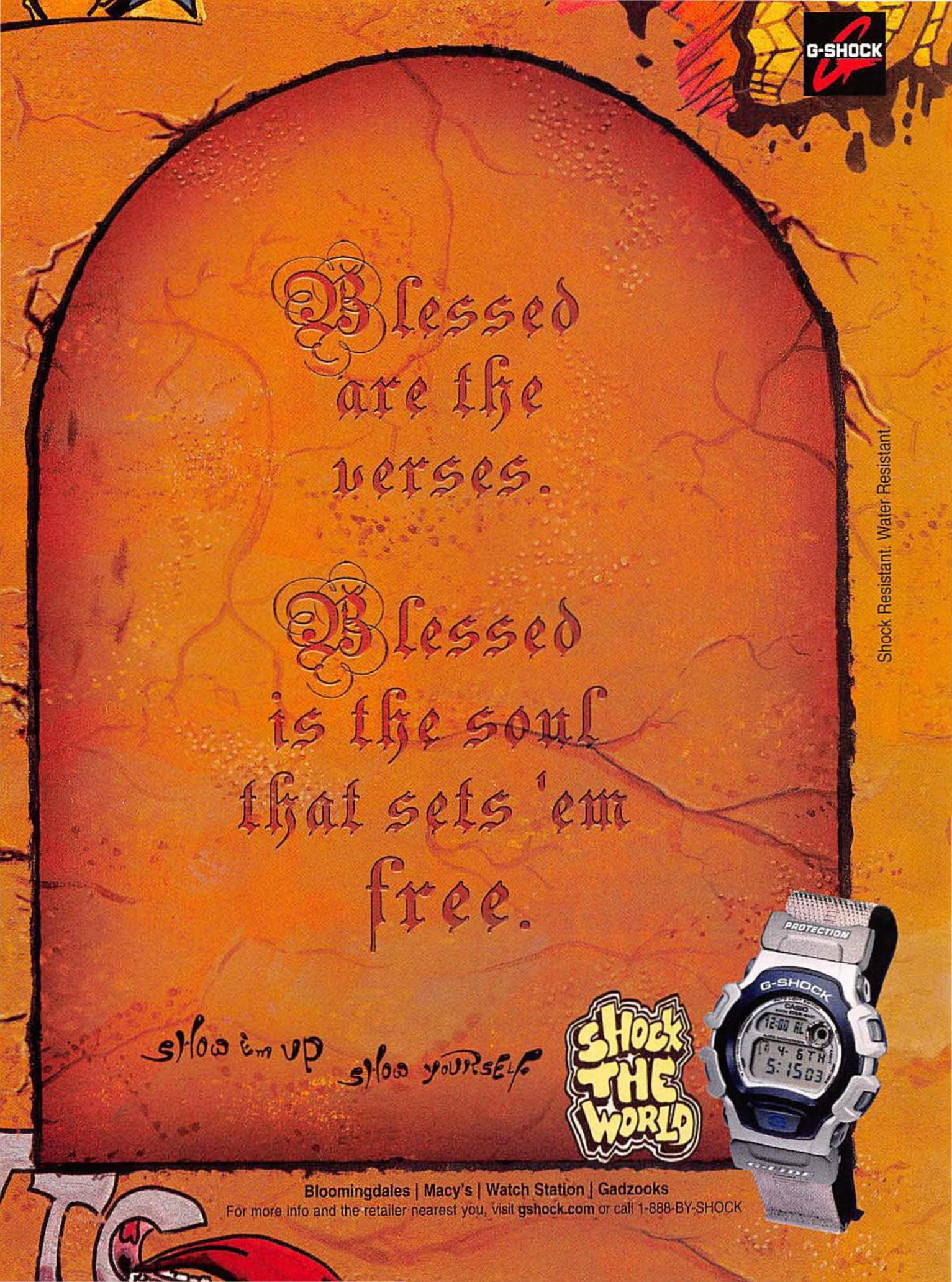

G-SHOCK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Blessed is the soul that sets 'em free.
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shoot yourself
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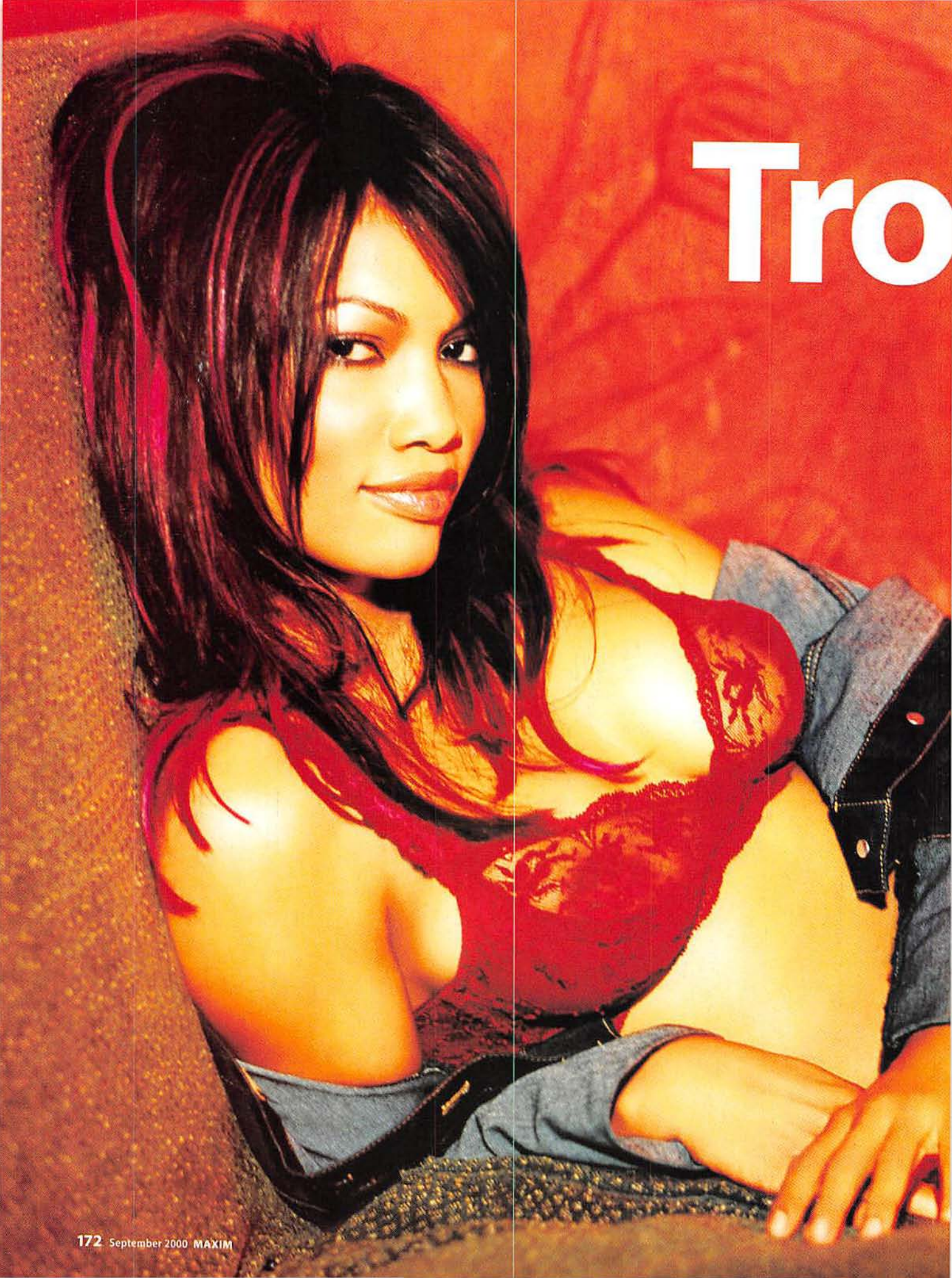
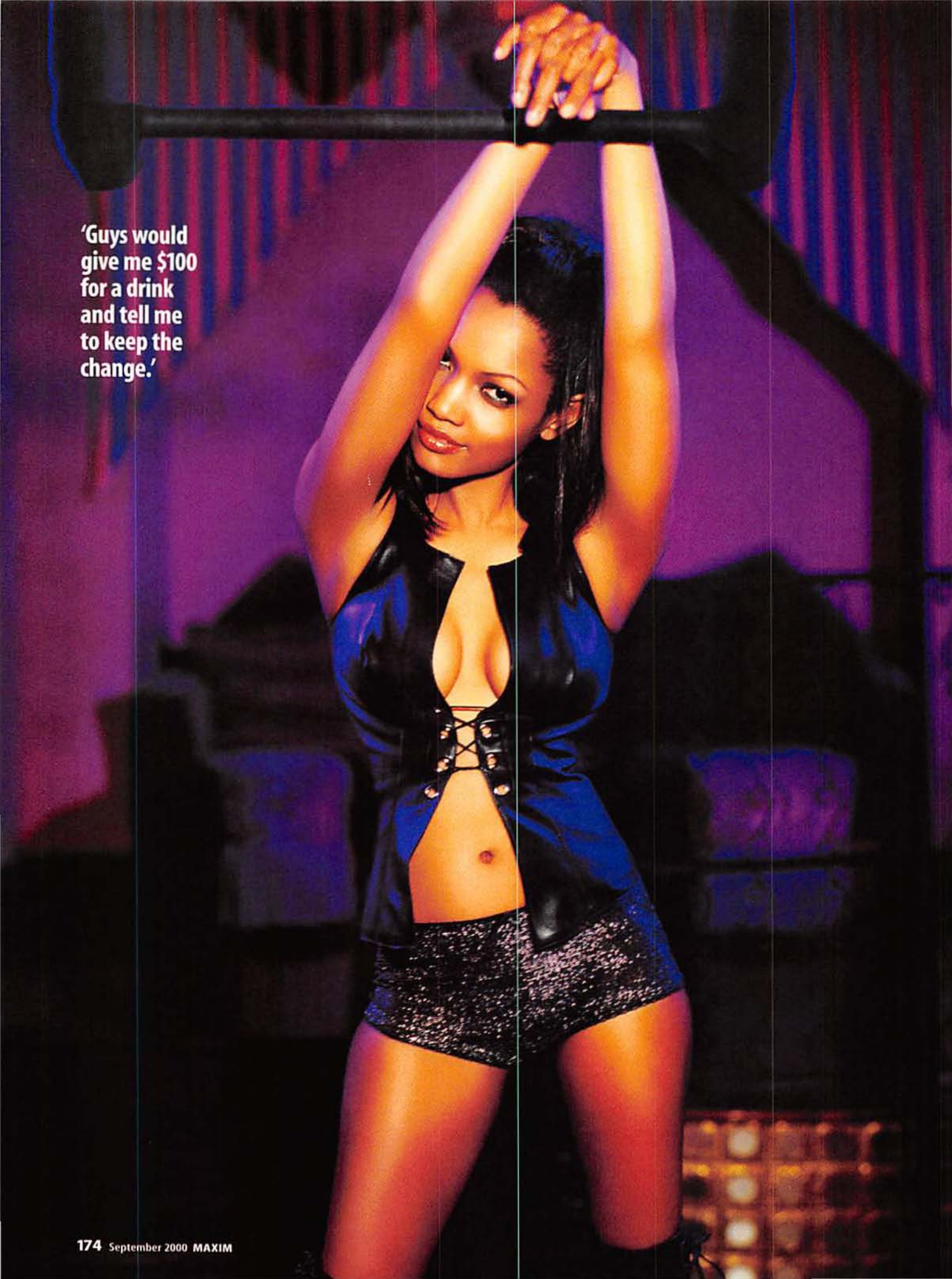
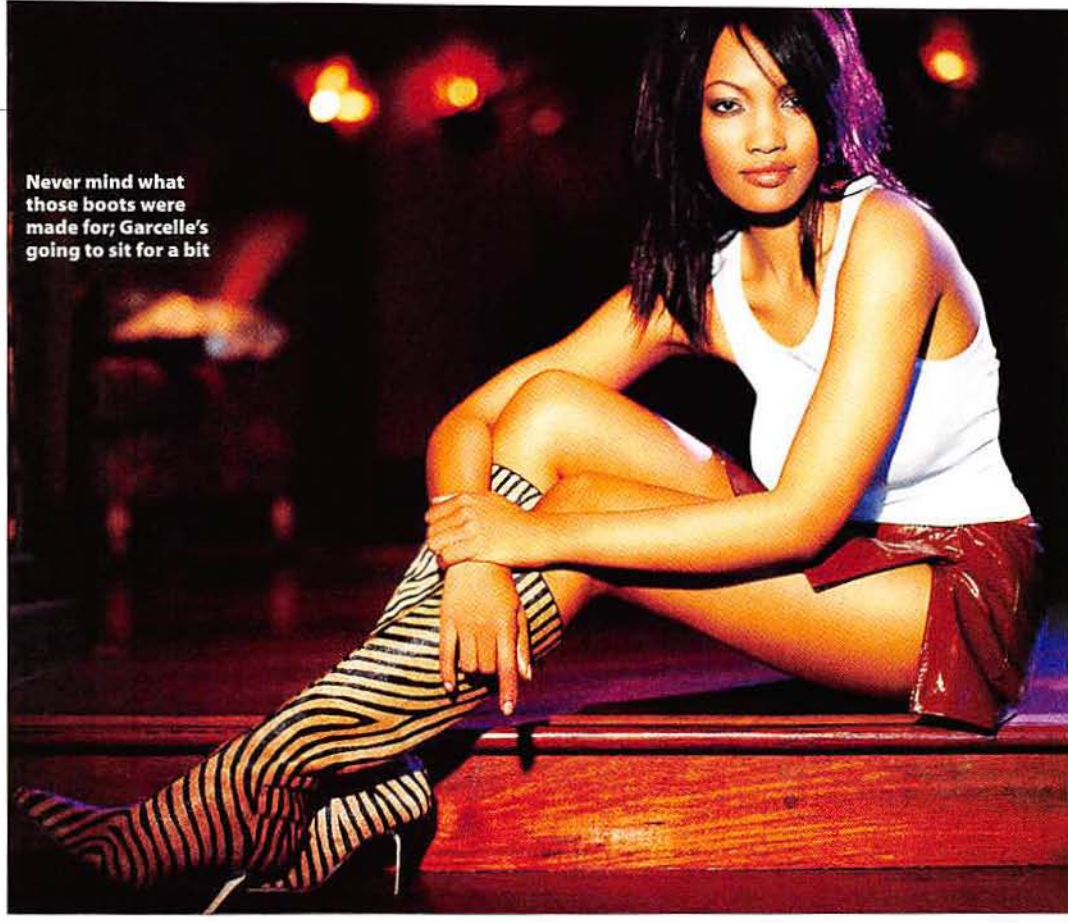

Tro

pical Tease

There's more than one fox on *The Jamie Foxx Show*. Meet hottie-from-Haiti Garcelle Beauvais.

By Paul Young Photographs by Willy Camden


'Guys would give me $100 for a drink and tell me to keep the change.'



Never mind what those boots were made for; Garcelle's going to sit for a bit

A running gag on *The Jamie Foxx Show* has been the star's comically relentless quest to get hotel receptionist Fancy Munroe, played by relentlessly gorgeous actress Garcelle Beauvais, into the sack. After spending a few carefree hours with Ms. Beauvais and carefully looking through the stunning photos on these pages, all we can say is, "Get in line, funny guy."

The competition for Garcelle's real-life affections is just as tough. And it may get even tougher as she considers deepening her dating pool after a recent string of breakups with men. "I've been telling my girlfriends to watch out," she laughs, "because the way things are going, I may start playing for my own team. And they're, like, 'No!' And I'm, like, 'Yeah, really!'"

Garcelle's rise to stardom and equal-opportunity heart breaking has included more twists than your average model-turned-actress tale, since hers begins with being born the youngest of seven siblings in Port-au-Prince, Haiti. "To me Haiti is so beautiful," she says. "I remember picking fruit right off the tree, and it was so good. Even now I don't like refrigerated fruit. People are always amazed by that."

When Garcelle was seven years old, her family immigrated to the United States and wound up in Massachusetts—in January. "Can you imagine?" she asks. "Straight from the tropics to all the snow and freezing weather? Plus, I'd never seen so many white people in one place in my entire life. It was a total culture shock."

While her mother attended nursing school, Garcelle learned English from *Sesame Street*, then was packed off to boarding school, where she became interested in acting. Her family high-tailed it to balmier Miami when she was 16, but a year later Garcelle headed back north, to New York, to become a model. To support herself, and armed with a fake ID, she landed a cocktail-waitress job at a Playboy club, complete with ears and fluffy tail. "I'd never seen that kind of money before in my life," she remembers. "Guys would give me $100 for a drink and tell me to keep the change."

Major modeling assignments for Avon and Clairol followed, and by 1991 Garcelle had relocated to Los Angeles to concentrate on becoming an actress. "I didn't really give up modeling; I just gravitated toward acting because I wanted to get into something that would be more long-term and challenging," she says. "People always go, 'Oh, God, another model trying to become an actress.' But what do you expect—that I would go to medical school? It's a natural progression."

Apparently so. Garcelle soon earned a role on Aaron Spelling's *Models Inc.*, a short-lived series that made the melodrama of *Melrose Place* look like *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood*. "Oh, God! I was bulimic, I got raped, I killed my rapist, and I was having an interracial relationship—all in one season!" she recalls with a chuckle. *Models Inc.* may have been an unintentional knee-slapper, but Garcelle gets to flash her true comedic chops on *The Jamie Foxx Show*. Has all the flirting on Foxx's part ever carried over into real life? "We made a pact that we won't fool around until the show is over," Garcelle explains, "and since then Jamie keeps joking that he's going to have the show canceled so we can get together!" (Sounds like a perfectly rational move to us.)

Beauvais is single and says she's actively looking for her "soul mate." To win her heart, a potential Mr. Right must offer integrity, a good sense of humor, and a knack for romantic gestures. "If there's music, candles, and flowers—you know, the whole package—that'll do it. That's a sure bet with me," she says, winking.

'Music, candles, flowers are a sure bet with me.'

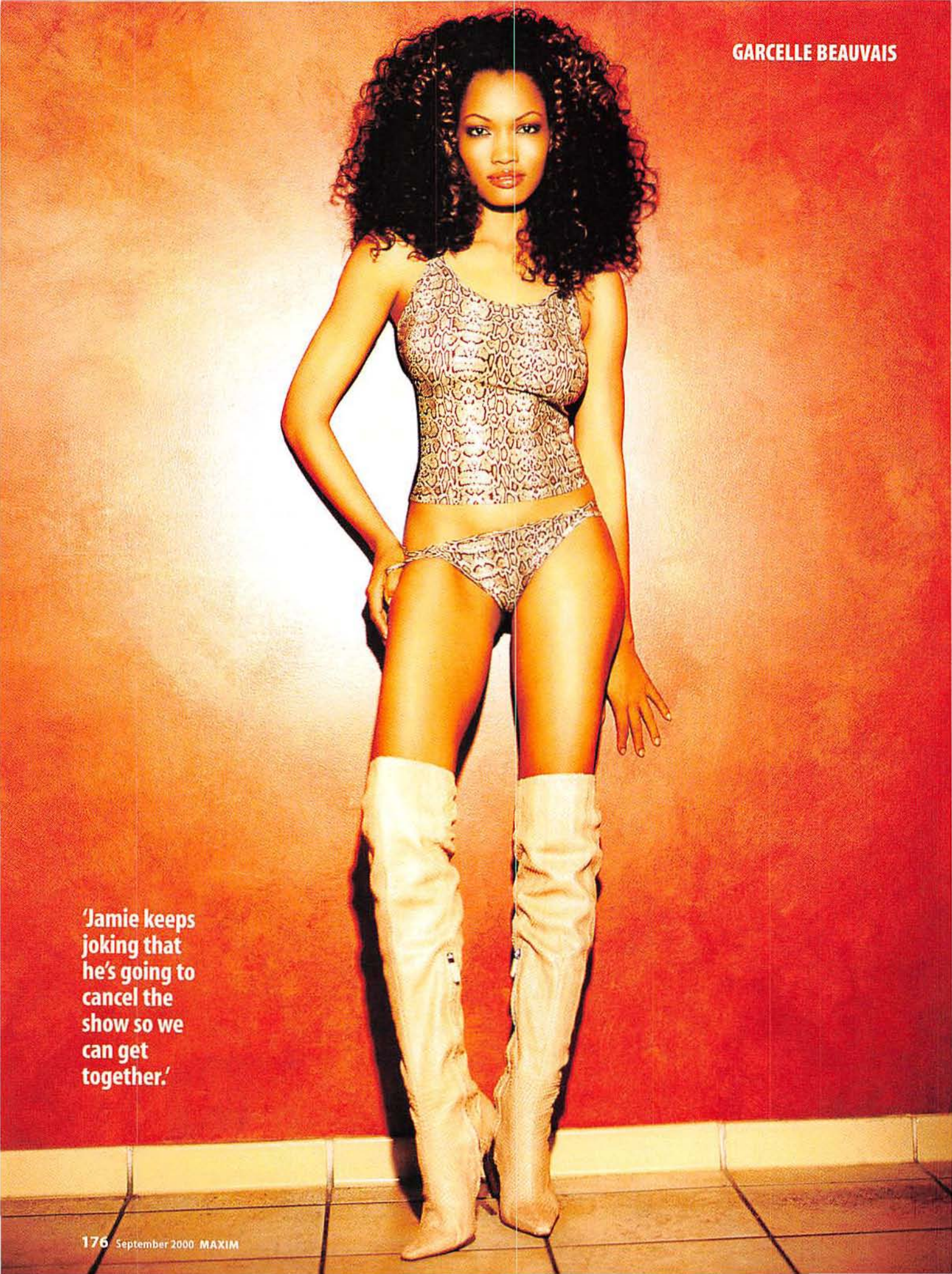
Fortunately she'll reciprocate with home-cooked meals of barbecued ribs and jambalaya. "People are always, like, 'Oh, my God, and you can cook, too?' And I'm, like, 'Of course!' In Haiti you're brought up to understand that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. And it's not about being submissive or whatever. It's about having a skill and being proud of it."

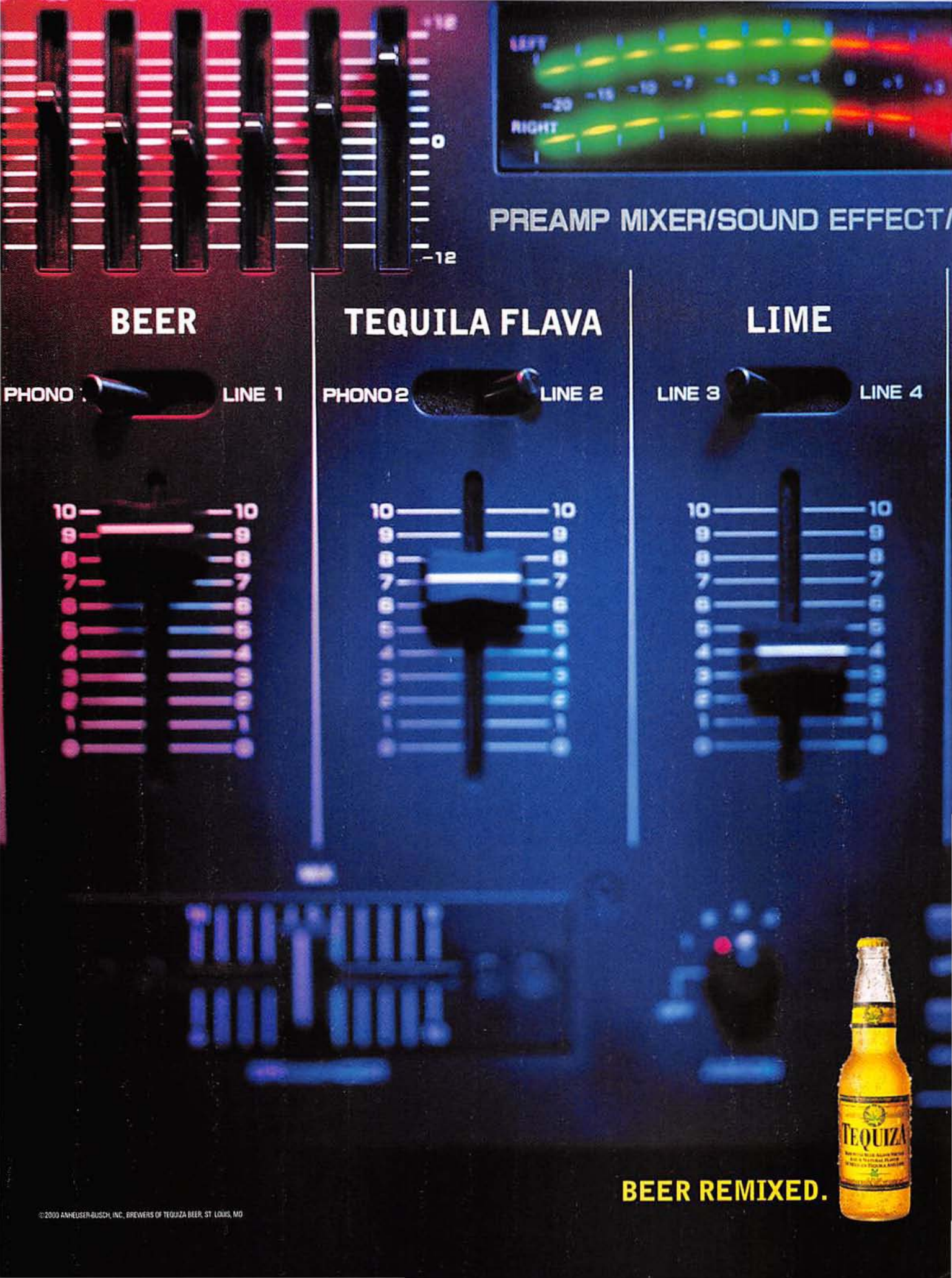
Garcelle's choice of sleepwear—"panties and a T-shirt, or just topless"—would no doubt quickly win any man's heart as well, though the fact that she keeps a Bible *and* tarot cards on her nightstand might make it difficult to know whether he'd be getting an angel or a devil for dessert.

She certainly looked devilish sharing a moonlit water tank with Will Smith in *Wild Wild West*, a scene that required her to be soaking wet and "wearing little more than a thong" for more than 12 hours. "If I ever actually do nudity in a movie, though, it will be strictly for me: to immortalize my body because, hey, it ain't going to be like this forever," she laughs. "For now a few Polaroids will do just fine." M

WANT MORE GARCELLE?
Extra photos and exclusive audio on **www.maximonline.com.**

Produced by Gwen Wallberg; stylist, Karen Shapiro; assistant stylist, Heather Stadinski; hair, Rod Ortega; makeup, Patrick De Fontibrune for Profile L.A.


GARCELLE BEAUVAIS
'Jamie keeps joking that he's going to cancel the show so we can get together.'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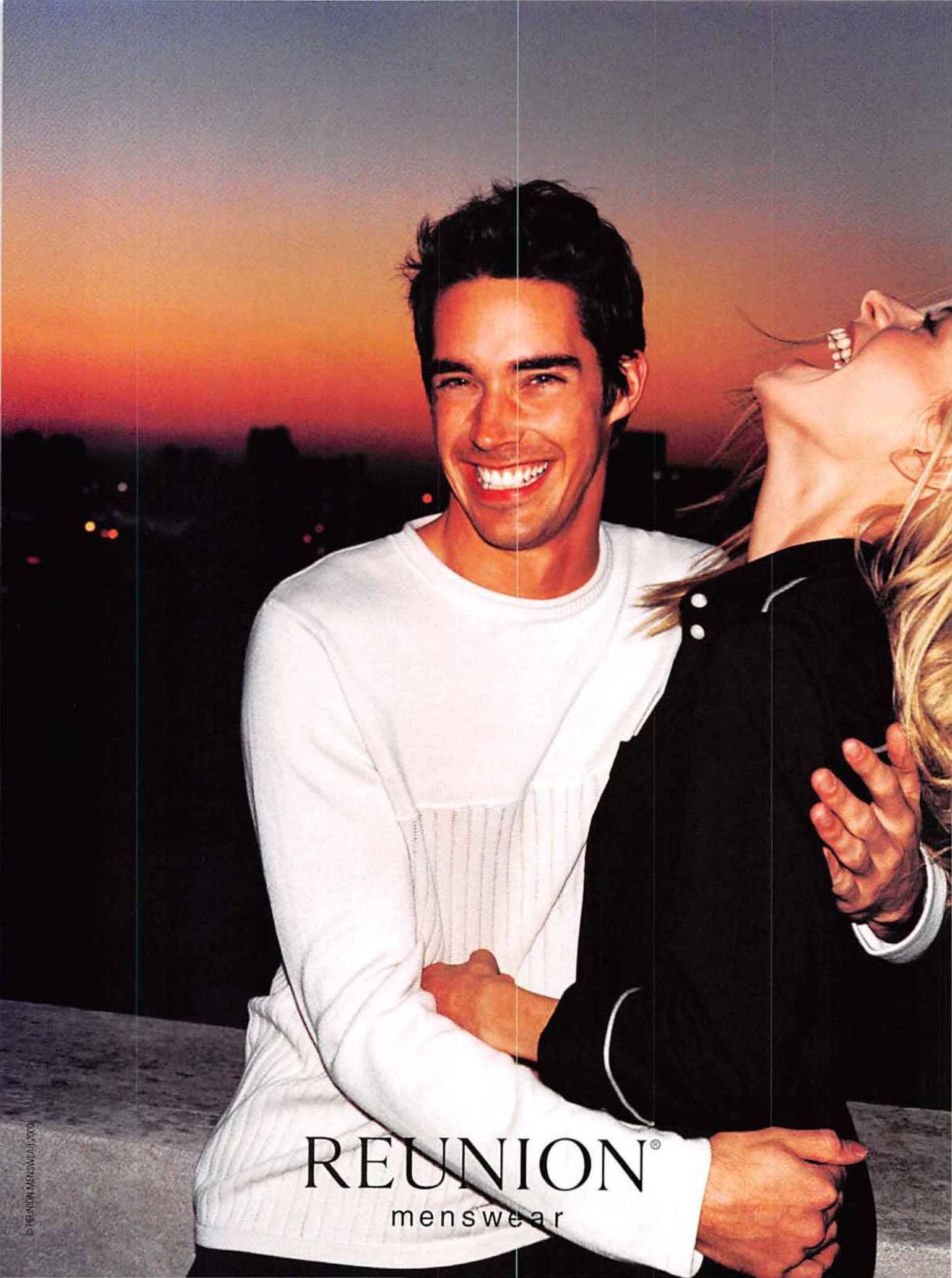

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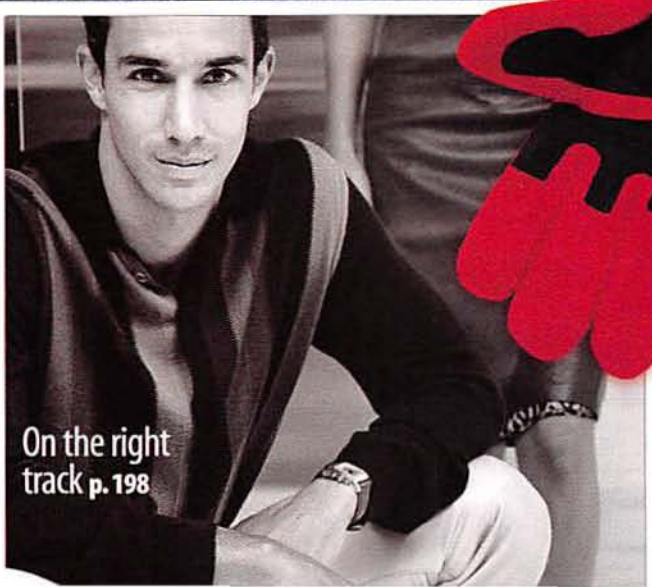
How do you want to look today? September 2000

MaximWear

Rebel hearts p. 180

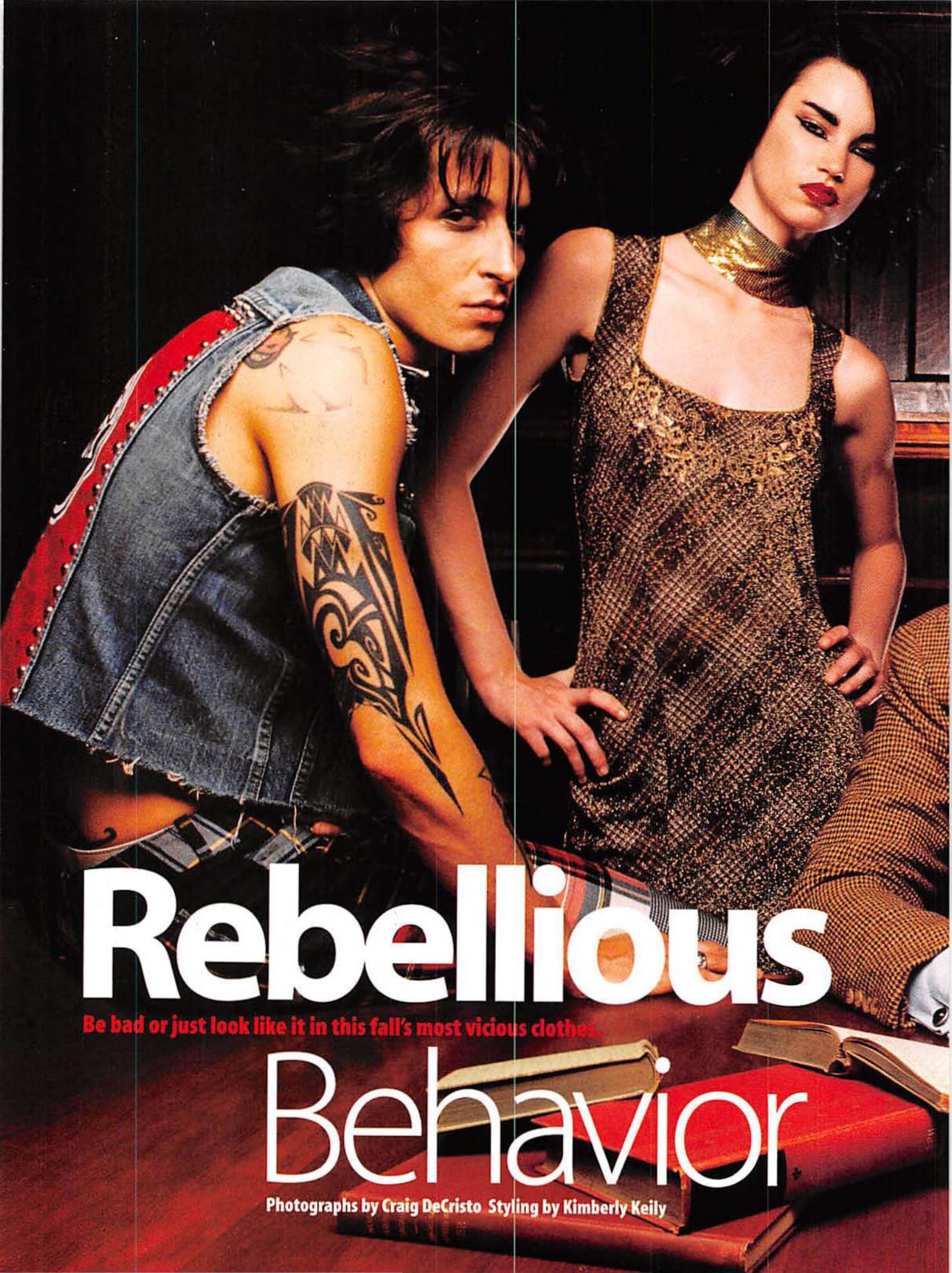
Button it p. 194



On the right track p. 198

Glove is all you need p. 204

new 30 pages of the coolest clothes



Rebellious Behavior

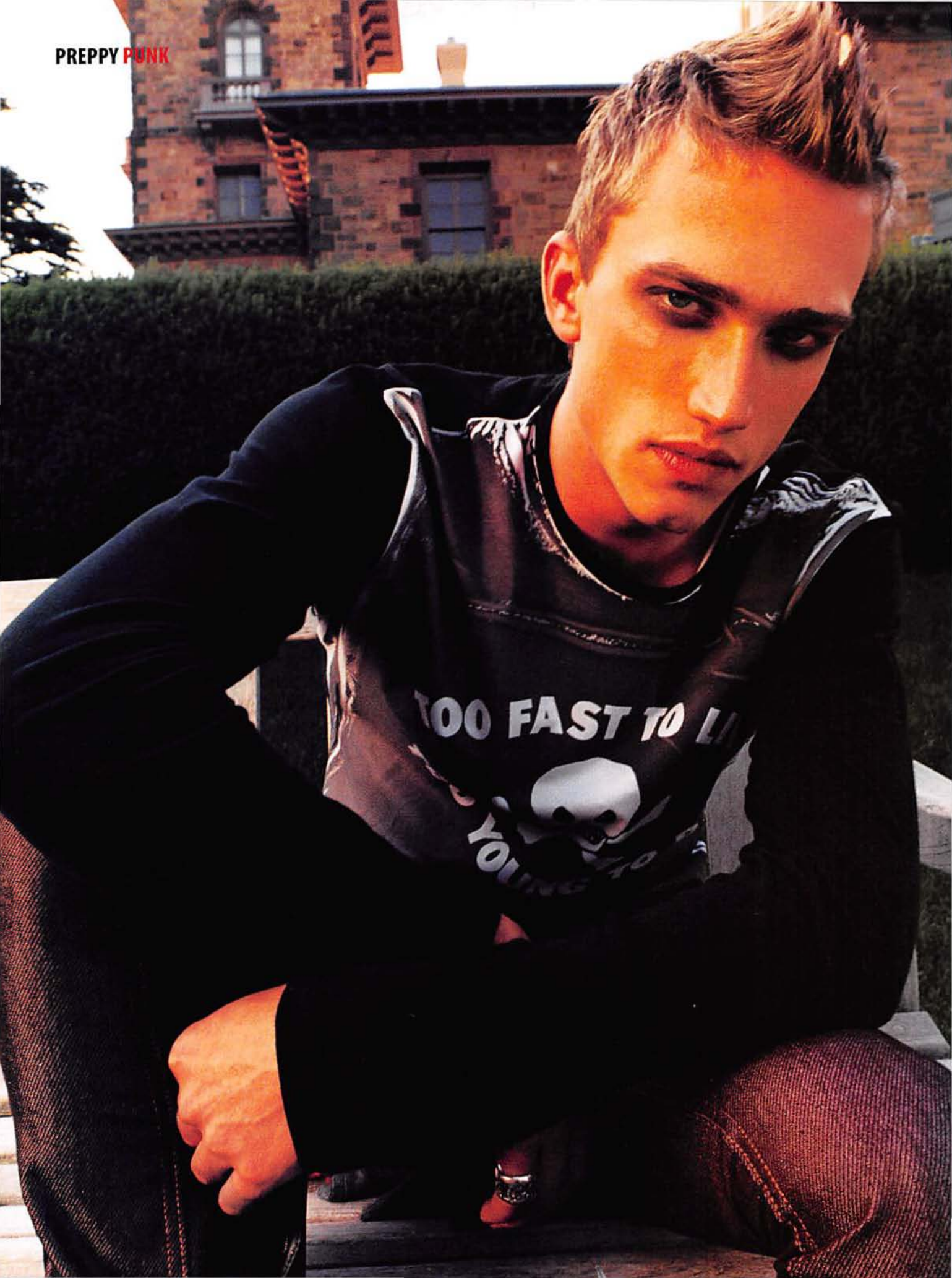
Be bad or just look like it in this fall's most vicious clothes.

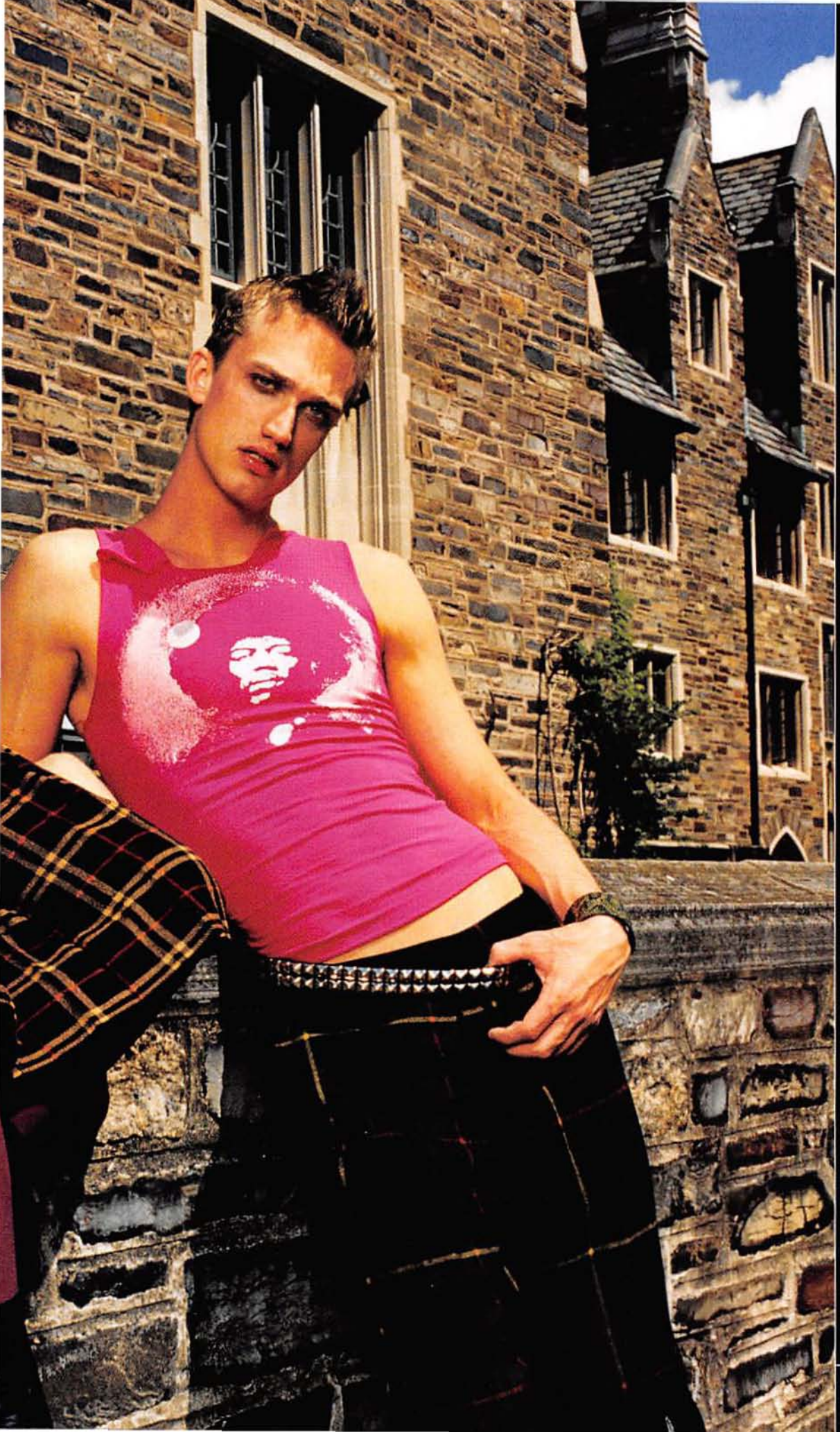
Photographs by Craig DeCristo Styling by Kimberly Keily

(from left) Customized denim vest, $69, by Tommy Jeans; tartan-patchwork trousers, $1,300, by Tommy Hilfiger Collection. Three-piece wool suit (vest not shown), $1,150, by Polo by Ralph Lauren; cashmere/mink vest, $795, by Estate by Robert Talbott; handsewn silk bow tie, $75, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott; platinum-wire glasses, $485, by Lunor for Robert Marc Opticians. Argyle sweater vest, $180, short-sleeved T-shirt, $110, and distressed corduroy pants, $360, all by D&G Dolce & Gabbana; sterling silver ring, $430, and cuff, $220, by Chrome Hearts. On her: sequined and embroidered argyle-print dress by Ultra Ozbek, mesh necklace by Noir

Leather jacket, $1,600, by John Bartlett; leather pants, $225, by Harley-Davidson MotorClothes; tartan scarf, $250, by Tommy Hilfiger Collection; sterling silver ring, $430, by Chrome Hearts; classic boots, $140, by Dr. Martens.
On her: leather jacket by Tommy Jeans, vintage T-shirt by Charlotte Ronson, wool skirt by Vivienne Westwood Red Label, studded cuff by Noir at Intermix, fishnet hose by DKNY

Distressed jeans, $400, and long-sleeved T-shirt, $100, by Anglomania by Vivienne Westwood; striped sweater (around waist), $148, by New York Industrie by Staff Int.; boots, $130, by Dr. Martens; sterling silver ring, $430, by Chrome Hearts

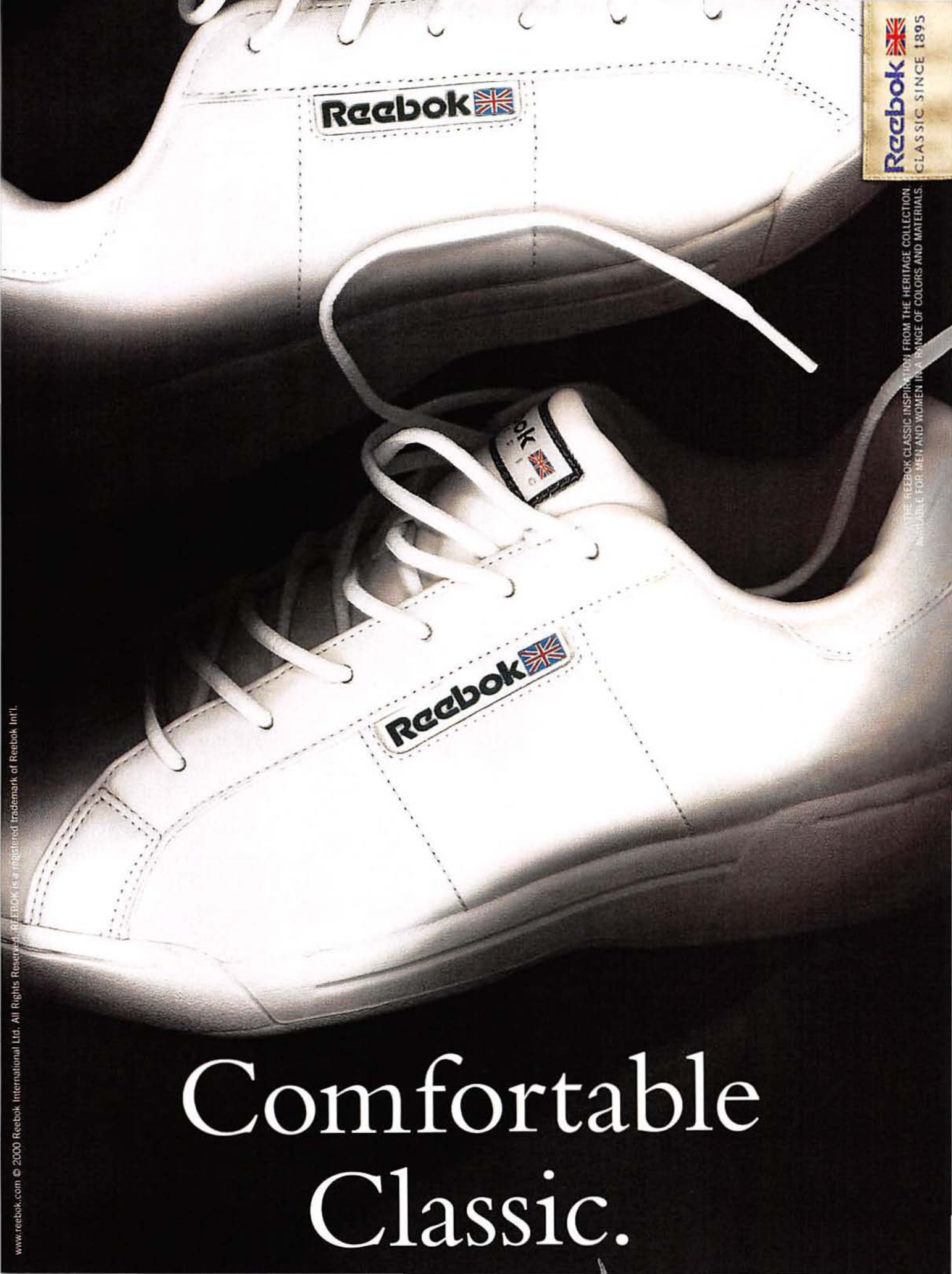

TOO FAST TO



(from left) PVC and stretch knit cardigan, $180, and cropped checked-wool pants, $165, by John Scher; sterling silver wallet ball chain, $2,750, by Chrome Hearts; fingerless glove, $22 a pair, by Harley-Davidson MotorClothes. Cutaway T-shirt, $78, by Lascaux at Intermix; plaid wool pants, $165, by Polo by Ralph Lauren; green snakeskin cuff, $290, by Chrome Hearts. On her: Cycle Club leather bustier by Harley-Davidson MotorClothes, skirt by D&G Dolce & Gabbana, choker by Chrome Hearts

Leather/tulle dress by Roberto Cavalli; customized denim vest by Tommy Jeans; pink mesh earring, mesh cuffs, and sequined purse, all by Noir

Fashion assistance, Robyn Goldberg; producer, Caroline Schrank; models, Annie for New York Models, Stefano for IMG, Micaiah for I.D.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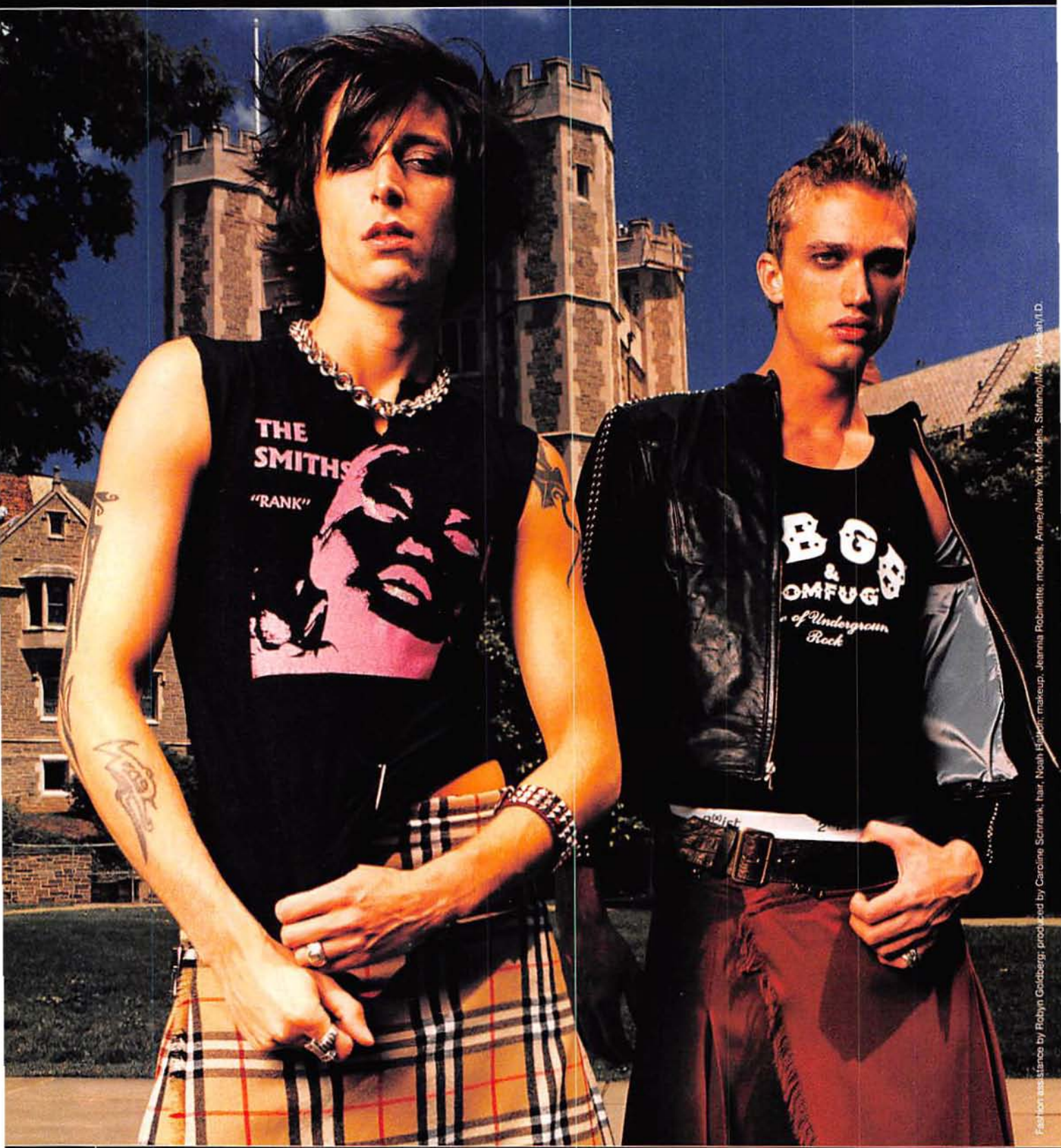
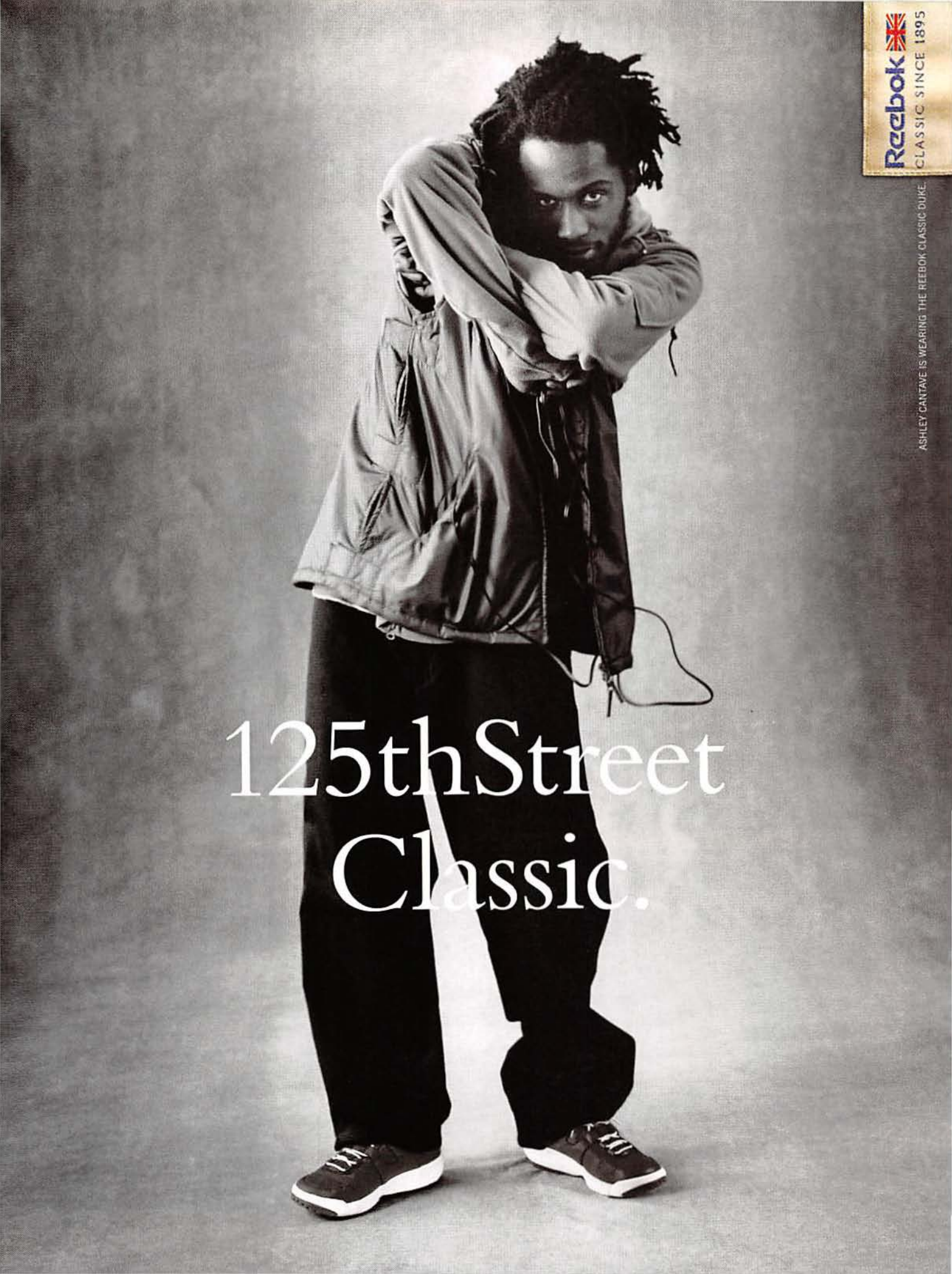


Fashion assistance by Robyn Goldberg; produced by Caroline Schrank; hair, Noah Hobert; makeup, Jeannia Robinette; models, Anne/New York Models, Stefano/IMG Models/I.D.

Checked kilt, $695, by Classic Burberry; T-shirt, $78, by Lascaux at Intermix; sterling silver choker, $1,375, stamped sterling silver ring, $430, and sterling silver band ring, $715, all by Chrome Hearts. Pleated kilt with crocodile belt, $875, by Jean Paul Gaultier Homme; long underwear, $25, by 2(x)ist; tank top, $15, by CBGB; studded leather jacket, $430, by Harley-Davidson MotorClothes; sterling silver ring, $715, by Chrome Hearts

For buying information, see page 248.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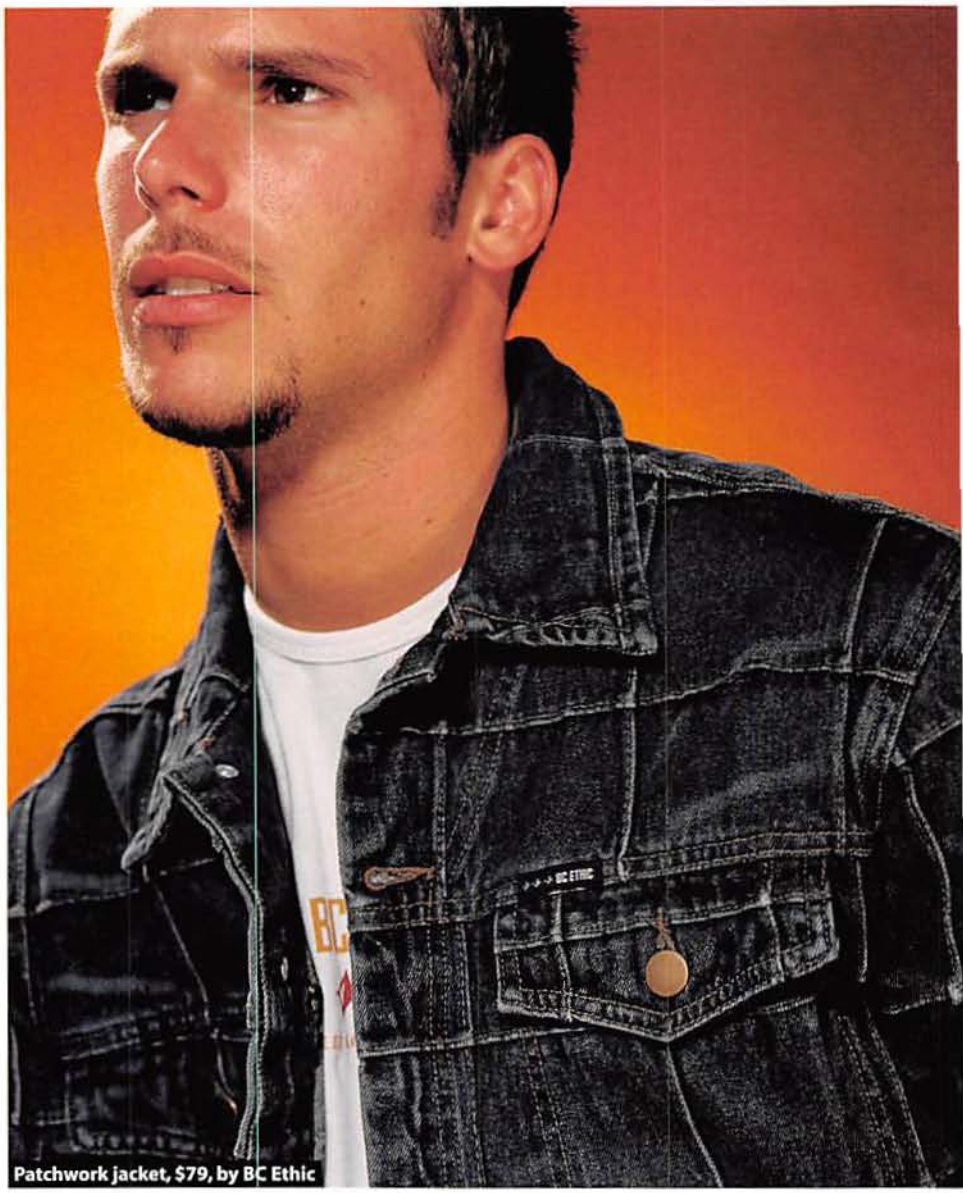
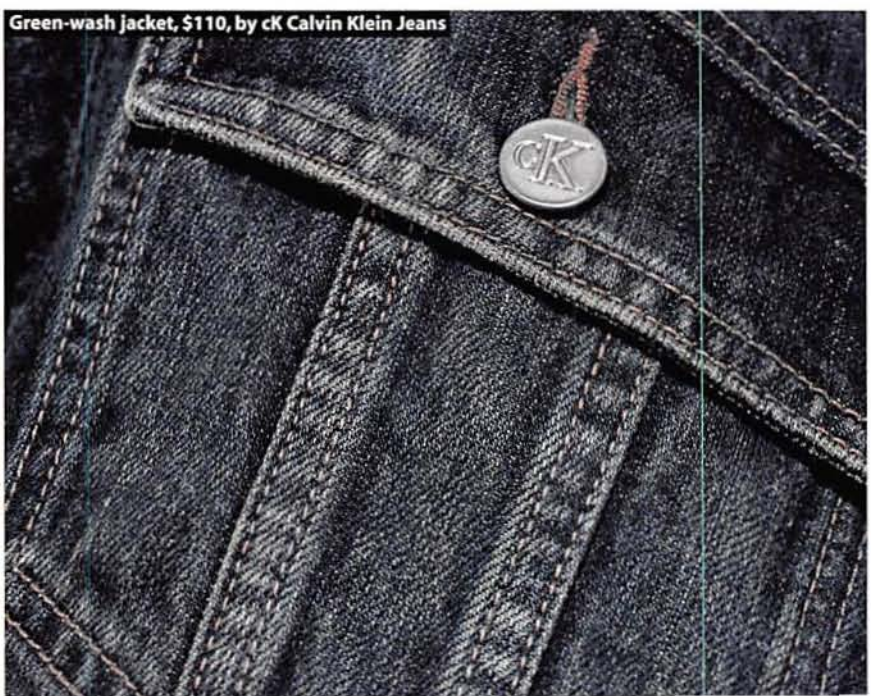
ASHLEY CANTAVE IS WEARING THE REEBOK CLASSIC DUKE.

Long dark denim jacket, $89, by Tommy Jeans

Classic denim jacket, $85, by Nautica Jeans Company



Patchwork jacket, $79, by BC Ethic



Green-wash jacket, $110, by cK Calvin Klein Jeans

Wool/denim jacket, $259, by BCBG Max Azria Menswear

Dusty dirty denim jacket, $190, by Diesel

Gray Destruction jacket, $102, by Guess?

Jacket Attack

Try on one of these denim classics—they never fade away.

Photographs by Chris Militscher Styling by Robyn Goldberg

Grooming by Vaughn Accord for Bumble + Bumble NYC

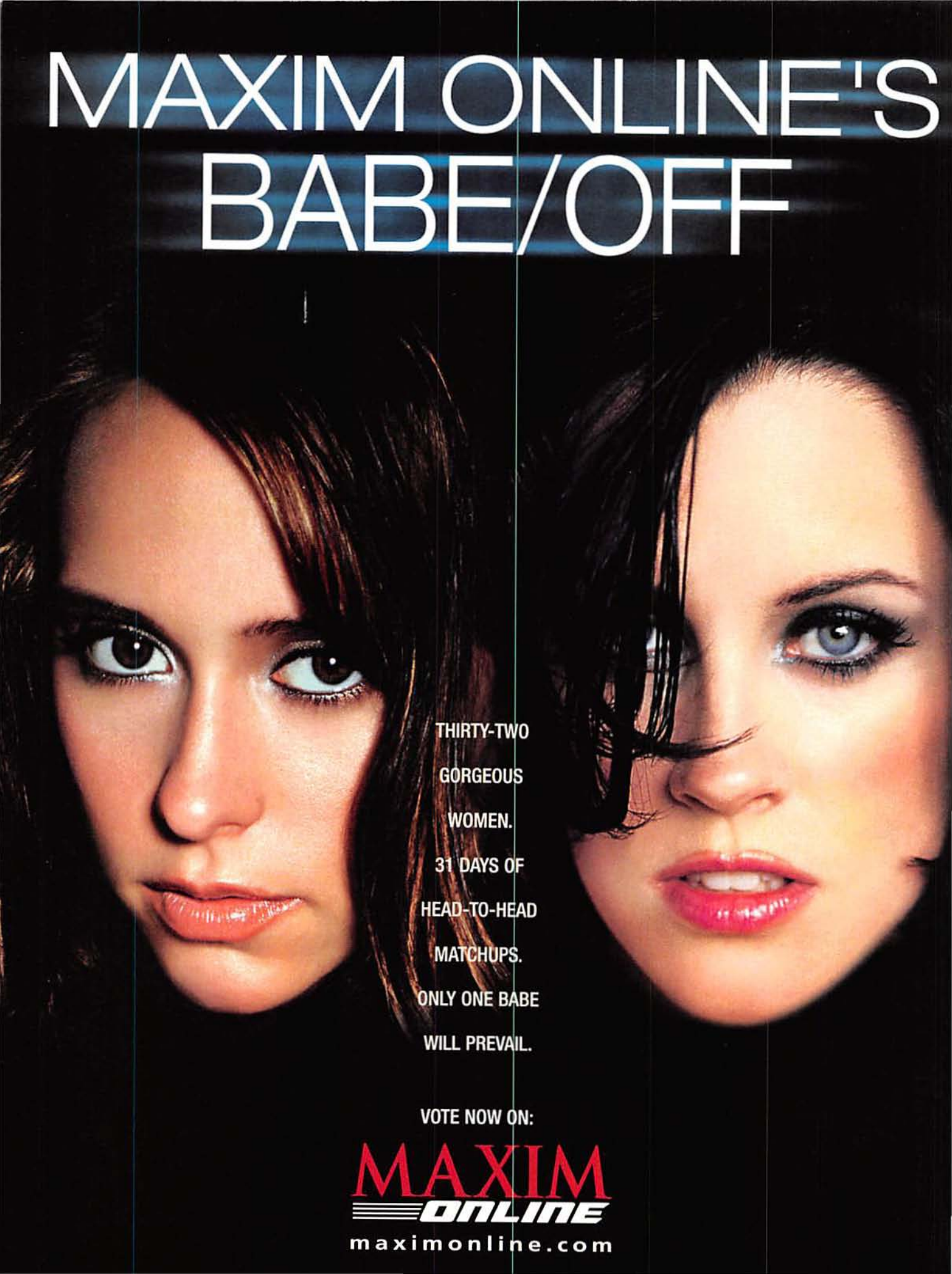
Signature-stitched jacket, $110, by Parasuco Jeans

Relaxed-fit trucker jacket, $78, by Levi's Jeans

Logo-stitched jacket, $76, by Ecko Unltd.

For buying information, see page 248.

MAXIM ONLINE'S BABE/OFF



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New Zealand shearling pullover, $1,400

Get to know John Varvatos, the newest big brand in American menswear.

Ribbed wool caps, $95 each

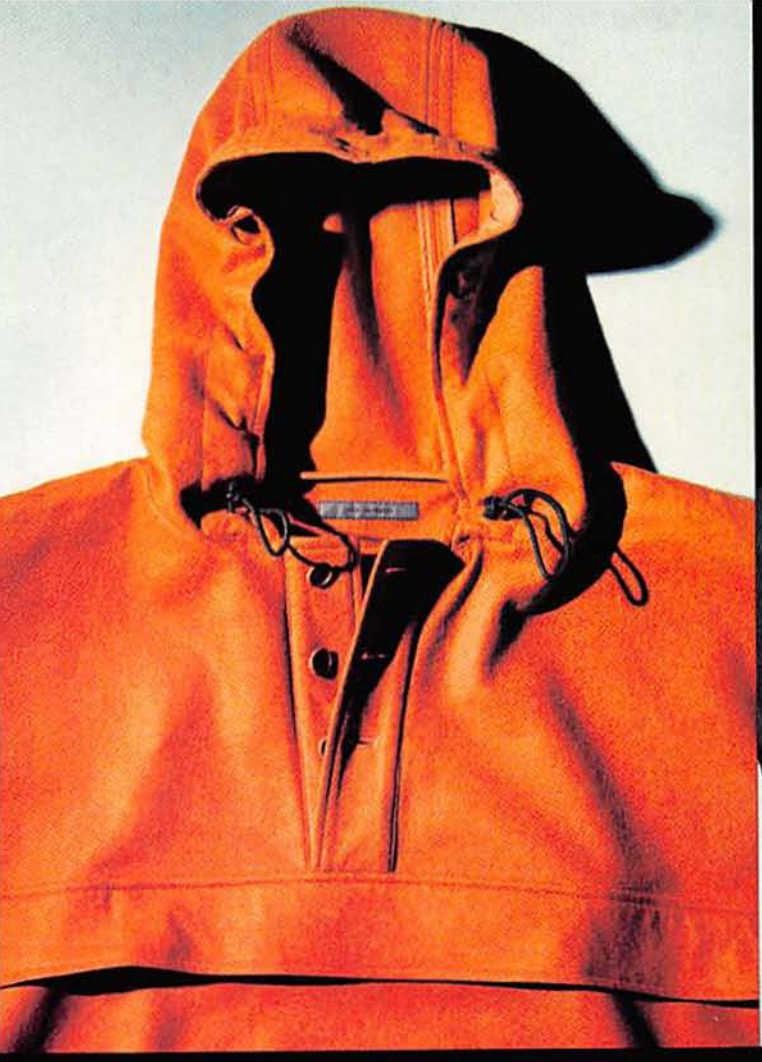
Two-ply cotton shirts: from top, first and third, $195; second and fourth, $225

Calfskin saddle-strap belt, $125

Yarn-dyed trousers, $195

New Classics

Photographs by Tom Haynes



Felted wool poncho, $795

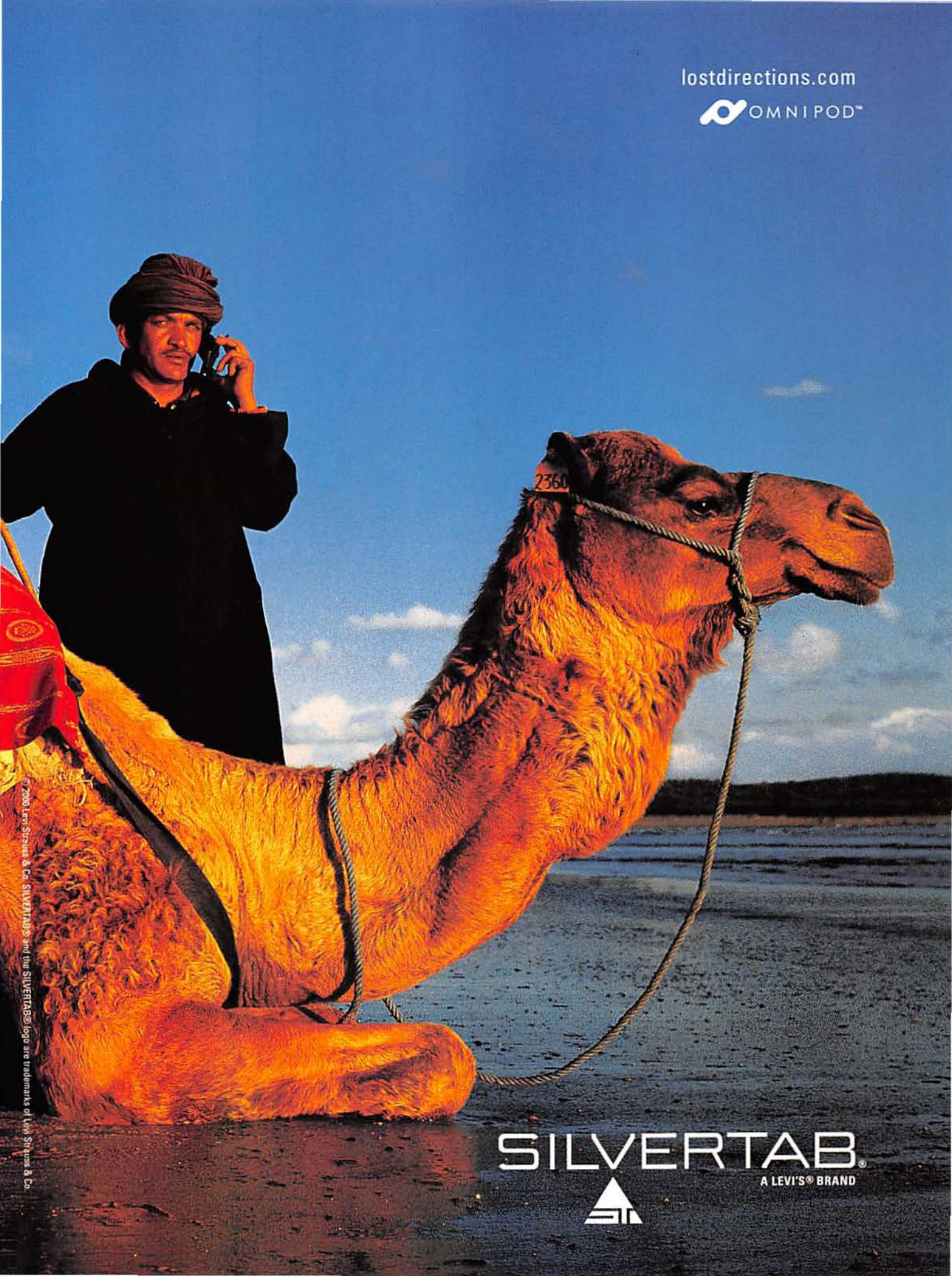
Merino/cashmere scarf, $185

Felted merino jacket, $375

Calfskin shoes, from left, $475, $395, $475

For buying information, see page 248.

MACY'S RICH'S BURDINES THE BON MARCHÉ STERN'S
Ijeoma in shiny indigo jacket and loose jean. Chantal in crumpled cord neo jacket and neo bootcut jean.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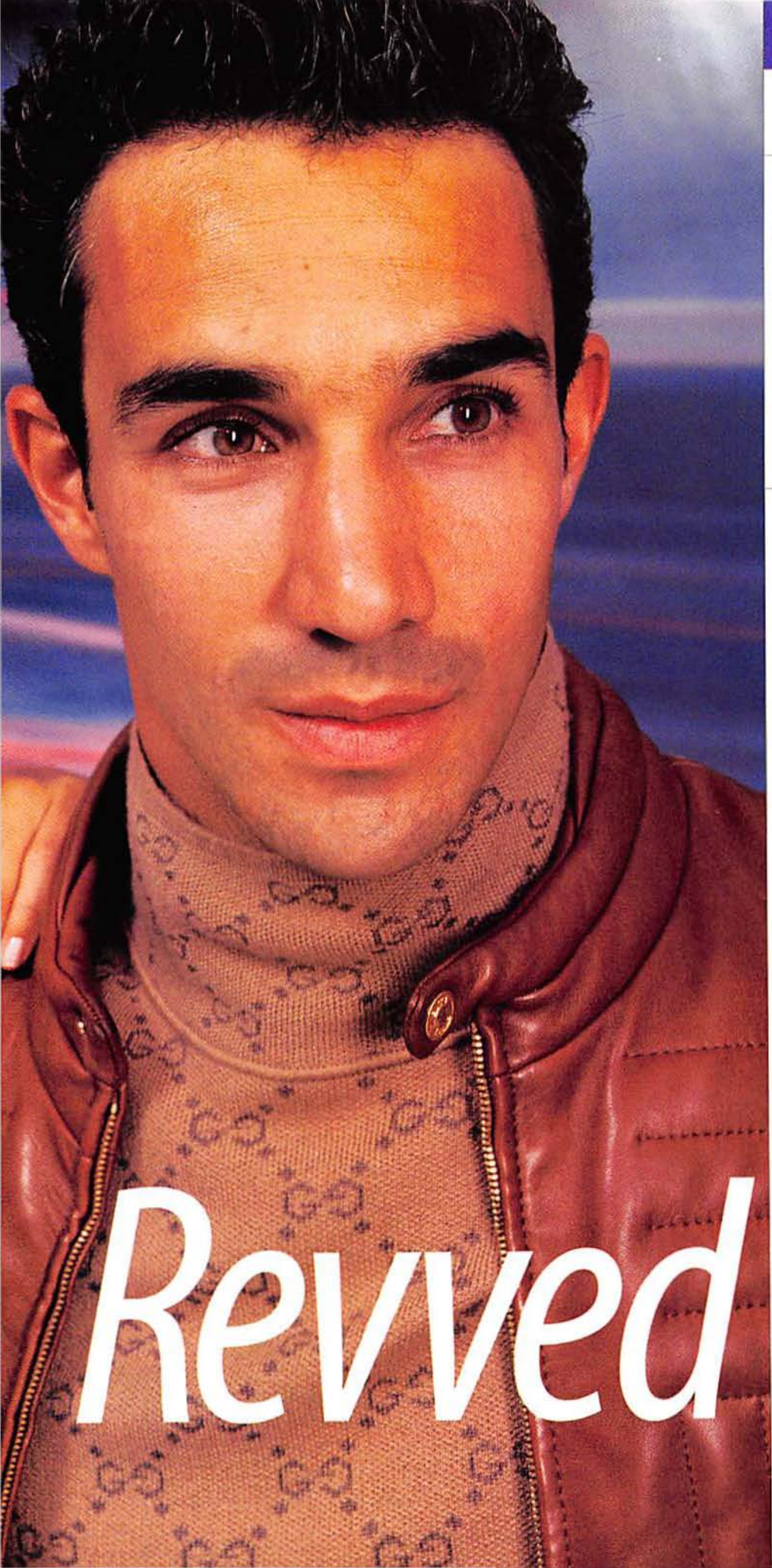
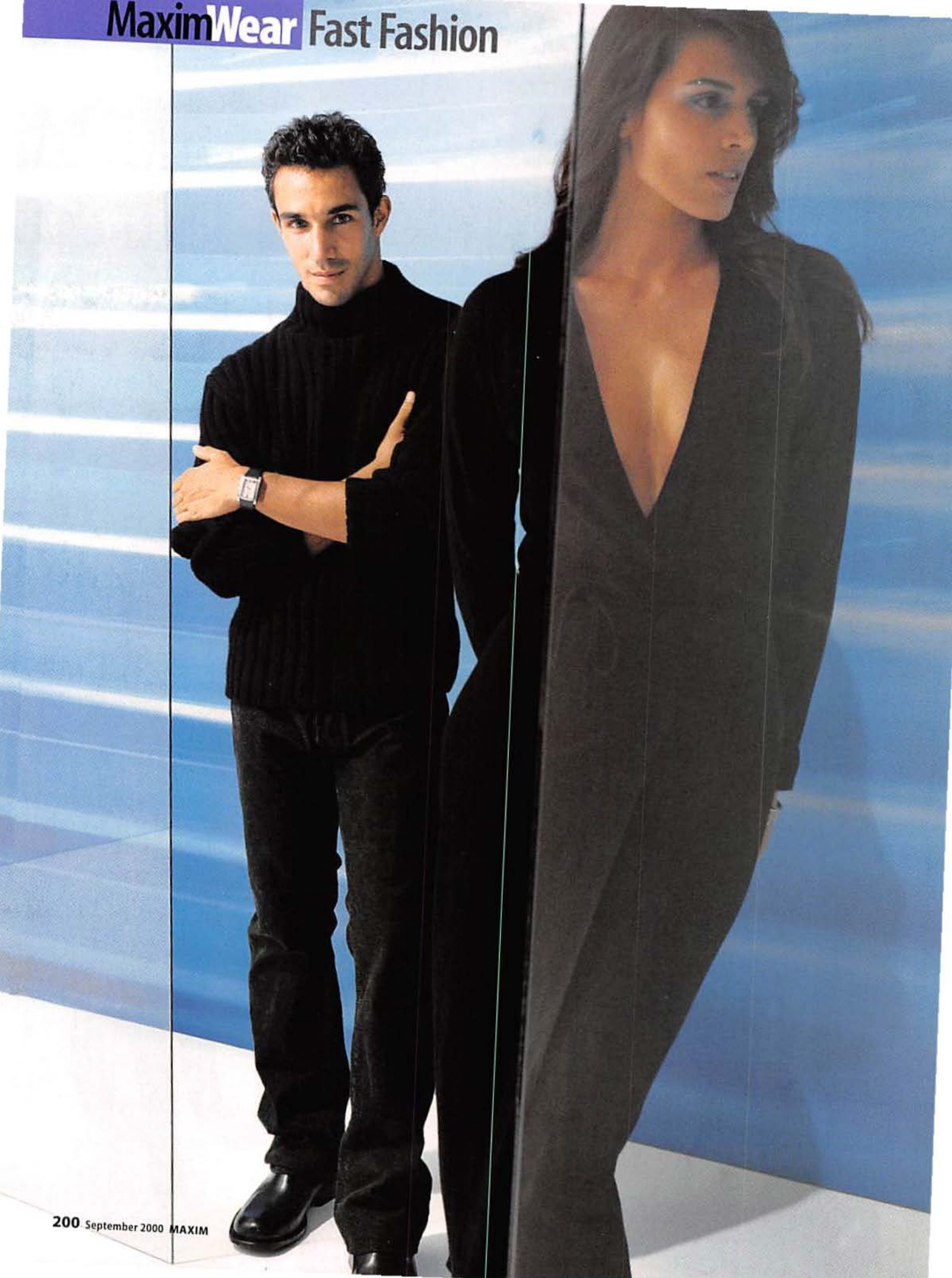


Napa jacket, $2,600, and silk/cashmere sweater, $1,190, by Tom Ford for Gucci. On her: shell and leather skirt by Tom Ford for Gucci

Revved Up

Formula One racer Pedro Diniz and his fiancée, Cassia Avila, show off high-speed fall fashion.

Photographs by Danny Miller

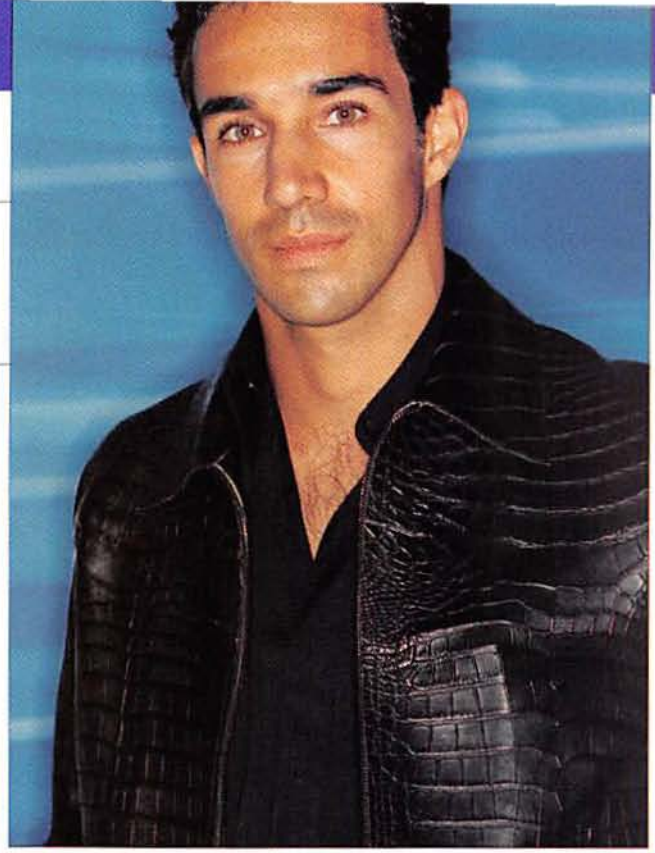


Lined leather coat with pony-skin lapels, $4,225, and cashmere sweater, $895, by Giorgio Armani

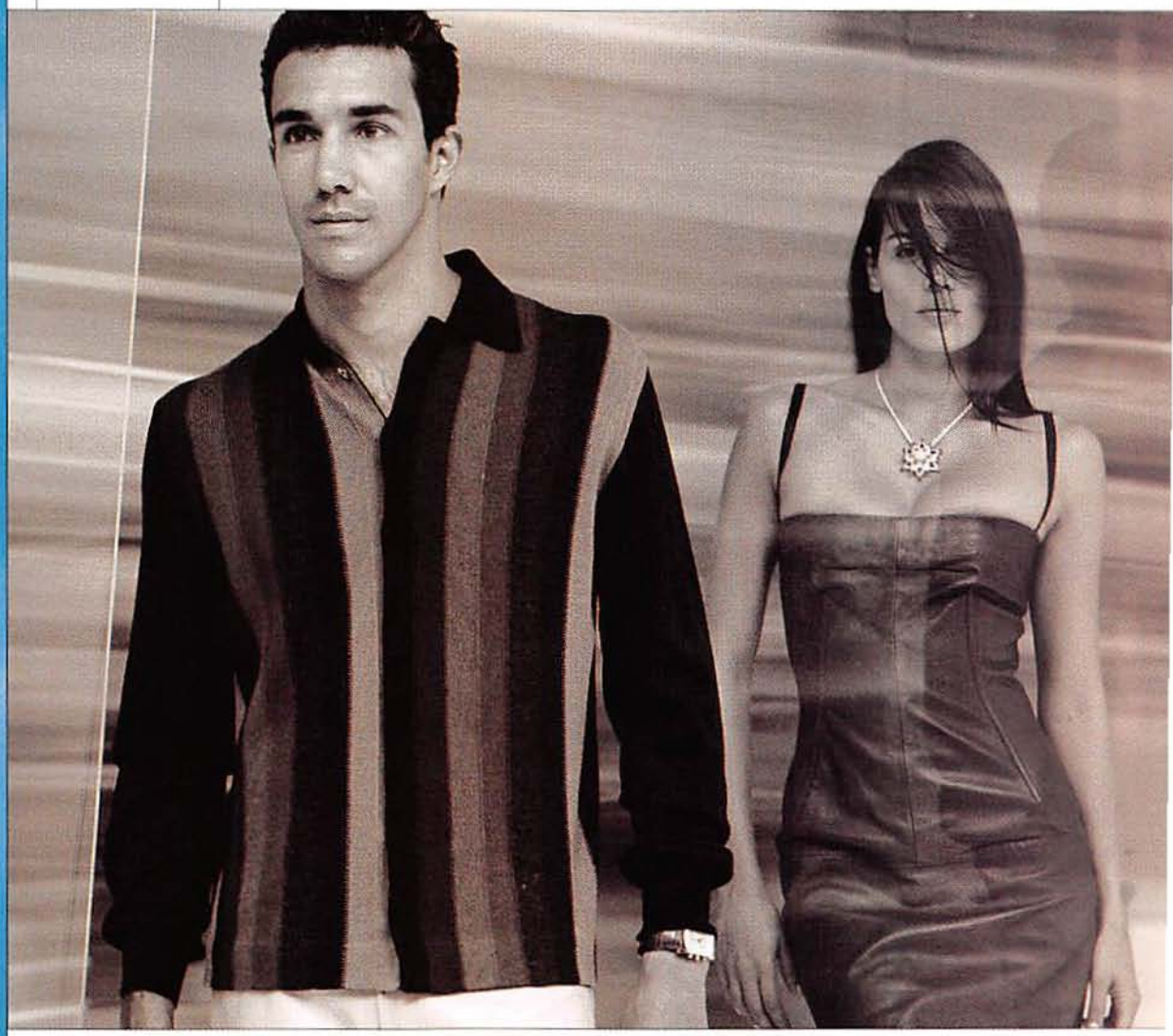
Ten-ply cashmere sweater, $1,195, and stretch denim jeans, $195, by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; DolceVita watch by Longine's. On her: wrap dress by Ralph Lauren

Mohair/nylon sweater, $330, and stretch wool trousers, $548, by Costume National Homme; watch by Longine's

Alligator-skin jacket, $19,500, and stretch cotton shirt, $235, by Calvin Klein



Wool sweater, $523, and leather pants, $1,039, by Dolce & Gabbana; DolceVita watch by Longine's.
On her: leather dress by Dolce & Gabbana; ruby, diamond, pearl, and onyx pendant by Ellagem, New York



Styling, Kimberly Keily and Stan Williams; styling assistance, Robyn Goldberg; producer, Caroline Schrank; hair, Ida Komis for Tiffany Whitford; makeup, Mira at Tomas Zavier for Link; fashion intern, Mariah Rauch. Special thanks to Murfy Alexander, Swatch Group U.S.

For buying information, see page 248.

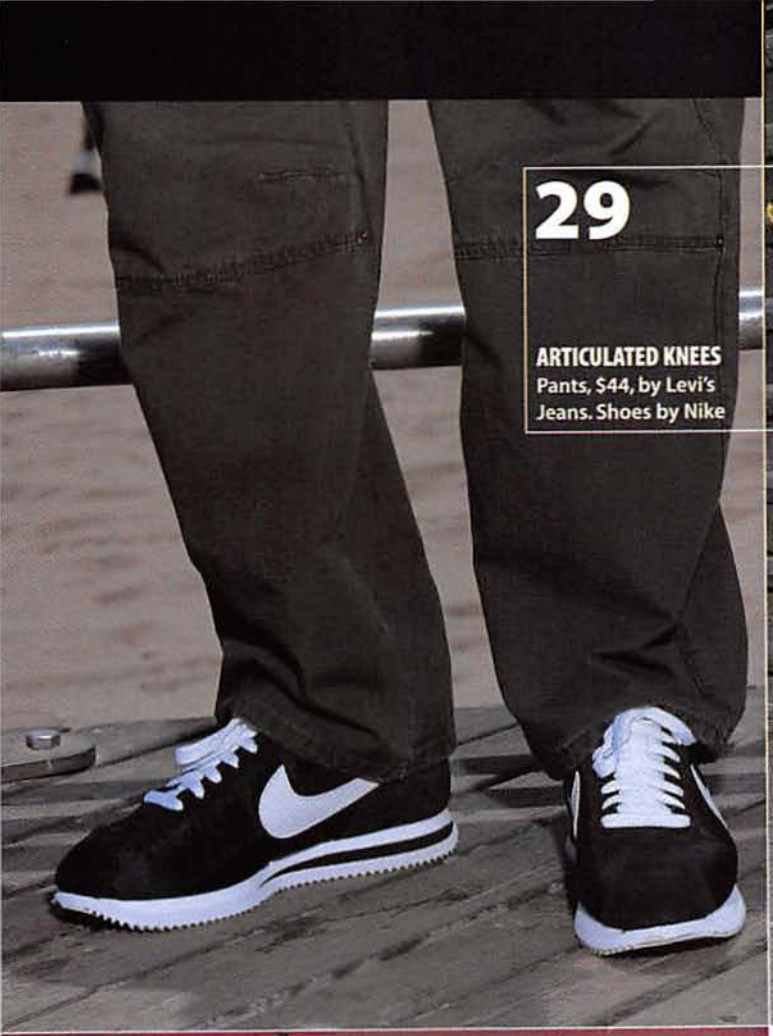
Thirty Somethings

Photographs by Joe Chaves Still lifes by Devon Jarvis Styling by Robyn Goldberg

Take your pick from fall's coolest buys.

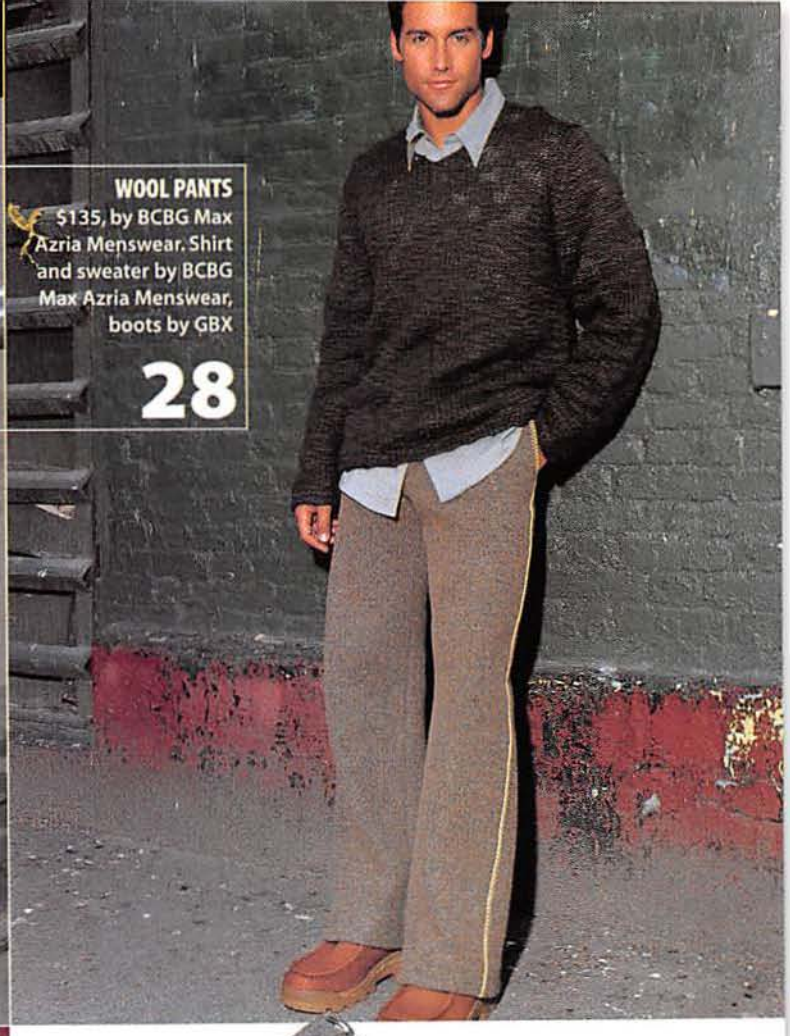
30

BADASS SUNGLASSES
$475, by Chrome Hearts



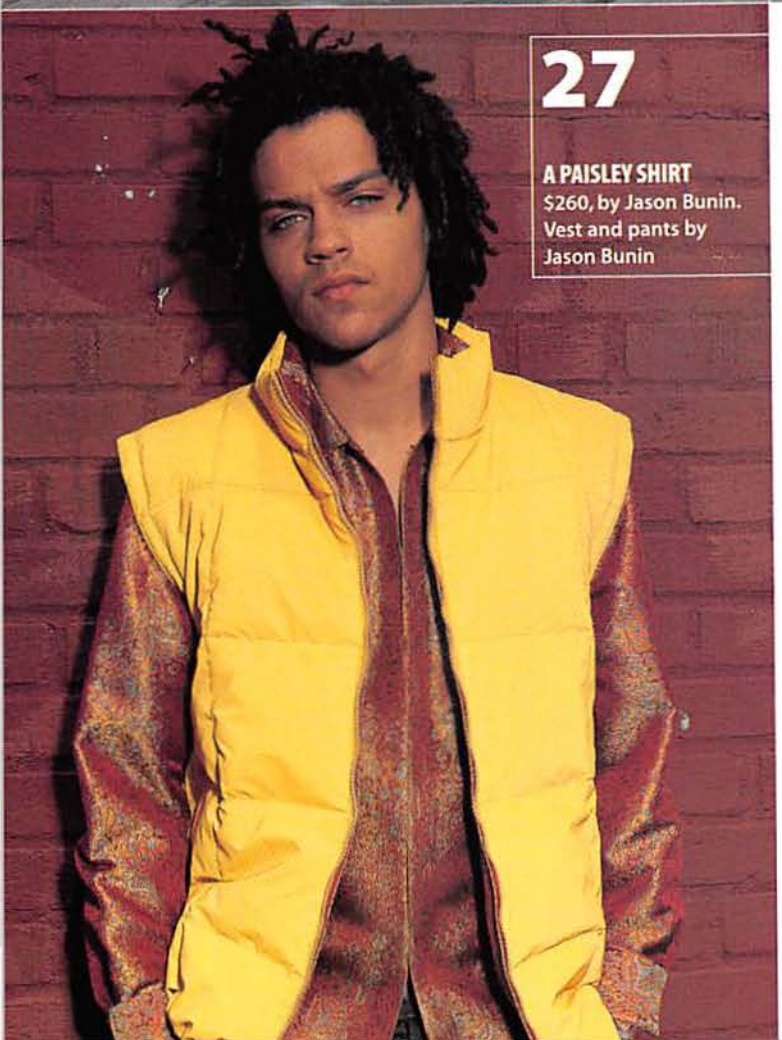
29

ARTICULATED KNEES
Pants, $44, by Levi's Jeans. Shoes by Nike



WOOL PANTS
$135, by BCBG Max Azria Menswear. Shirt and sweater by BCBG Max Azria Menswear, boots by GBX

28



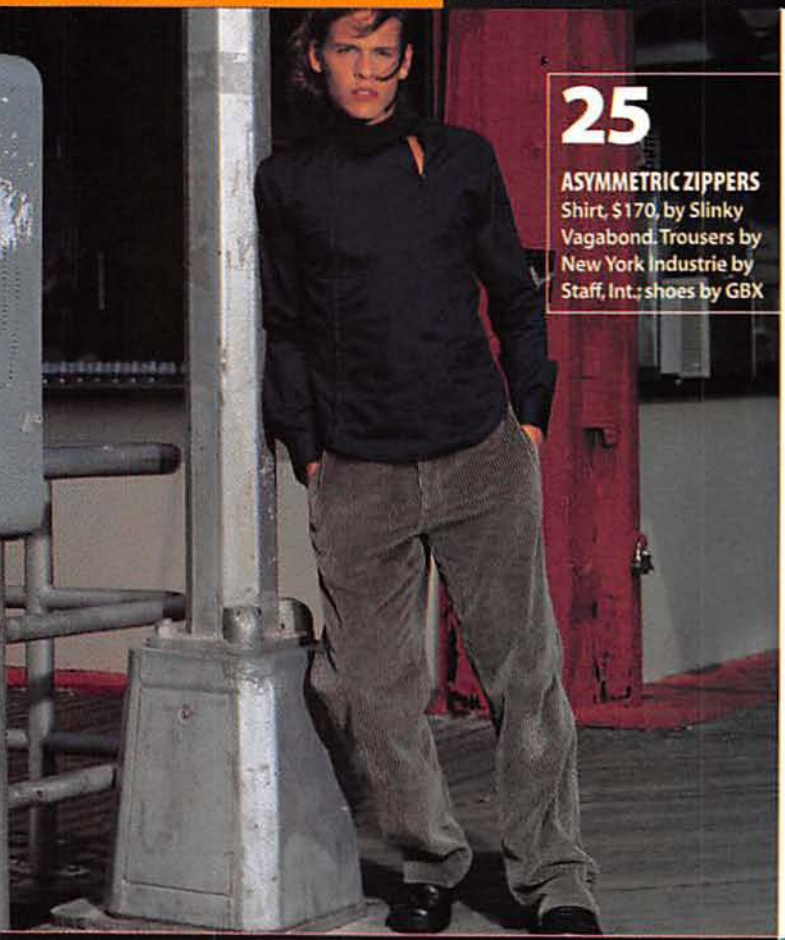
27

A PAISLEY SHIRT
$260, by Jason Bunin. Vest and pants by Jason Bunin

26

SHINY DENIM
Jeans, $70, by Mecca USA

MaximWear Must Haves

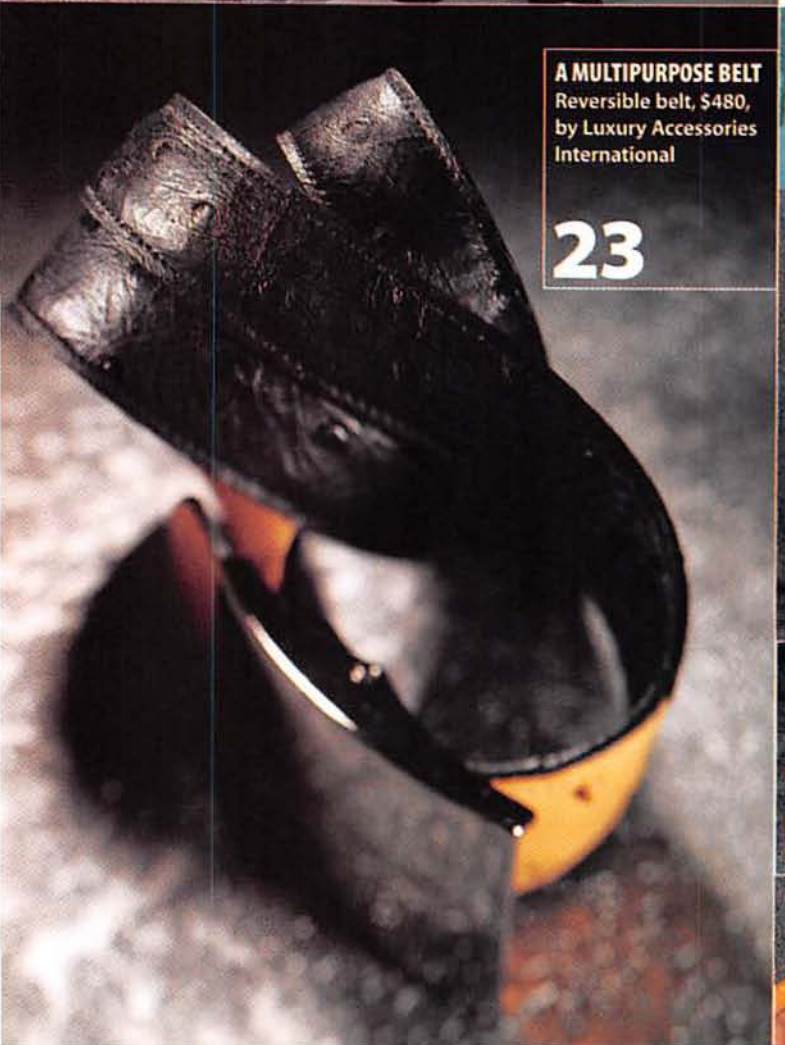


25

ASYMMETRIC ZIPPERS
Shirt, $170, by Slinky Vagabond. Trousers by New York Industrie by Staff, Int.; shoes by GBX

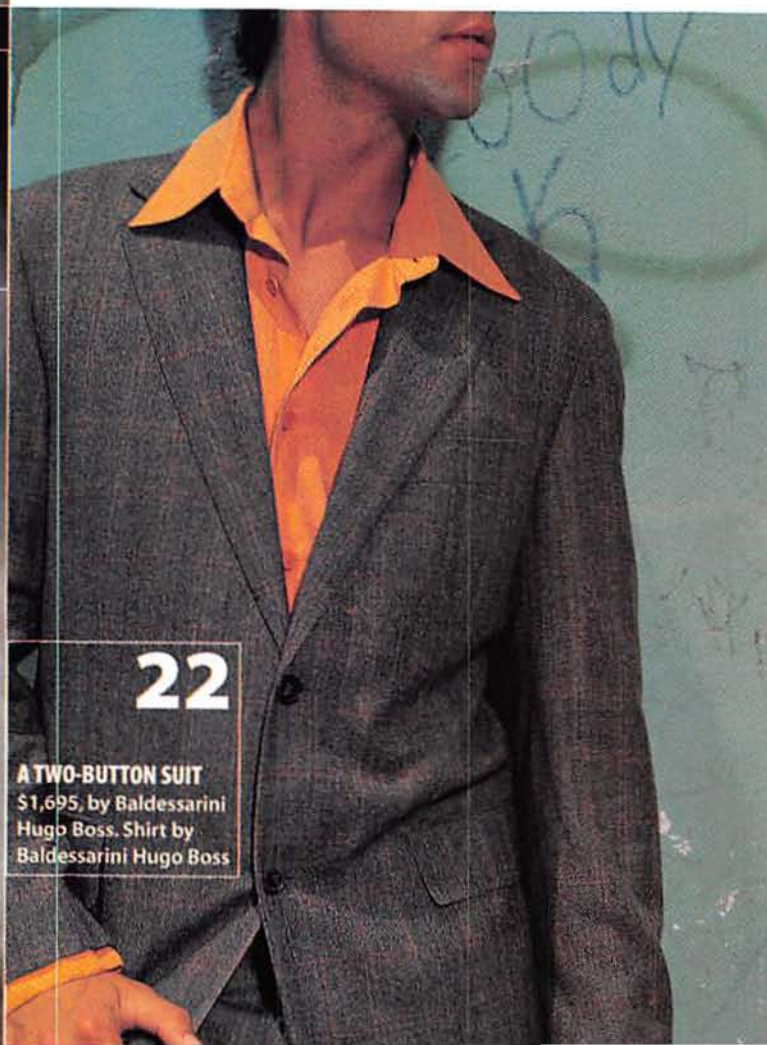
24

A COOL SLIP-ON
$85, by Skechers Collection



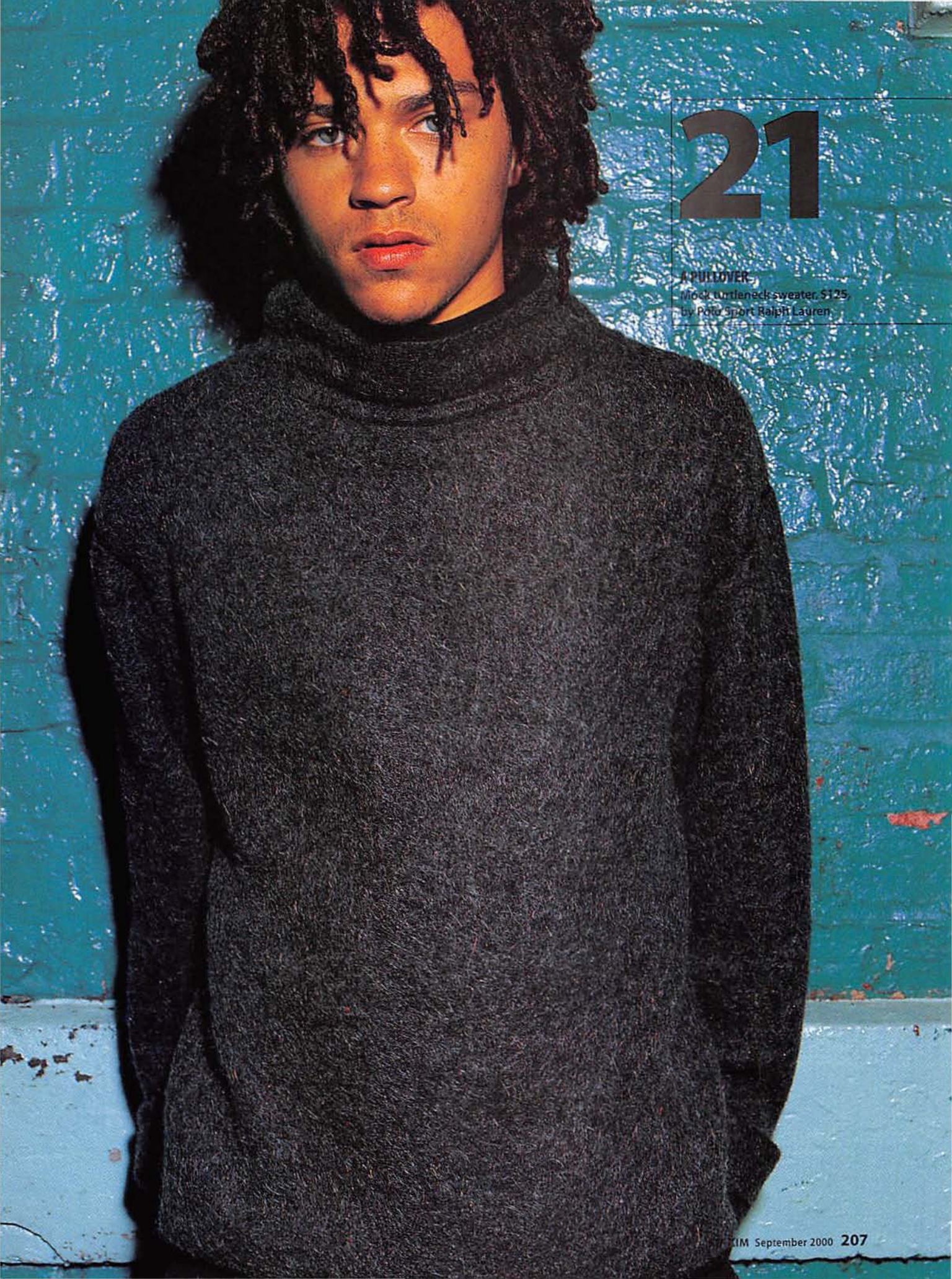
A MULTIPURPOSE BELT
Reversible belt, $480, by Luxury Accessories International

23



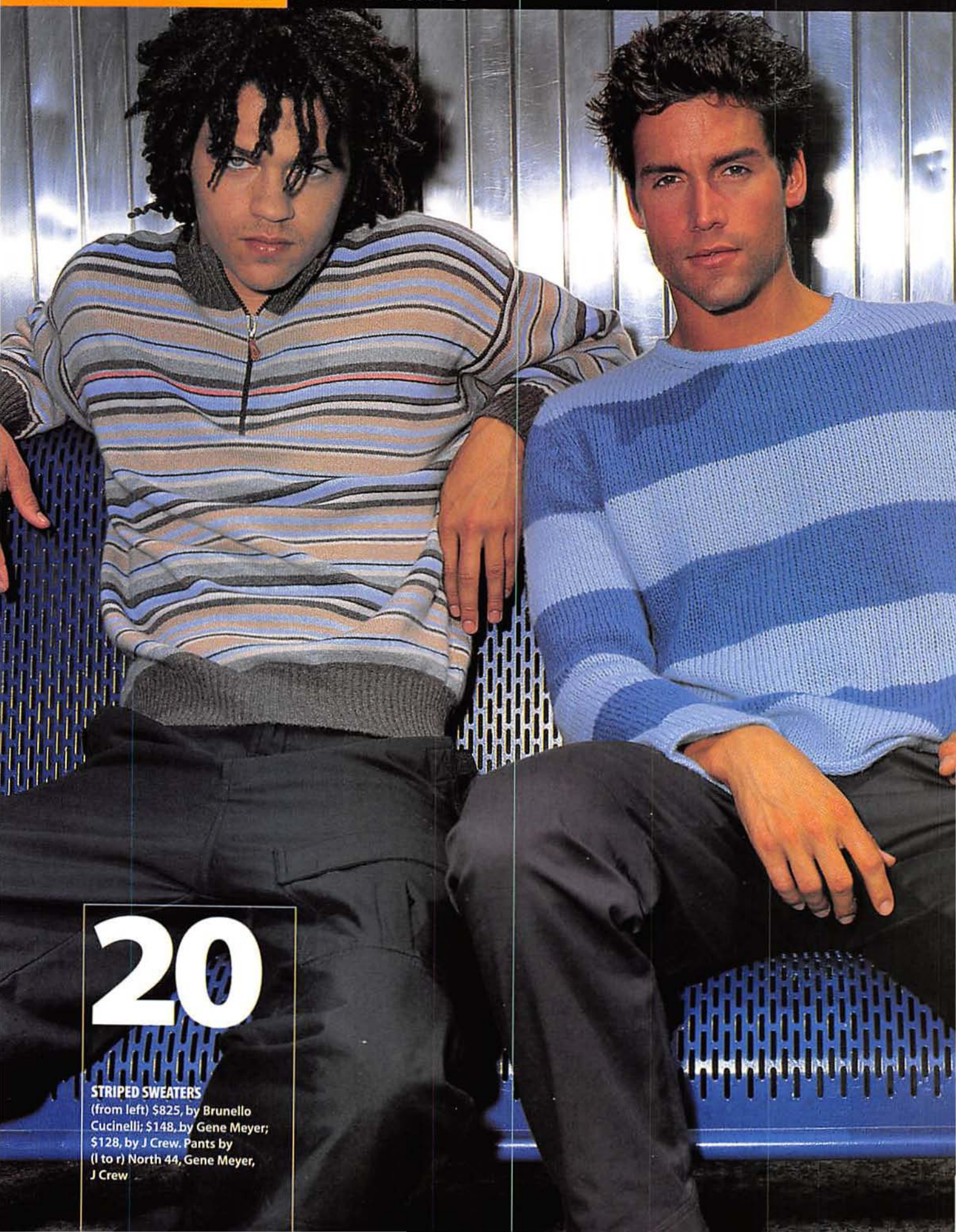
22

A TWO-BUTTON SUIT
$1,695, by Baldessarini Hugo Boss. Shirt by Baldessarini Hugo Boss



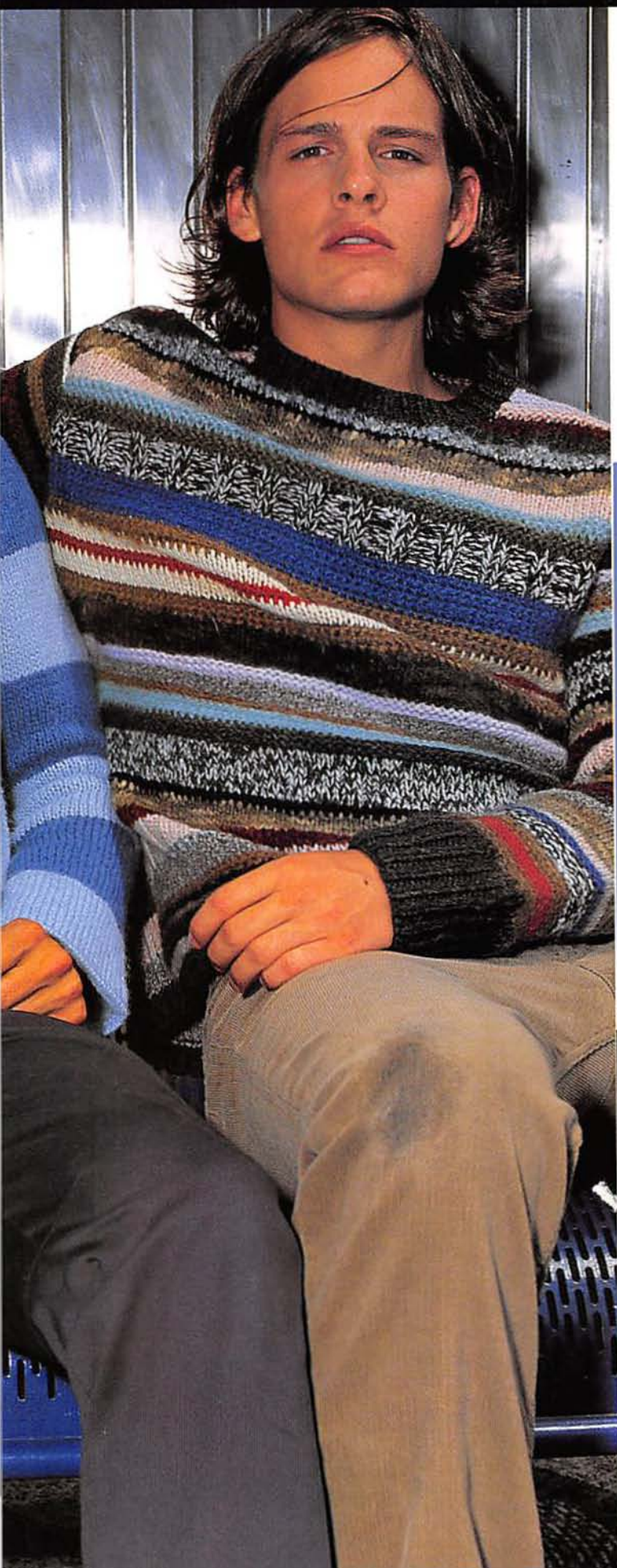
21

A PULLOVER
Mock turtleneck sweater, $125, by Polo Sport Ralph Lauren.



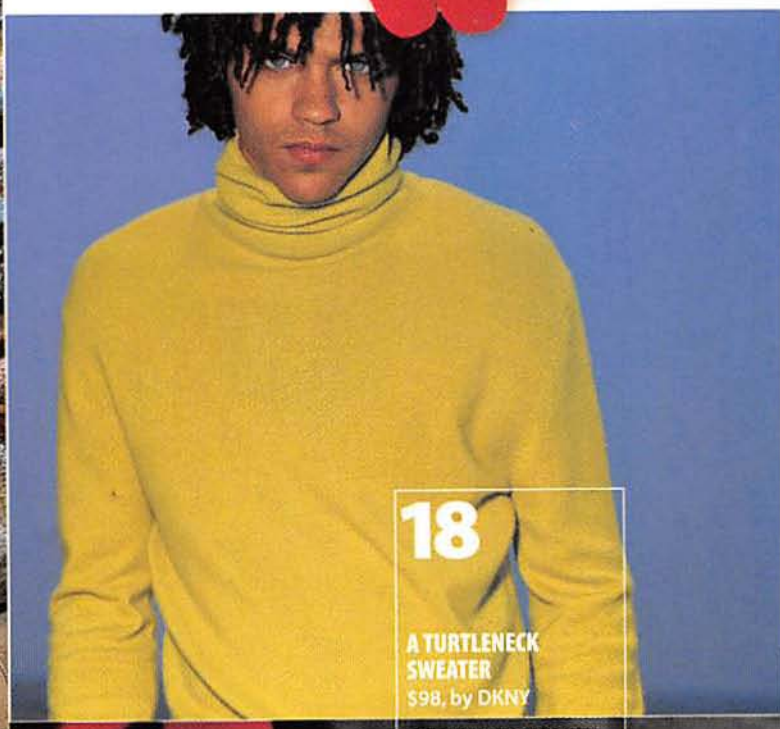
20

STRIPED SWEATERS
(from left) $825, by Brunello Cucinelli; $148, by Gene Meyer; $128, by J Crew. Pants by (l to r) North 44, Gene Meyer, J Crew



19

TOUGH GLOVES
$20, by Ecko



18

A TURTLENECK SWEATER
$98, by DKNY

CELL-PHONE HOLDER
$25, by Body Glove

17

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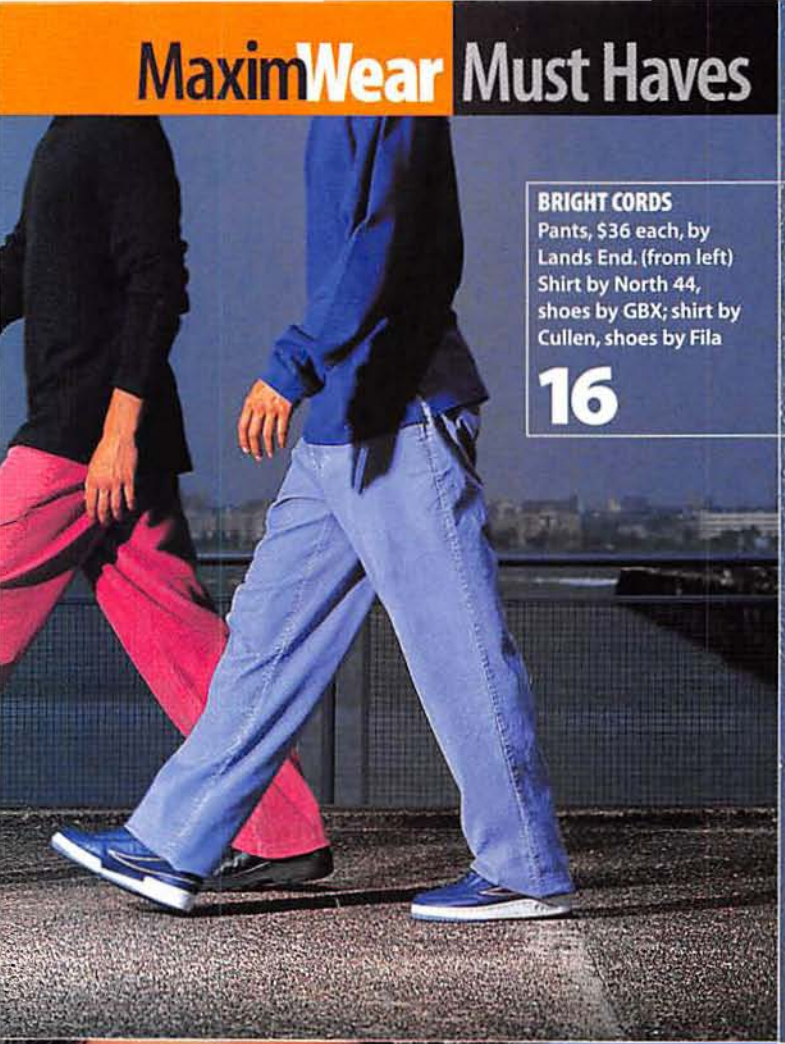
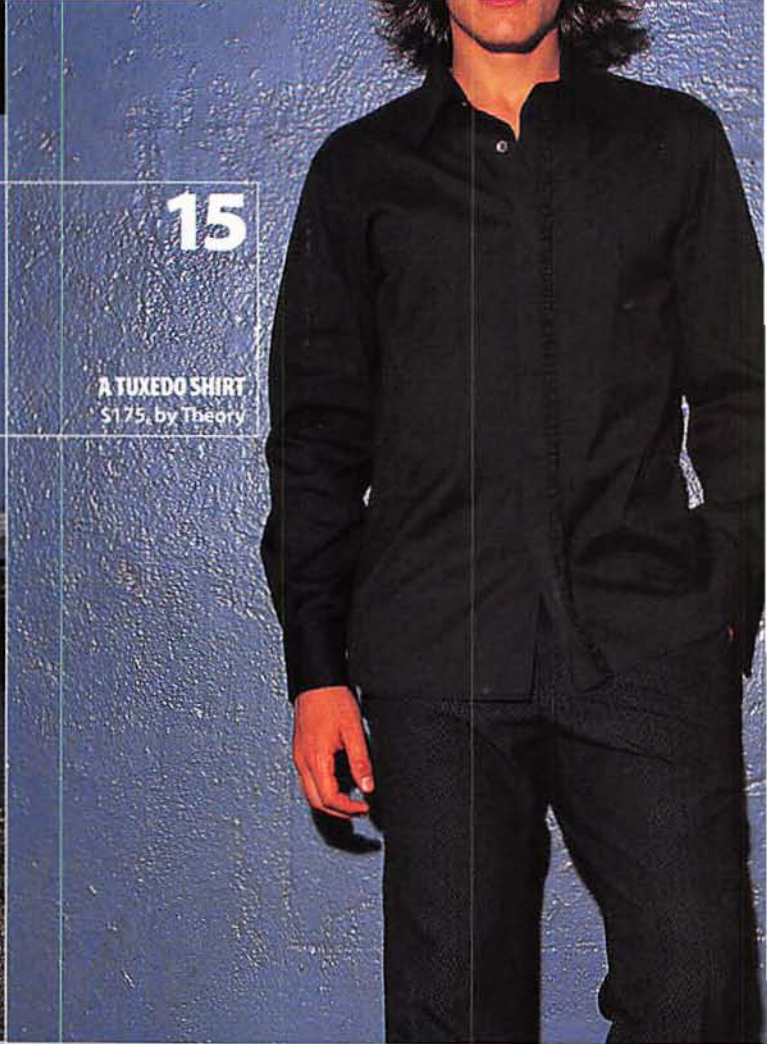


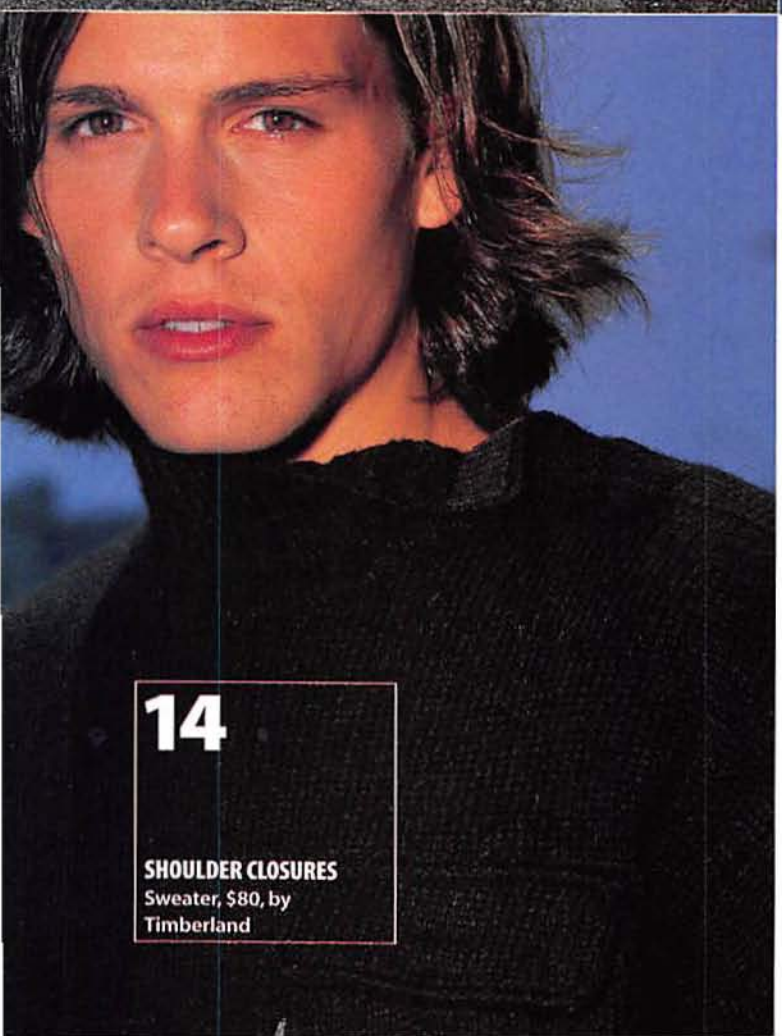
BRIGHT CORDS
Pants, $36 each, by Lands End. (from left) Shirt by North 44, shoes by GBX; shirt by Cullen, shoes by Fila

16



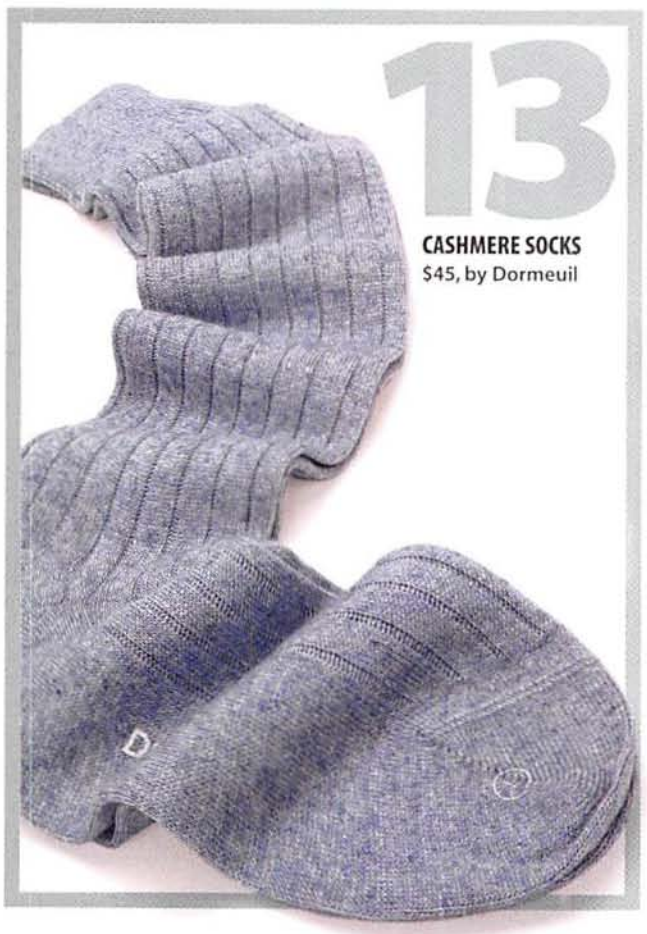
15

A TUXEDO SHIRT
$175, by Theory



14

SHOULDER CLOSURES
Sweater, $80, by Timberland



13

CASHMERE SOCKS
$45, by Dormeuil

12

EXTRA-LONG SCARVES
(from left) $88, by Gene Meyer; $85, by BCBG Max Azria Menswear; $96, by NYBased. Shirt, coat, and pants, all by Gene Meyer; shoes by Donald J. Pliner. Sweater, pants, and boots, all by BCBG Max Azria Menswear. Sweater, pants, all by NYBased; shoes by GBX

MaximWear Must Haves

11

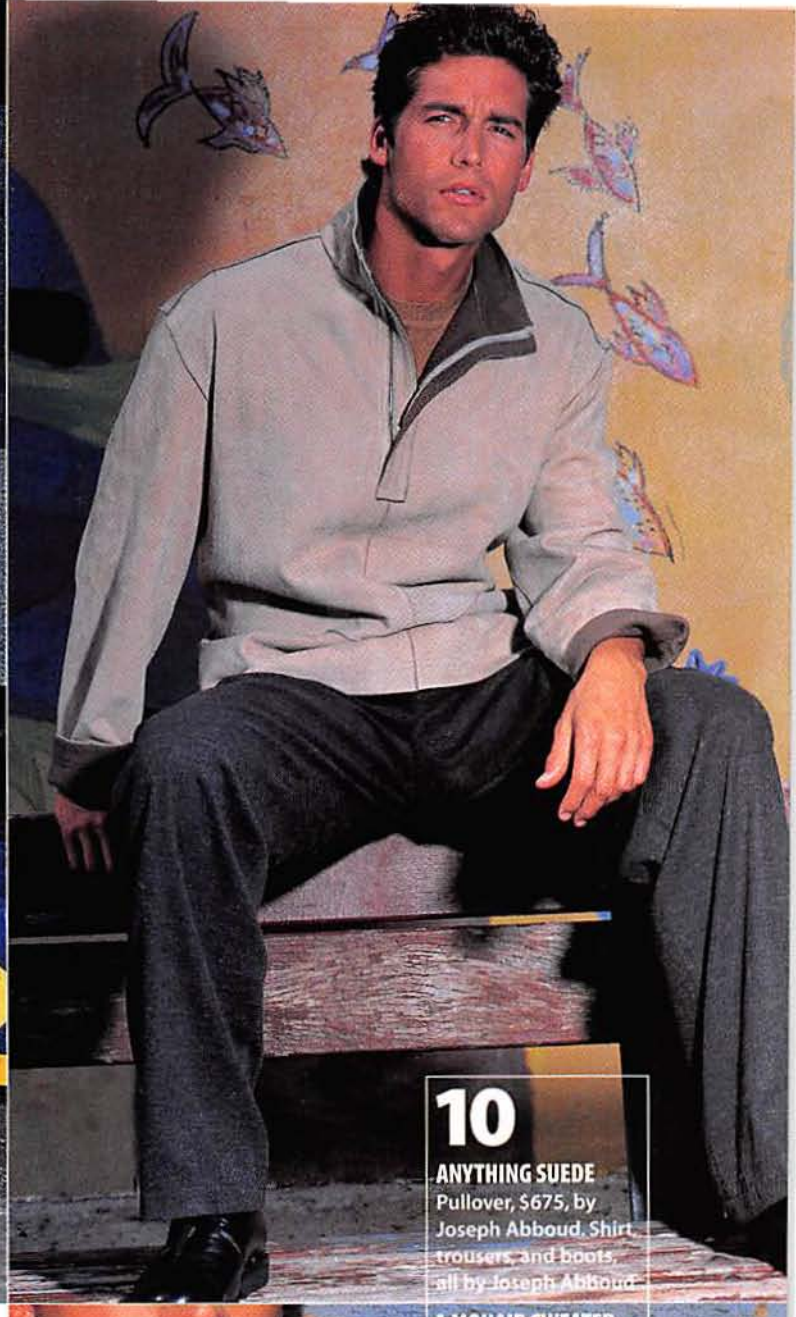
OLD-SCHOOL SNEAKS
(from left) $36, by Reebok; $60, by Fila; $55, by Puma; Jeans by Mavi, American Eagle Outfitters, and Todd Oldham Jeans

9

MODERN TIES
(from left) $40, by Claiborne; $45, by Wilke-Rodriguez

GEOMETRIC CUFF LINKS
$125, by Duchamp

8

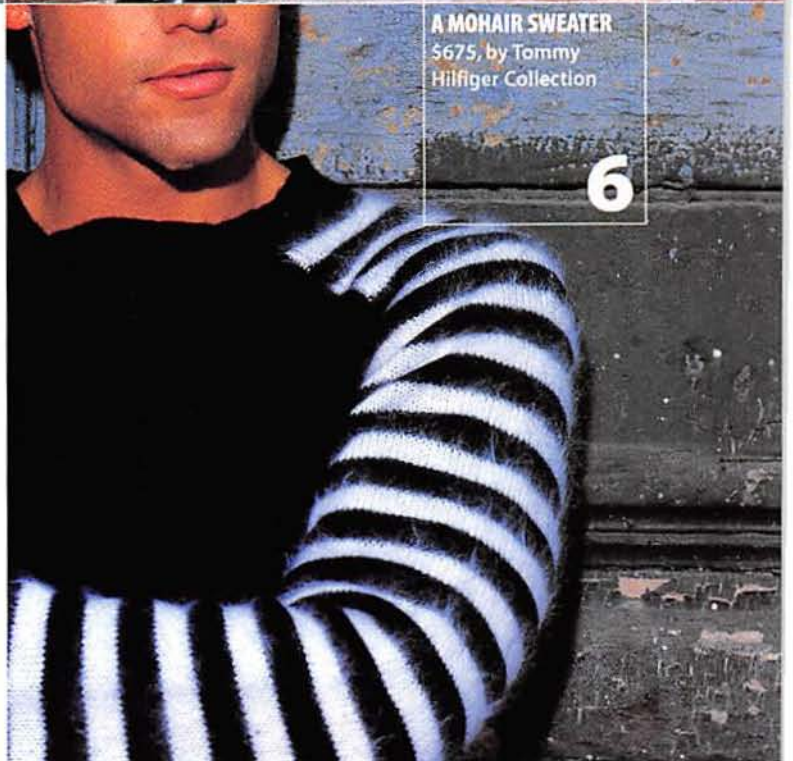


10

ANYTHING SUEDE
Pullover, $675, by Joseph Abboud. Shirt, trousers, and boots, all by Joseph Abboud.

7

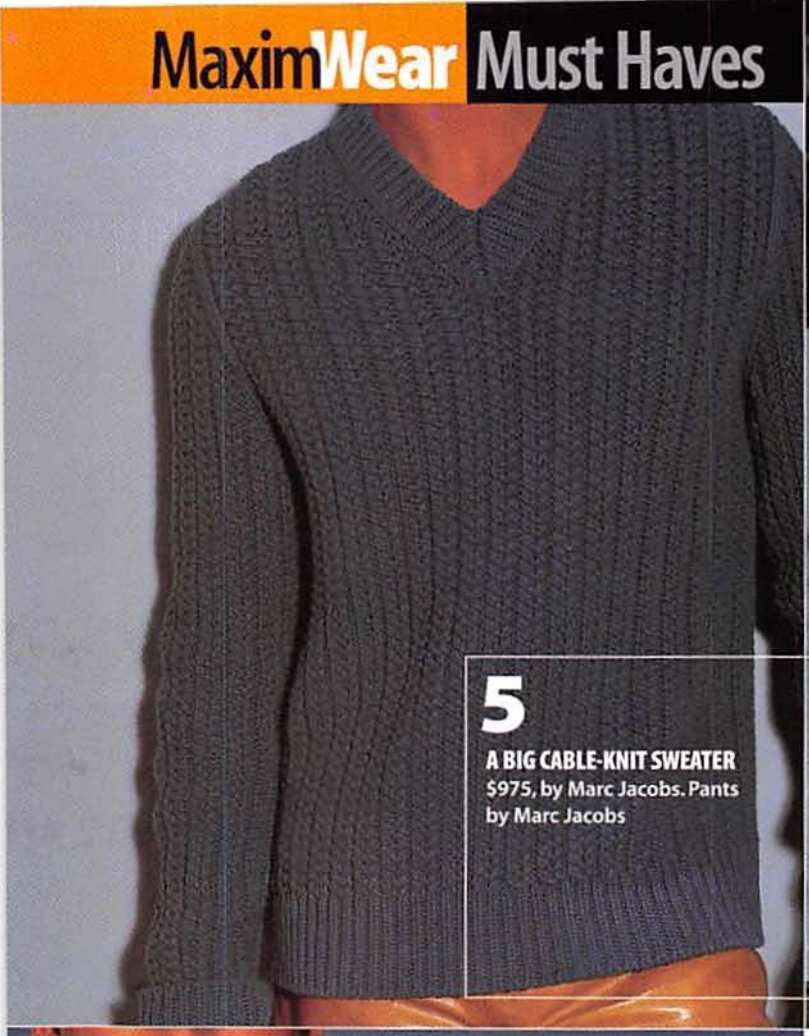
A TRAVEL BAG
$395, by Swiss Army



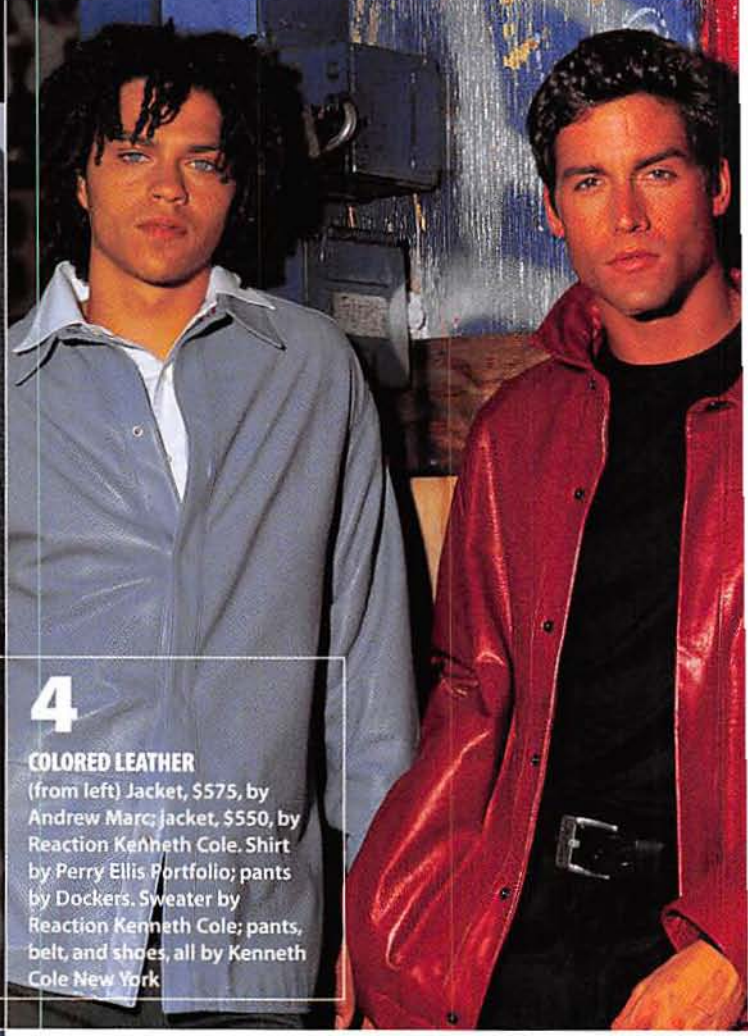
A MOHAIR SWEATER
$675, by Tommy Hilfiger Collection

6

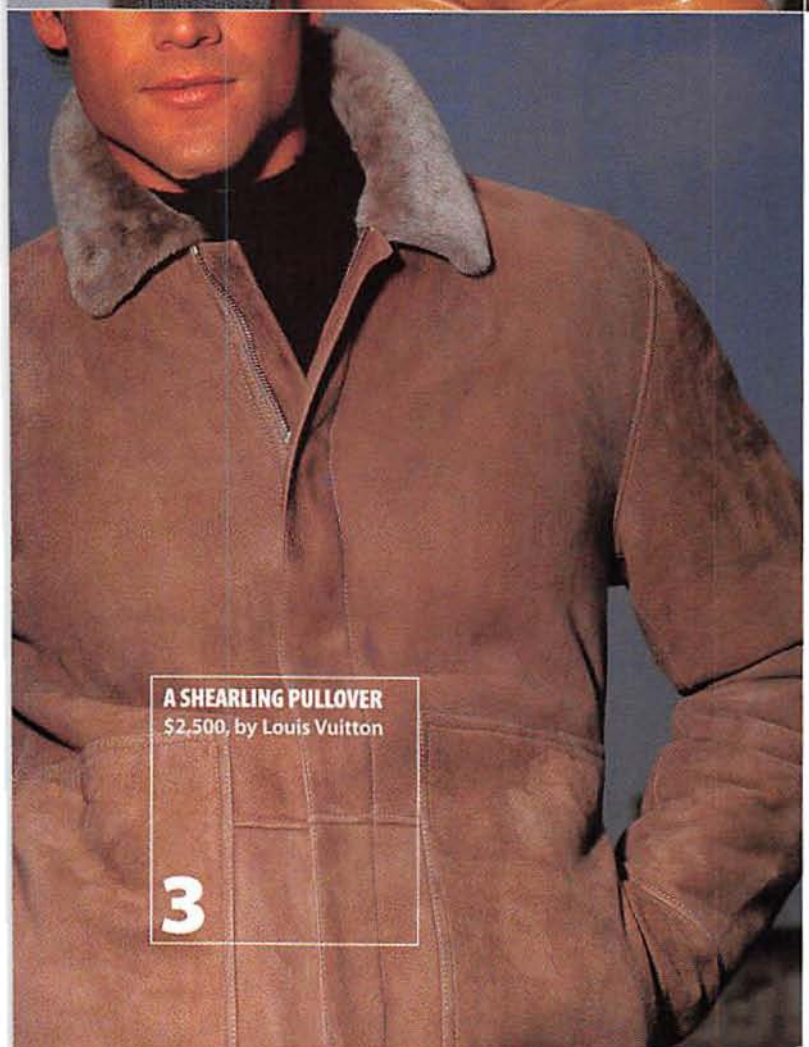
MaximWear Must Haves



5
A BIG CABLE-KNIT SWEATER
$975, by Marc Jacobs. Pants by Marc Jacobs



4
COLORED LEATHER
(from left) Jacket, $575, by Andrew Marc; jacket, $550, by Reaction Kenneth Cole. Shirt by Perry Ellis Portfolio; pants by Dockers. Sweater by Reaction Kenneth Cole; pants, belt, and shoes, all by Kenneth Cole New York



3
A SHEARLING PULLOVER
$2,500, by Louis Vuitton

2
ANYTHING REVERSIBLE
Vest, $60, by White Sierra

new

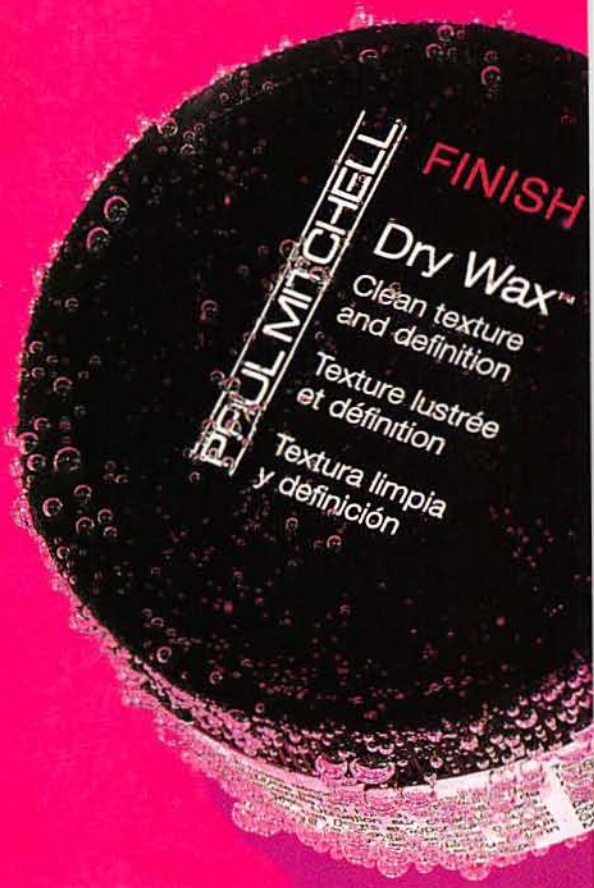


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Photo: Richard Avedon | Hair: A Robert Chomiany Salon Team

1

SQUARE-FACE WATCHES
(from left) TXL, $350, by Tissot; Monaco Re-edition, $2,450, by Tag Heuer

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Chairman Gert Boyle

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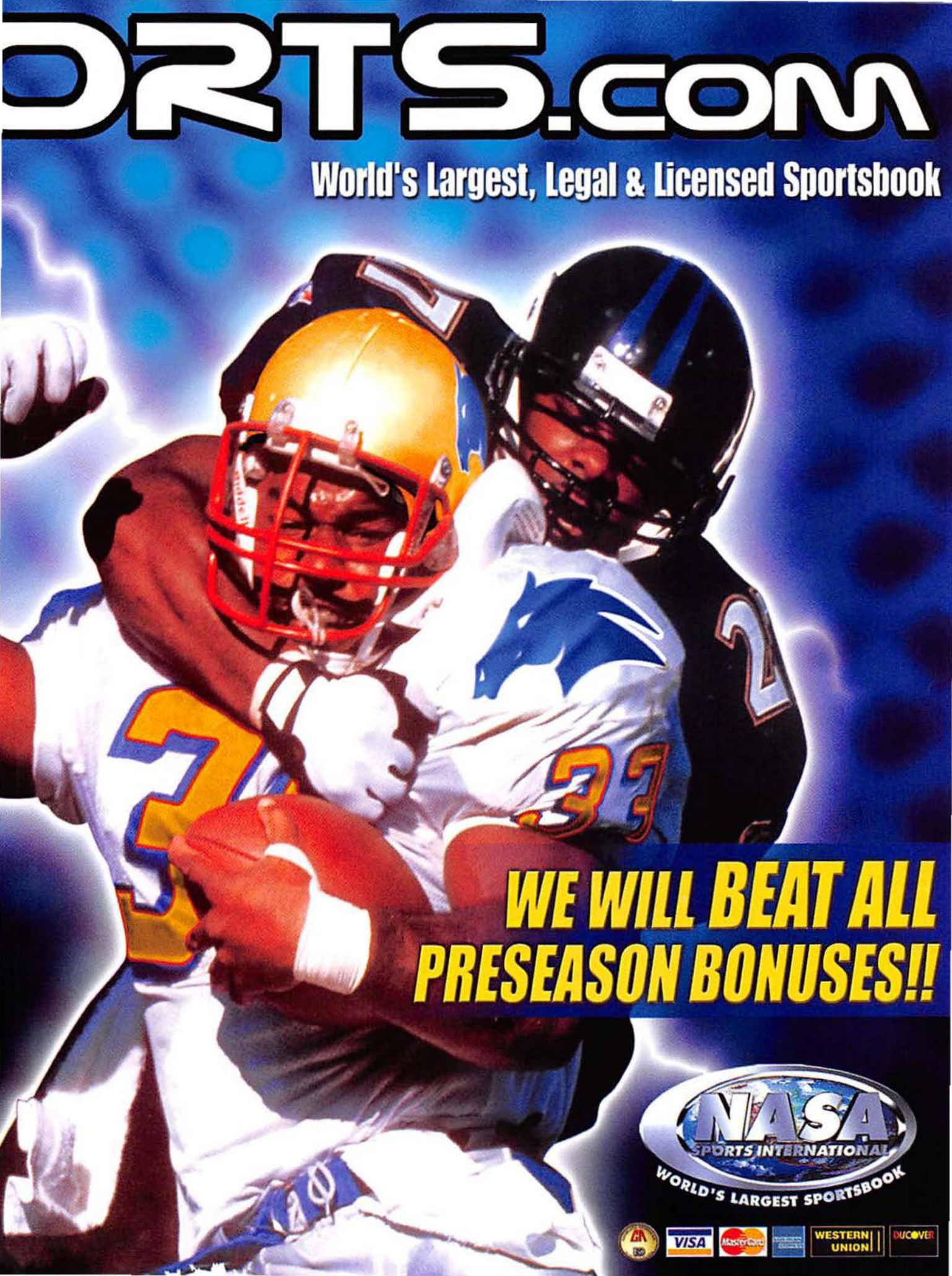
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- Your own killer movie studio. Action! p. 244

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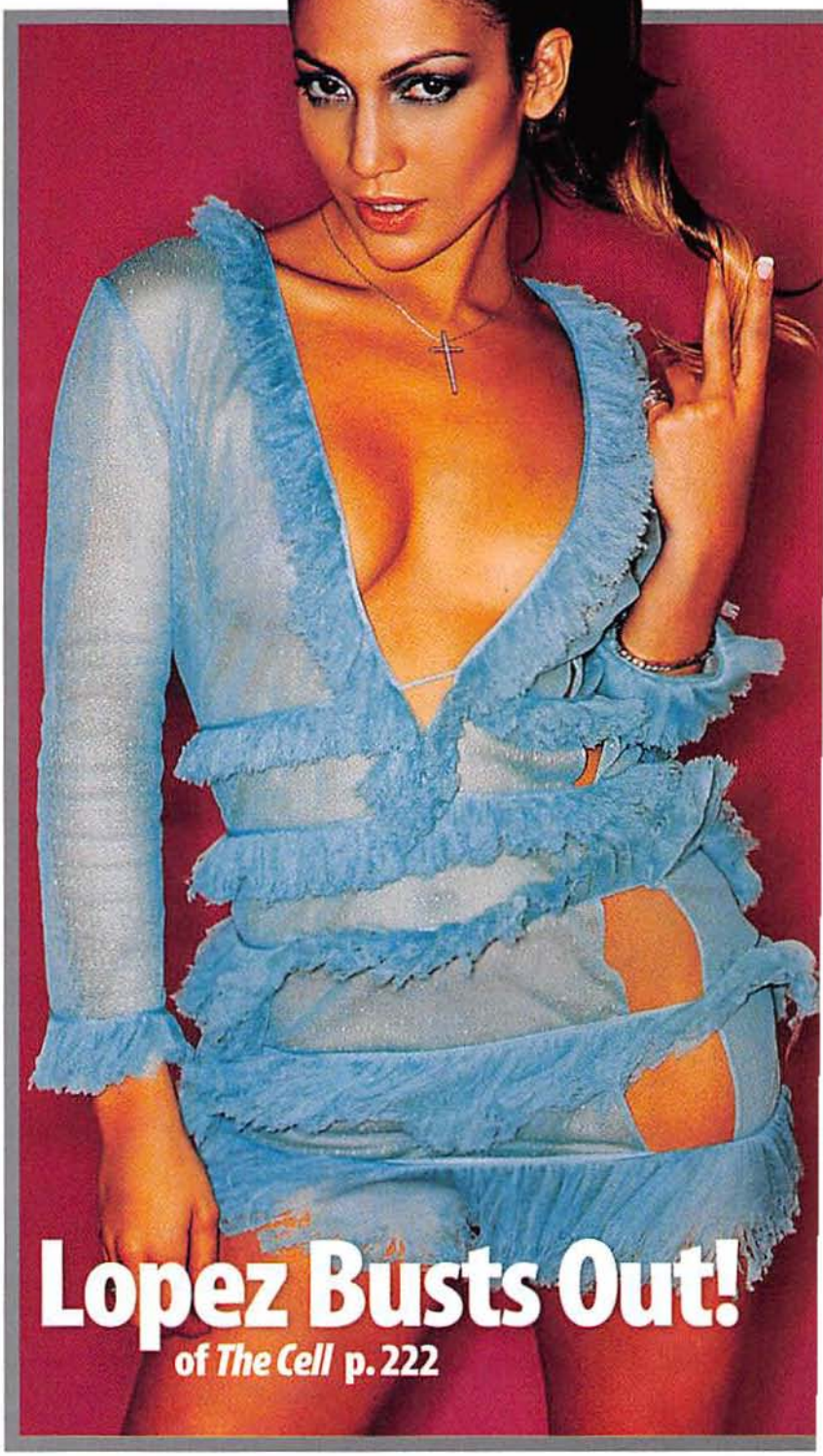
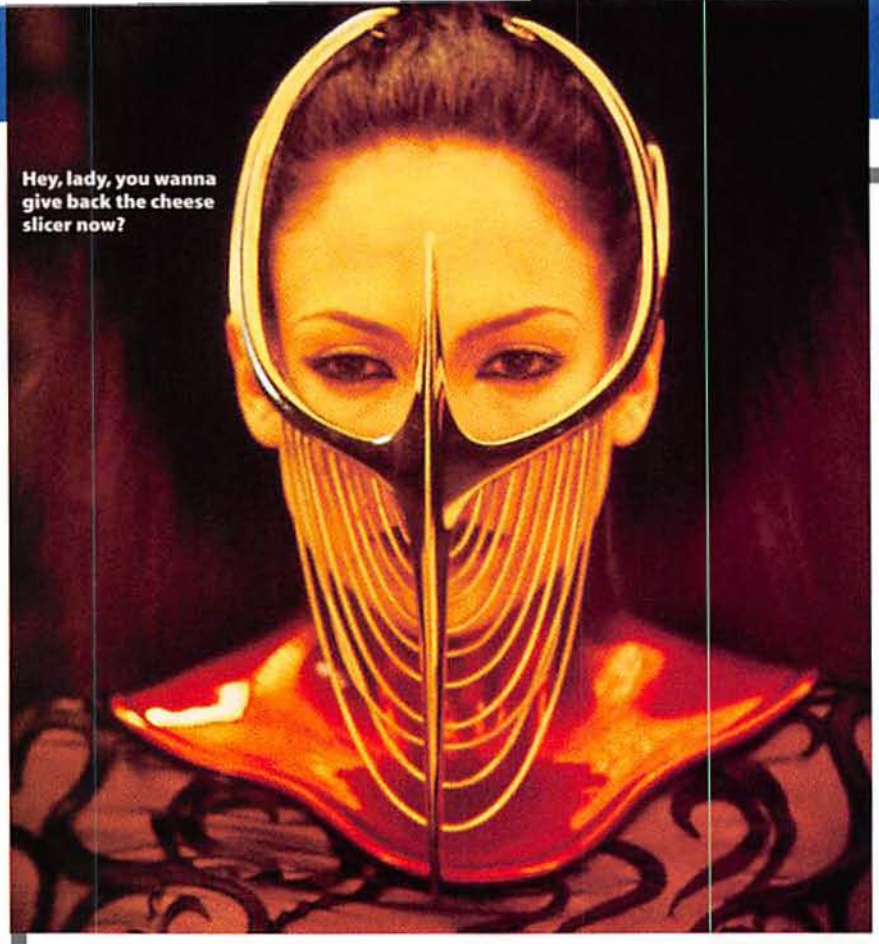


Lopez Busts Out!

of *The Cell* p. 222



Hey, lady, you wanna give back the cheese slicer now?

PICTURE THIS

The Cell

Jennifer Lopez takes a journey inside the twisted mind of a comatose serial killer. Funny, we can't seem to get her out of our heads, either.

What do you get when you cross *The Silence of the Lambs* with *A Nightmare on Elm Street*? A psychological thriller chockfull of the most surreal imagery this side of a Dennis Hopper flashback. What do you get when you toss in the mind-bending Jennifer Lopez? Something we'll line up to see.

Lopez plays Catherine Deane, a sexy psychologist who is experimenting with a radical drug therapy that enables her to enter a patient's psyche and literally experience what is happening in his unconscious mind. That's OK when she's poking around in some ailing kid's Romper Room of a subconscious, but when we switch gears to an FBI takedown of ingenious serial killer Carl Stargher, played with Hannibal Lecter–caliber menace by Vincent D'Onofrio (who you probably last saw as *Men in Black*'s evil space roach), we just know that the mental manure is about to get deep.

Sure enough, Stargher winds up in a coma. So zealous G-man Peter Novak (Vince Vaughn) convinces Catherine to take a little trip into the monster's slumbering synapses to discover the location of his last victim, hidden and helpless and with only hours to live. Instead of the dandelions and frolicking puppies you'd expect to find in a sexual sadist's cranium, Catherine encounters terrifying apparitions that threaten her sanity (sort of like an Alice in Dungeonland). These eye-popping sequences, jammed with lavish sets, bizarre visuals, and disorienting camera techniques, come courtesy of Tarsem, a one-name director tackling his first feature after making his mark with surreal music videos.

As Catherine confronts each of the predator's five alter egos, she becomes seduced by his dark world and in danger of losing her grip on reality. By the time she enters the lair of the Stargher King, a man-beast with a pierced spine, she has morphed into a slinky vamp with a preference for S&M garb. (Too bad the killer doesn't have a fantasy about a topless beach.) With all the outlandish distractions, it's a credit to Lopez's talent that she keeps us focused on her journey through this freaky mindscape. Now if we could just go inside *her* head and figure out this whole Puff Daddy thing. (New Line Cinema, August 18)

"Talk to the hand, 'cause the butt ain't listening."

FLICK FLAK

Mind Trips

Buy a ticket to the cinema asylum with some of our favorite twisted visions.

In *The Cell,* Jennifer Lopez squeezes into someone else's psyche, luscious curves and all. But the movies have been letting us stow away on other folks' private trips for years, even without the benefit of mind-altering drugs. Cool, huh?

1. JACOB'S LADDER (1990) Vietnam-vet mailman Tim Robbins may or may not be a corpse, which will fuck with your head plenty, never mind the flashbacks. **Brain bender:** Disoriented by a party strobe light, Jacob watches a faceless head go exorcistic. Whoa—did his date arrive wearing a reptilian tail wrapped around her legs? **Reality bite:** "I'm not dead, I'm alive. I'm not dead, I'm alive..."

2. THE BIG LEBOWSKI (1998) When the Dude (Jeff Bridges) sips a spiked White Russian, he lands in the white-trash wonderland of his dreams. **Brain bender:** Let's go bowling! Saddam Hussein rents the shoes, and the Dude floats down a magic alley, straddled by show girls. Only the red-spandex-wearing Germans trying to castrate him with giant scissors harsh his mellow. **Reality bite:** "I just dropped in to see what condition my condition was in."

3. TRAINSPOTTING (1996) A Scottish junkie (Ewan McGregor) kicks heroin the old-fashioned way: by being locked in his room and seeing shit that'd turn Scott Weiland into a Baptist. **Brain bender:** Moving trains on the wallpaper are fun, but a demonic baby crawling across the ceiling reminds you of smack's, um, downsides. **Reality bite:** *[in Scottish accent]* "Ahhhhhh! Don't! Ahhhhhh! Don't, don't! Ahhhhhh!"

4. THE WIZARD OF OZ (1939) Dorothy (and her little dog, too!) takes a twister ride to fantasyland. **Brain bender:** Talking trees, singing Munchkins, and dancing scarecrows. Oh, and an attack of airborne bellhop monkeys. Freakin' flying monkeys! **Reality bite:** "They tore my legs off and threw them over there." "Well, that's you all over!"—*Brian Rosenkrans*

PREVIEWS	FILM	STARS	STORY	SEX & VIOLENCE	WE SAY
	The Crew (Touchstone) Release date: August 25	Burt Reynolds, Richard Dreyfuss, Jennifer Tilly	Retired wisegeezers sunning their guts in Miami scheme to keep yuppies from taking over their building, and—*mamma mia!*—piss off a local drug lord in the process.	A few scantily dressed supermodels here, a few guns there, but less skin and sin than in your average episode of *The Sopranos*.	Luca Brasi sleeps with the fishes. No, wait, he sleeps through this movie.
	Art of War (Warner Bros.) Release date: August 25	Wesley Snipes, Marie Matiko	A super-duper secret agent framed for murder goes undercover with a beautiful translator to stop a conspiracy—and shoot bad guys.	Actually, they thought about calling it *The Art of Sex & Violence*, but *War* just had a certain ring.	Retreat! Hmm, a big bullets-and-explosions action pic released *after* the summer. Smells like a real loser.
	The Watcher (Universal) Release date: September 8	Keanu Reeves, James Spader, Marisa Tomei	An FBI agent (Spader) fails to catch a cunning serial killer (Reeves) in L.A., only to have the sick fuck follow him to Chicago and start the game again.	It's Chicago in the winter, so everybody keeps their clothes on. Sadistic killers have a hard time not being violent.	Spader and Reeves? Dude, sounds like somebody is trying to make the most laid-back serial-killer thriller of all time. Dude.
	Bait (Warner Bros.) Release date: September 15	Jamie Foxx, David Morse, Kimberly Elise	Heisting shrimp is petty thief Foxx's style until he learns where some stolen gold is stashed and has to deal with G-men, family, and crooks who want a piece of the action.	Jaime gets more tail than Urkel, less than Shaft. Does anybody in this movie not have a gun?	OK, we'll bite. Normally we'd toss this action-comedy minnow back, but there ain't many big fish in the sea this month.
	Urban Legends: Final Cut (Columbia) Release date: September 22	Jennifer Morrison, Matthew Davis, Joseph Lawrence, Anson Mount, Eva Mendes	A mysterious killer picks off pretentious college film majors making a thriller about urban legends. Apparently that's still illegal in some states.	All our favorite urban legends contain sex and violence...or gerbils.	Our college roommate's cousin knows a guy at the studio, and it turns out that the executive who green-lighted this sequel was actually an escaped mental patient.
	Nurse Betty (USA) Release date: September 22	Renée Zellweger, Morgan Freeman, Chris Rock, Greg Kinnear	A housewife shell-shocked by her husband's murder decides her favorite soap opera is real.	There's more sex on *As The World Turns*. Rookie hit man Rock gets a little overzealous and scalps a living victim.	Stick out your tongues and say, "Ah-h-h." The soap-opera plot had us feeling sickly, but the Freeman-Rock scenes made the medicine go down a lot easier.

EJECTION SEAT

The Rents

Rewind? No problem. Be kind? They wish.

Planet of the Apes: The Evolution Better stock up on bananas, install a tire swing, and settle in for a monkey-movie marathon, because those damn dirty apes are swinging by in all five flicks, available for the first time in a DVD boxed set. (August 15)

Supernova James Spader, Robin Tunney, Angela Bassett, and Lou Diamond Phillips battle a mysterious alien entity in deep space. What does this umpteenth *Alien* spawn have in common with a real supernova? They both blow. (August 22)

The Next Best Thing Just because we can't stop Madonna from making babies in real life doesn't mean we have to watch her do it in this box-office diaper load. (August 29)

Any Given Sunday Oliver Stone's frenetic look at sex, drugs, and egos in pro football hits so hard, it probably gave you a concussion in the theater. So rent one for The Gipper. Helmet not included. (September)

Mission to Mars How boring is this sci-fi flotsam starring Tim Robbins and Gary Sinise as astronauts on a rescue mission to the red planet? You'll actually pray for a Jar Jar Binks cameo. (September 12)

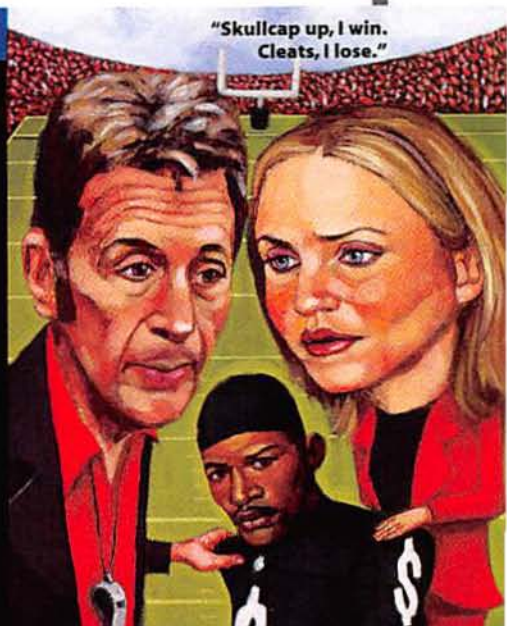


Illustration: Shawn Barber

"Ahh, Godzilla, save Tokyo from Polyestra!"

Fastball

The Harsh Light of Day (Hollywood)

You meet a smokin'-hot stewardess, and she's winging back to your town next week—on the same night you already promised to drive your Aunt Thelma to bingo. Yep, timing is everything. If you doubt that, just look at Austin, Texas, trio Fastball: Their 1996 debut barely made it out of the batter's box, but their 1998 followup, *All the Pain Money Can Buy*, driven by the catchy hit single "The Way" and released after Matchbox 20 made radio safe for sharp-dressing alternative acts, hit a multi-platinum home run. (Yeah, the baseball metaphors are easy, but when you name yourself Fastball, you're asking for it.) *The Harsh Light of Day* provides more of the same for fans, but with enough of a curve to appease critics—call it a sequel rather than a remake. This 12-song disc is rich in palatable pop songs with catchy hooks, such as the engaging "You're An Ocean," the harmony-rich, Beach Boys–influenced "Funny How It Fades Away," the guitar-heavy "Morning Star," and the rhythmic '50s throwback "Love Is Expensive and Free." Fastball's timing may not be as perfect as it was in '98, now that rap-rock fusion is kicking the crap out of guitar bands on the charts, but they don't need to worry about getting sent back to the minors yet.
—*Steve Baltin*

Underworld

Everything, Everything (JBO/V2)

A live album by an electronic act seems to promise all the thrill of listening to a magic act on the radio, but techno veterans Underworld pull it off. Actual musical instruments help, even if the primary goal of *Everything, Everything* is to pump the party with a frenetic beats-per-minute pace that would give Tae-Bo guru Billy Blanks a massive coronary. Captured live at festivals and clubs, propulsive cuts such as "Cups" and "Pearls Girl" grow even more anthemic here. The only thing missing is a techno version of "Free Bird" for the encore.—*S.B.*

Jo Dee Messina

Burn (Curb)

Messina takes Donny and Marie's little-bit-country-little-bit-rock'n'roll formula to its logical conclusion. A collection of uplifting somebody-done-somebody-wrong songs, *Burn* finds Messina hanging her comely drawl (not bad for a Massachusetts girl) on superslick hooks. Though her no-nonsense alto *is* a marvel, Nashville's current fixation with '80s pop (blame Billy Joel–lovin' Garth Brooks) makes "Dare to Dream" sound like Genesis' "Invisible Touch" and "Saturday Night" sound like Rick Springfield's "Jessie's Girl." Hey, she just sings 'em.—*Bill Crandall*

The Twilight Singers

Twilight As Played By The Twilight Singers (Columbia)

Unwanted celibacy got you down, brother? Tired of your right hand being your best pal? Then kneel at the altar of your nearest record store and let the Twilight Singers show you the light. That's the gospel Afghan Whigs frontman Greg Dulli and friends preach on this side project, baptizing the faithful in 12 rhythmic songs of seduction. The result, evident on the hypnotic "Annie Mae" and the sparse guitars of "East 17th" is one of the sexiest rock records since Van Morrison was in his prime. Praise be! Hallelujah! Oo-o-h baby!—*S.B.*

Joan Osborne

Righteous Love (Interscope)

On her lo-o-o-ng overdue second album, the woman who had a hit five years ago by wondering out loud, "What if God was one of us?" has apparently found her inner R&B singer. *Righteous Love* is full of blue-eyed-soul numbers wanting to get your booty shaking. "Running Out of Time" and the rocking "Hurricane" might do just that, but Osborne's warbling vocals sound as if she's yodeling on top of a Swiss mountain. If this is what it would sound like if Slim Whitman and Aretha Franklin ever had a kid, thank God they didn't.—*Zack Rivers*

CD photographs, Robert Glasgow

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LL Cool J
G.O.A.T. (Greatest of All Time) (Def Jam)

Funny thing about innovators: To stick around they have to become imitators. Though LL Cool J's 1985 boom-box staple *Radio* showed today's emcees how to work a mike, it now sounds like a tinny nursery rhyme. To stay relevant, LL has gone surprisingly hard-core: representin' for his Rikers Island homeys, calling his *Any Given Sunday* costar Jamie Foxx a pussy, and boasting over electronica-fied beats and samples that his rhymes will "make your bitch's nipples as hard as rocks." But, hey, he's still a romantic (remember: Ladies Love Cool James) and makes naughty exercises such as "Hello" (a phone-sex dramatization) and "Imagine That" (with a chorus that's a dead ringer for Dr. Dre's "Still D.R.E.") downright stylish. Fresh? Hell, yeah. Innovative? Well, no.—*B.C.*

Willie Nelson
Milk Cow Blues (Island/Def Jam)

Country-outlaw icon Willie Nelson seems to have a cannabis-addled grin plastered on his dusty mug most of the time, but that doesn't mean he doesn't sing the blues. For this crossover celebration of feelin' bad, Willie rounds up a juke joint's worth of blues all-stars for assistance, including B.B. King, Jonny Lang, and Keb' Mo'. Together they remind us that the slow groove of "The Thrill Is Gone" and the boogie-woogie piano of "Kansas City" are timeless and can only gain a cool new dimension from Willie's idiosyncratic warble. A country legend doing a whole album of blues might seem strange, but the end result will put a tear in your beer all the same.—*S.B.*

Poe
Haunted (Atlantic)

Haunted is a musical roller coaster that makes the Cyclone look like a carousel. Poe, the alternative singer-songwriter who scored a hit in '96 by coyly telling audiences she wanted to "blow them...away," is finally back with her second album. And this time she's ready to blow your mind, with an ambitious disc dipped in Electric Kool-Aid. *Haunted* is as comfortable using acoustic guitars, like on the lovely "If I Were Here," as trippy dance beats, as on the stirring "Wild." Psychedelic in the vein of the Beatles' *Magical Mystery Tour*, *Haunted* may be the best mind-fuck you'll get all year—and you don't have to buy it dinner first.—*S.B.*

CD Photographs: Robert Galbraith

CLASSIC ALBUM PICK

Wyclef Jean

Bob Marley—*Legend* (1984)

When did you first hear it?
I guess it was at my dad's house, after we'd moved from Haiti to New York. We weren't supposed to listen to no reggae in the house, because my dad was a strict preacher.

We thought Bob Marley *was* God down in the islands.
Well, my dad smashed the radio a few times. I was real disappointed when he broke the radio while M.C. Hammer was playing, though. We were trying to do the M.C. Hammer dance, back when Hammer was hot. My dad walks in and was, like, "My house is a house of the Lord! We will not have this!" And he just picks up the radio and throws it out the window. Even now he *still* wants me to be a minister.

Jean: Stylish, safe from vampires

How old were you?
I was about 15, getting in trouble at school, doing what teenagers do. I was running with a bad bunch, stealing a lot, like a kleptomaniac. Bob Marley was that guy who seemed to be saying, "Hey, yo, yo, yo. This is not right. Get your life straight. You're too talented for this bullshit." That album just felt personal, like he was speaking straight to me.

So instead of shooting the sheriff, you grew up to become a musician, too.
Yeah. That's why I do what I do today.

Some people say you're actually stealing *from* Bob Marley.
Well, he's one of my idols, you know. When people compare me to Bob Marley, I be, like, *Word.*

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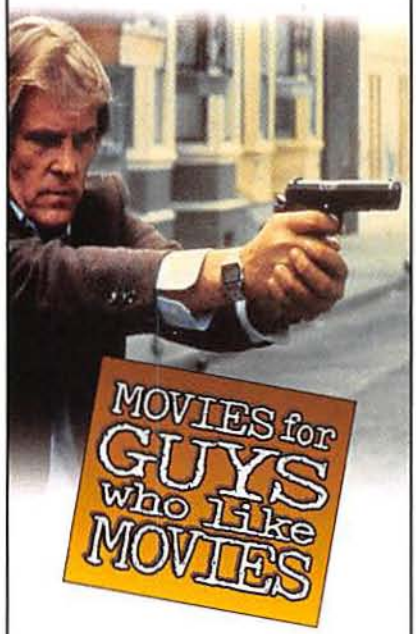

THURSDAY NIGHTS
Have Never Been More EXPLOSIVE.

Join George & Karyn for pistol whipping action, stunts and the 411 on the movies guys like.

THE SEPTEMBER MOVIE SCHEDULE

Programming subject to change.

9/7	10:35pm/et	Last Man Standing
9/14	8:05pm/et	Bloodsport
	10:15pm/et	Stone Cold
9/21	8:05pm/et	Crocodile Dundee
	10:15pm/et	The Rescue
9/28	10:05pm/et	48 Hours

It's a guy thing.

TBS SUPERSTATION

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It's not an Italian ski lift, but it'll have to do

OZONE PLAYER

Boom! with a View

Fly the unfriendly skies with these gravity-defying new video games.

Ah, to freely soar high above the clouded quilt of the heavens—and blast every friggin' thing in sight. If you're feeling the need for high-altitude speed, our radar has picked up three new games that make *Top Gun* look like *Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo*.

N GEN Racing

(Infogames—PlayStation)

Adrenaline junkies need look no further for their next big rush than this racing-game cloud-buster. In 2012 extreme sports take a G-force turn for the better, replacing shaggy snowboarders with cocky fighter pilots who jockey over dangerous terrain such as the peaks of Iceland. You start out in the cockpit of a weaponless trainer jet, competing against computer opponents to earn the loot to upgrade to 34 planes, each more powerful than the last, that let you *really* kick in the afterburners. Locked and loaded with gun cannons and missile launchers, you'll atomize enemies and snap-roll through their flaming debris as you work toward owning the awesome HIMAT V-Spec, a $300 million X-Fighter with stealth capabilities. And you thought passing minivans on the turnpike made you the man.

Gun Bird 2

(Capcom—Dreamcast)

Someone must've spiked the sake when they designed this hyperactive shoot-'em-up. Select one of seven freaky airborne characters—including a depressed robot and a blue-haired schoolgirl with a jet pack—and engage in a high-speed quest for a wish-granting elixir. Swooping from an Old West–style desert to a hidden ice cavern, you'll encounter pirate queens intent on foiling your mission—not to mention armed androids that would make C-3PO piss his brass britches. Amid a kaleidoscopic barrage of firepower that will have even nonepileptics foaming at the mouth, seek power-ups to increase your shooting abilities. Sometimes the visual assault becomes so chaotic, you may lose track of your on-screen location. Our advice: Fly blind and keep on shooting.

AeroWings 2: Air Strike

(Crave Entertainment—Dreamcast)

If World War III starts in the sky, it'll look a lot like this photorealistic 3-D combat flight simulator. As the game takes wing, you're prepped by a whole squad of instructors and quickly learn everything you need to know to engage in tactical missions—from basic takeoff and landing procedures to locking on to a bogey from miles away. Choose from more than 25 real-world Japanese and U.S. fighter jets, and blast your way from the academy to tackling combat missions over land and sea. Check your HUD (heads-up display) to maintain proper velocity, direction, and altitude during flight. Keep an eye on your radar screen for enemies, and employ evasive maneuvers to save your ass. Pray you don't run out of fuel before reaching friendly airspace. And welcome to the mile-high club. —*Avi Fryman*

"Arrgh, 'tis a spankin' ye want, eh?"

Kiss Psycho Circus: The Nightmare Child

(Gathering of Developers —Dreamcast, PC)

Kiss may be on their farewell tour (again), but Gene Simmons and his makeup-wearing cohorts still wanna rock'n'roll all night—and frag sideshow freaks every day. First-person-shooter action meets shock rock when a ball-busting gypsy crone summons you to save a surreal realm from a deity's evil spawn. Ditching guitars for cannons, beast claws, and thorn blades, our rock-star heroes (appropriately dubbed "the elders") pop in occasionally to furnish tips on wasting knife-wielding gimp clones and hideous arachni-clowns in a maze of claustrophobic corridors decorated with phony classic-rock memorabilia (sort of like a Hard Rock Cafe in Chernobyl). Enemies travel in packs thick as dorm-room roaches, so here's to wading knee-deep in severed heads and tentacles. Better hold that lighter high, Grandpa.—*Scott Steinberg*

Sydney 2000

(Eidos—PlayStation, Dreamcast, PC)

Why buy nosebleed seats to watch bearded Yugoslavian chicks dominate freestyle handball when you can bring the 2000 Summer Games home instead? Pick a country (go, U.S.A.!) and compete in 12 frantic, button-mashing feats of strength, speed, and endurance. Rapid-fire prods at the game pad produce impressive performance improvements, though you may need to soak your aching fingers in Ben-Gay later. Hammer throw, weightlifting, and javelin competitions are surprisingly fun (nothing beats lobbing lethal weapons and hoisting barbells like kegs of cheap beer), but the skeet shoot is a bore, not even allowing you to use your French opponent for target practice. Coaching is available for that extra edge, although winning the gold is actually kind of a breeze. Hmm...we can smell the Olympic Committee scandal already.—*S.S.*

GAME GEAR

Samsung SyncMaster 170MP

Some video-game junkies want a Mount Rushmore–size monitor for the ideal motion-graphics viewing experience. We're more interested in freeing up desk space for joysticks, Chinese takeout cartons, and our cherished collection of commemorative snow globes. That's why this four-inch-deep, flat-screen display is so cool. The 17-inch SyncMaster 170MP delivers respectable resolution and even offers a picture-in-picture function, so you can blast zombie aliens and surf porn sites at the same time. Now, that's multitasking. —*Alex Porter*

Flat, but so pretty

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SURF REPORT

Outta Sites

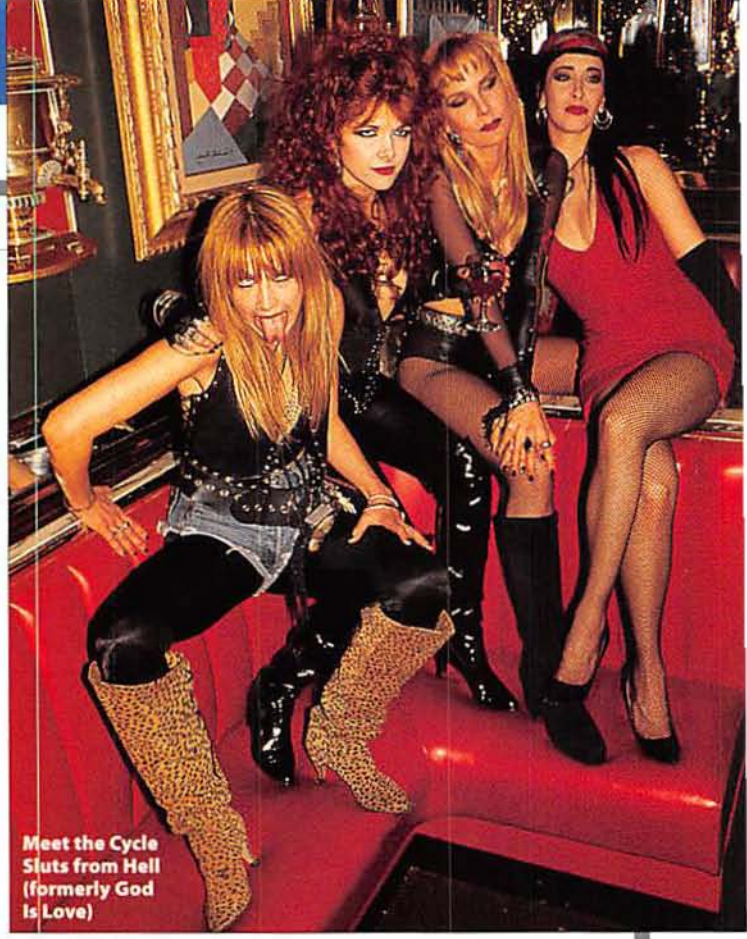
Oh, what a tangled Web they weave. We find the good stuff.

Meat the Neighbors!

At some point you no doubt found yourself wondering, *Just how long could a plate heaped with rotting meat sit in my neighbor's yard without him noticing and calling the police?* But alas, you lacked the spare time and intestinal fortitude to carry out such a profound experiment. Now, thanks to the really bored guy who runs the Stinkymeat Project, we can get a daily diary and photo journal of just such an undertaking. With subtle wit and a full-color digital camera, each day of his science project is lovingly chronicled in all its rotting, fetid glory as secretly placed raw ground beef, steak, and disturbingly resilient hot dogs are left to turn from appetizing entrée to putrefying plate o' rot capable of gagging a maggot (or at least one photojournalist) at 50 paces. Well done! (www.stinkymeat.net)

Hooter Vision

It used to be that mammary fans had to schlep to Mardi Gras, a Mediterranean beach, or Drew Barrymore's house to see exhibitionistic gals baring their boobs for free. The geniuses at Boobscan.com simply asked women to scan their pairs, included some helpful hints ("Place boobs gently on the scanner surface...You may feel a tingly sensation, depending on your scanner"), and waited. Now the site is up to its neck in dozens of anonymous knockers, from the merely perky to a few—"Lordy, she must know how to use PhotoShop"—eye-poppers, all lined up like showgirls in a Vegas dressing room. There's also an interactive component: After carefully studying the bazoom bonanza, you're invited to vote for your favorites of the month. Ah, democracy. (www.boobscan.com)



Meet the Cycle Sluts from Hell (formerly God Is Love)

Behind the Morons

Nothing is more embarrassing than naming your band Hitler Stole My Potato only to show up for a gig and find another group with the same moniker on the bill. That's where the Canonical List of Weird Band Names comes in handy. From Accidental Goat Sodomy to Zulu Leprechauns, this site shows the creativity of the drug-addled mind with more than 700 offbeat, totally real names. There's the clever (Go Nad Go, the Well Hungarians), the sexual (Whorehouse of Representatives, Aggressive Crotch Display), the twisted (Colon on the Cob, Pabst Smear), and even the cryptic (A Cat Born in an Oven Isn't a Cake). Sure, you'll question the cleverness of some, but at least they're better than Chumbawamba. (www.mcs.net/~shochber/bandname.html) —*Shane Mooney*

NET GAIN

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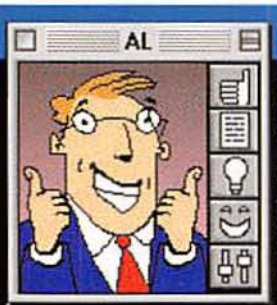
Cool crap you can use!

Radio Active

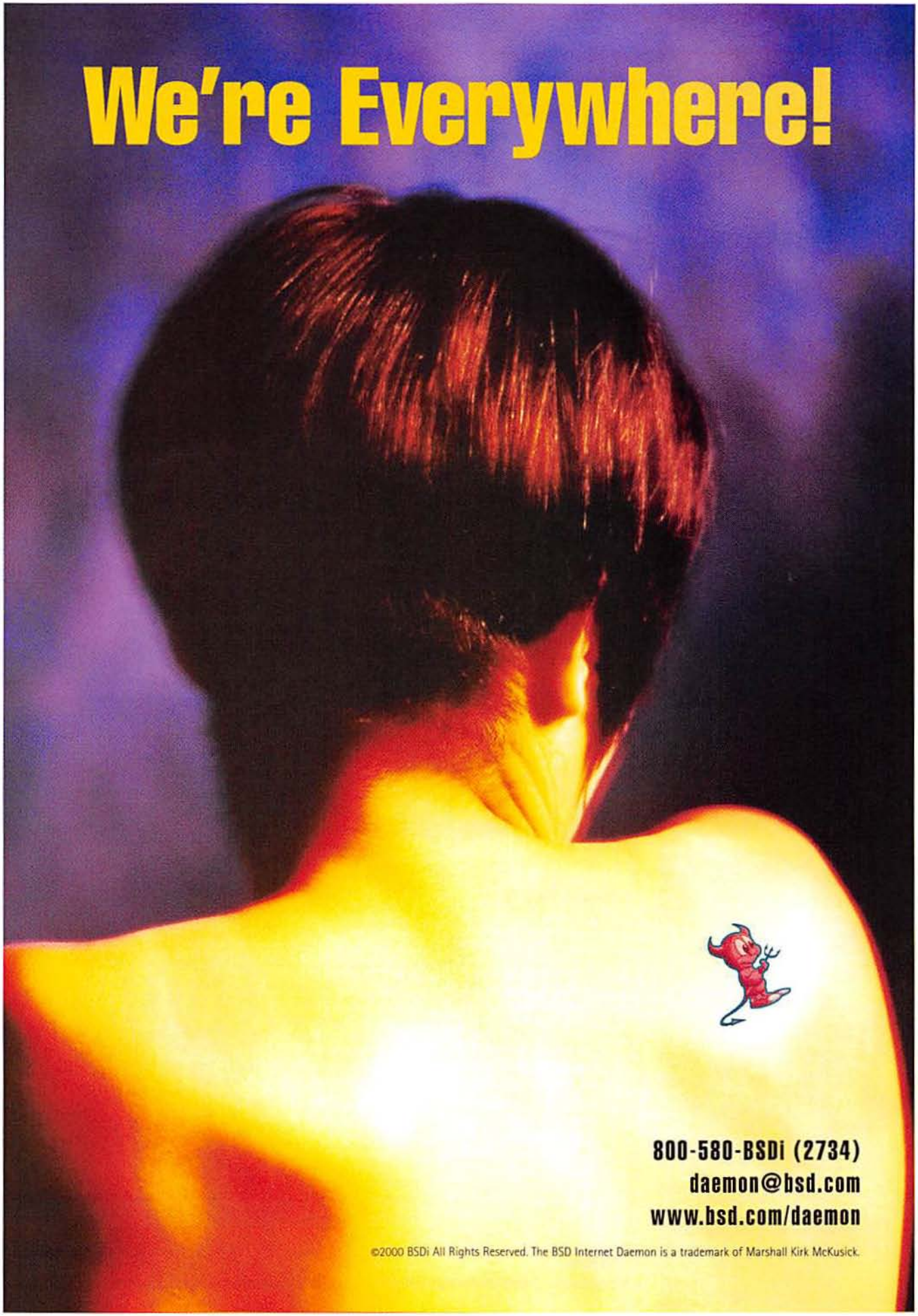
Even the fanciest stereo can only pick up a few dozen stations, and dammit, they're all playing 'N Sync. But through the wonders of the Internet (maybe you've heard of it), StationRadio enables your computer to tune in stations from all over the world, from the soothing beat of Lithuanian techno to the lulling chants that pass for Turkish pop music. More practical, it can pull in a live broadcast of a baseball game taking place two time zones away. Sure beats the bent-coat-hanger-antenna technology we've been using. (www.stationradio.com)

Virtual Lackey

Just because your current job title is Assistant Boot Licker at Big Losers, Inc. doesn't mean you can't have a groveling, underpaid peon of your very own. Just download Al Morale, an interactive cartoon suck-up who's eager to flatter you with praise, cheer your brilliant ideas ("Was that a power surge or just another one of your brainstorms?"), and even laugh at your lamest jokes with a click of the mouse. Once downloaded, your underling sits unobtrusively in a box in a corner of your desktop, ready to kiss major corporate ass the moment you need an ego boost. Just remember to clean those butt prints off your monitor. (www.almorale.com)



Fonzie sells out!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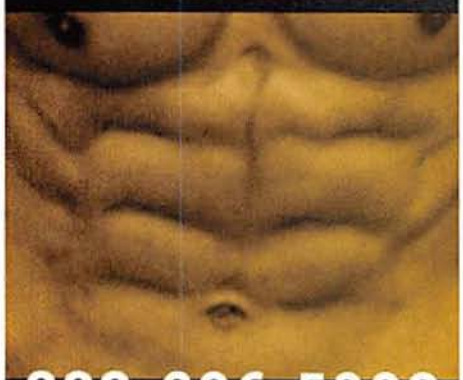

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Pagan Babies

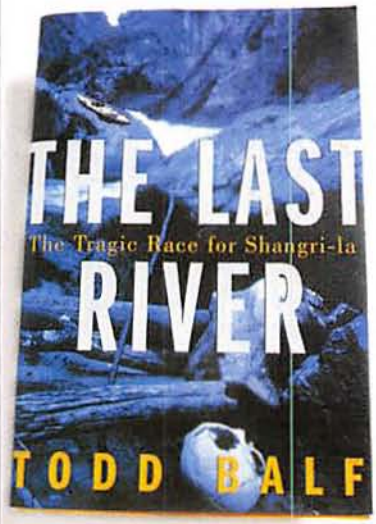
By Elmore Leonard (Delacorte Press, $24.95)

The cast of characters for *Pagan Babies* reads like a bad joke: A priest, an ex-con, and a mobster walk into a bar...The fun lies in finding out who lives to tell the punch line. Leonard, who wrote the book on crime novels (*Get Shorty, Out of Sight*), here creates his most morally ambiguous protagonist yet, Father Terry Dunn, a blaspheming padre who speeds up God's vengeance on genocidal butchers in Rwanda ("Rest in peace, motherfuckers," he says, like Dirty Harry with a rosary). Now he's in Detroit, raising money for orphans, until he meets Debbie, a sultry stand-up comic out on parole. They conspire to scam her ex-boyfriend and a mob boss of $250,000, but this being a Leonard plot, we're not sure who's double-crossing whom until the last page. Backstab 'em all and let God sort 'em out, we say. Or at least the god of hard-boiled fiction.—*Brian Rosenkrans*

The Last River: The Tragic Race for Shangri-la

By Todd Balf (Crown, $24)

Middle-aged thrill-seekers don't go to Disney World; they risk their asses in places like Tibet's Tsangpo River. Located beneath the highest point on the planet (the Himalayas) and within the deepest gorge, this remote spot extends a mighty call of the wild. This is the true story of two former Olympic kayakers, two army veterans, and one Ph.D. who challenged the ultimate white water in 1998. But if you've read its adventure-gone-bad cousins, *The Perfect Storm* and *Into Thin Air* (which do a superior job of mixing history and drama), you know that Mother Nature fights back like a WWF villain. When a monsoon claims the strongest paddler, the survivors are left to escape with their lives. Still, being stuck up shit creek without a paddle has to be better than getting your picture taken with Donald Duck.—*Steven Lee Beeber*

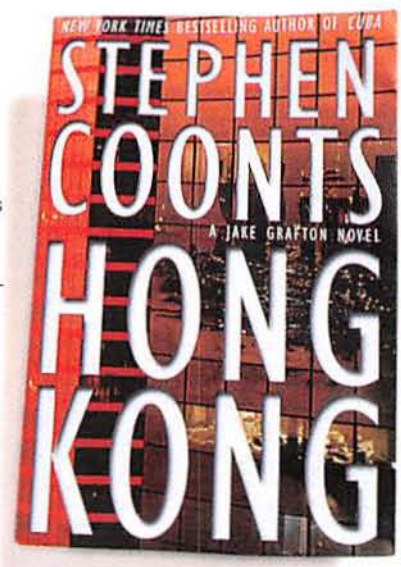


Hong Kong

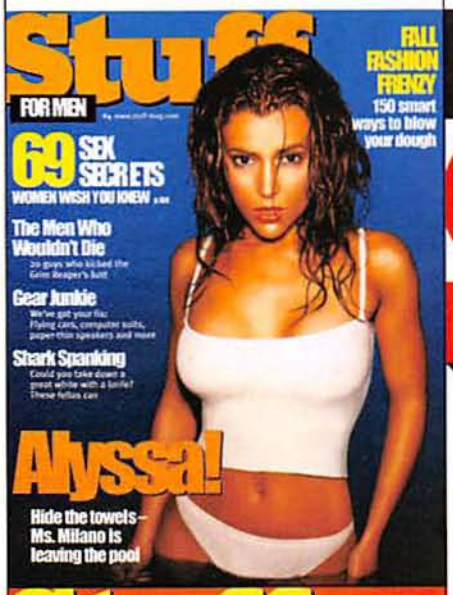
By Stephen Coonts

(St. Martin's Press, $25.95)

You say you want a counterrevolution? Well, all you need is a few computer hackers, some killer robots, and an evil Asian mafia. In best-selling thriller author Coonts' latest, CIA superspy Jake Grafton is back, this time battling the Red Chinese. The plot is convoluted, with an assortment of shady and idealistic characters working together to overthrow the newly installed commies in Hong Kong. But before the political intrigue gets too Tom Clancy-ish, our hero suddenly finds himself fending off an army of superintelligent robots who shred more human flesh than a pack of velociraptors trapped in a nursery school. Thank God for it. 'Cause while we might want to change the world, we don't want to do it while reading a spy thriller. In the end Coonts does the right thing and keeps his politics superficial and his body count high.—*S.L.B.*



Photographs, Robert Galspow



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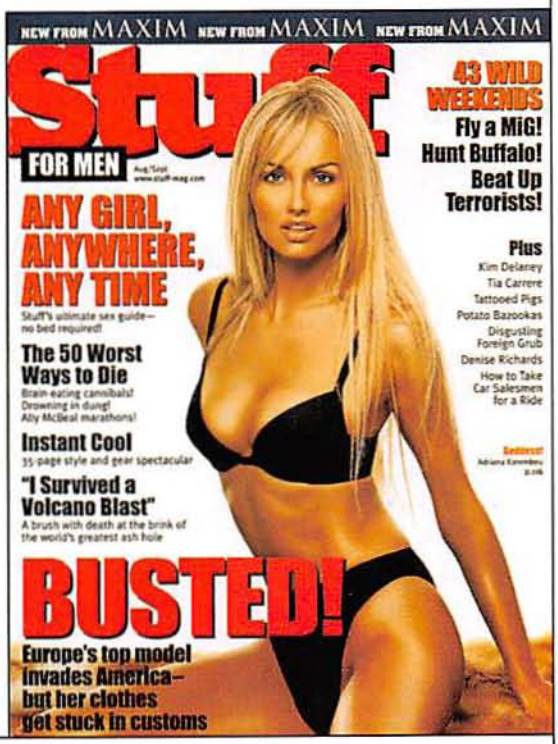

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It's true! A quick spray with D-Snore before bed and you'll **sleep like a baby** all night long! This amazing **fast-acting, all-natural** formula **instantly** moistens the membranes of the soft palette to allow **free and easy breathing that lasts.** Forget surgery, special pillows, and all the other contraptions--D-Snore is the safe, affordable solution you've been looking for.

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Clinical Studies boast an **84% success rate.** Studies also state that **people using D-Snore showed an increase in their deep sleep.** That means feeling more rested when you wake.

ACTUAL RESULTS TAKEN FROM THE CLINICAL STUDY: *"The decrease in the average snoring level represents a very significant change. 84% of the subjects showed a significant improvement while using D-Snore."* *--Mark J. Buchfuhrer, M.D*

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Here's what some of our over 300,000 customers are saying about D-Snore...

"We put D-Snore to the test..." "5 people (out of 7) loved it..." "It works!"--KATV-7 ABC News, Little Rock, Arkansas

"I have been married to my husband for 13 years. The past 5 years, he has kept me awake nightly with his snoring... He has been using D-Snore for one month, and I have never felt so well rested! From the first night, NO MORE SNORING!!! ...Thank You, Thank You!!! *--T. McCroy*

I tried nose drops and those breath things you stick across your nose. Nothing worked. I had tried other products on the market, and those didn't work. D-Snore works." *--Dorothy Burks*

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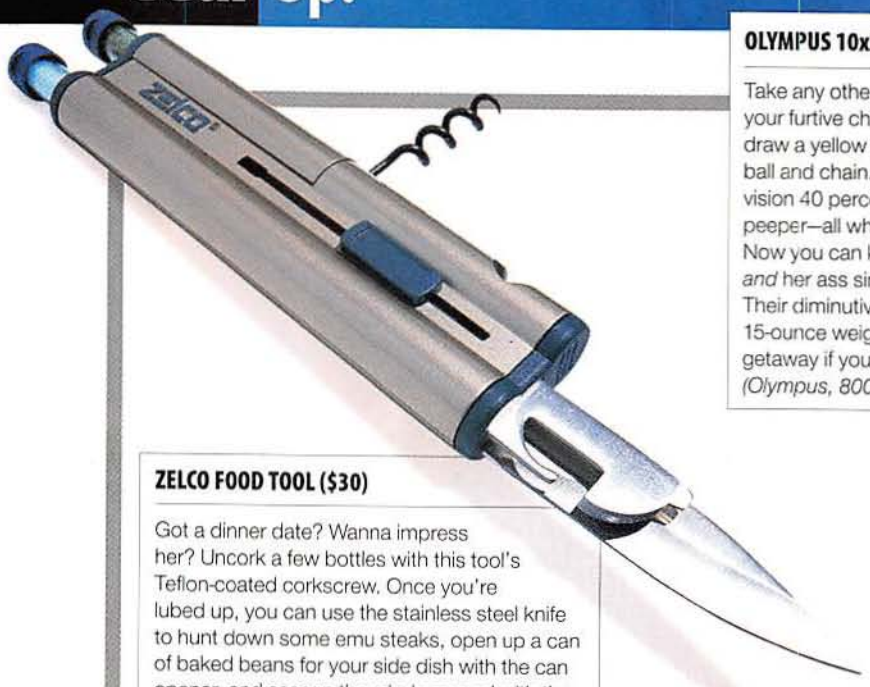
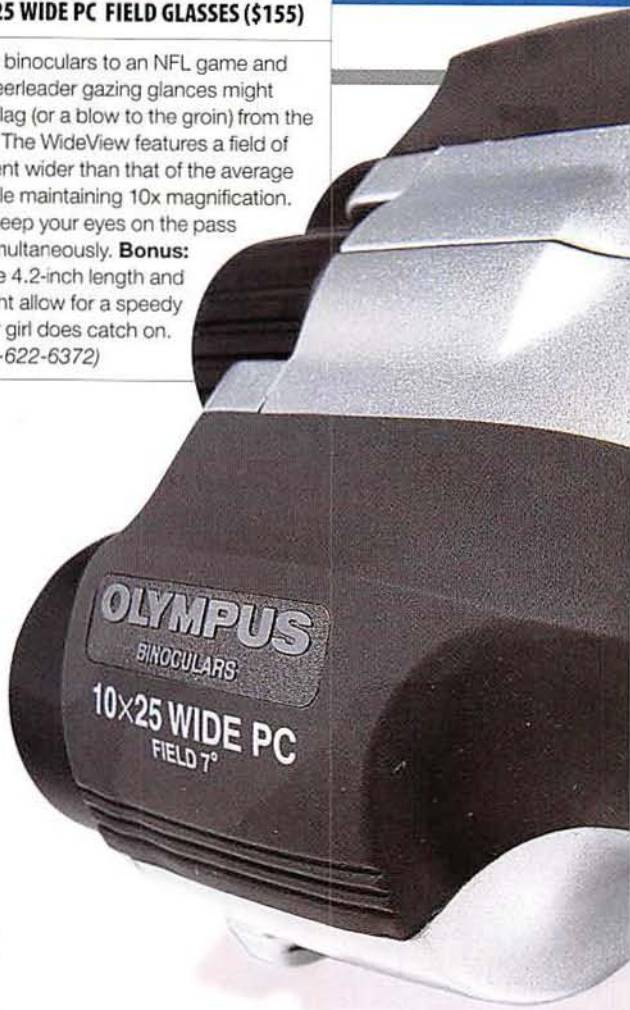


ZELCO FOOD TOOL ($30)

Got a dinner date? Wanna impress her? Uncork a few bottles with this tool's Teflon-coated corkscrew. Once you're lubed up, you can use the stainless steel knife to hunt down some emu steaks, open up a can of baked beans for your side dish with the can opener, and season the whole spread with the moisture-sealed salt and pepper shakers. There's also a bottle opener and a flat-head screwdriver (ya never know). **Bonus:** At just six inches, it goes anywhere. Is that a Zelco Food Tool in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me? *(Zelco, 800-431-2486)*

OLYMPUS 10x25 WIDE PC FIELD GLASSES ($155)

Take any other binoculars to an NFL game and your furtive cheerleader gazing glances might draw a yellow flag (or a blow to the groin) from the ball and chain. The WideView features a field of vision 40 percent wider than that of the average peeper—all while maintaining 10x magnification. Now you can keep your eyes on the pass *and* her ass simultaneously. **Bonus:** Their diminutive 4.2-inch length and 15-ounce weight allow for a speedy getaway if your girl does catch on. *(Olympus, 800-622-6372)*



Grab Bag

Why bother getting outta bed and going to work every day? So you can blow your phat-ass paychecks on the coolest stuff on the planet!

By Dan Lazin

Photographs by Robert Glasgow

J.D. RAZOR 2000 SCOOTER ($189)

Is having a working vehicle you can carry in one hand worth looking like a nine-year-old girl? We say yes—grab a mask and hop on. The latest from the leading name in push scooters features pothole-ready front suspension, flashing rear LEDs, and a stout aluminum frame that'll outlast your collarbones. **Bonus:** When you get to where you're goin', fold this baby up and sling it over your shoulder with the attachable strap; it weighs only 7.5 pounds. Dignity not included. *(Razor Scooters, 800-659-9947)*

PALIGHT PLUS SURVIVAL FLASHLIGHT ($25)

Ever gotten stuck cracking a safe in the middle of the night only to have your flashlight burn out? This flasher uses a light emitting diode (LED) in place of a bulb. Switch it to high beam and the LED will last for *11.5 years*. Or set it on strobe to catch the attention of rescue planes and Ecstasy users. **Bonus:** With five available case colors, you can turn your home into a dance party! (At least one friend required.) *(Light Technology, 888-593-7873)*

SHARP HALF PINT OVEN ($99)

No, this isn't a discounted iMac—it's the world's first genuinely cool-looking microwave oven. Sharp's newest nuker comes in seven translucent colors (guaranteed to liven up your miserable bachelor pad), and at 13 inches wide, it's just big enough for a healthy TV dinner or a human head. **Bonus:** With 600 watts of power, we were able to heat up a trough filled with three cans of chili in just five minutes! Diarrhea meds sold separately. *(Sharp, 800-237-4277)*

BRAUN SYNCRO SYSTEM 7570 RAZOR ($200)

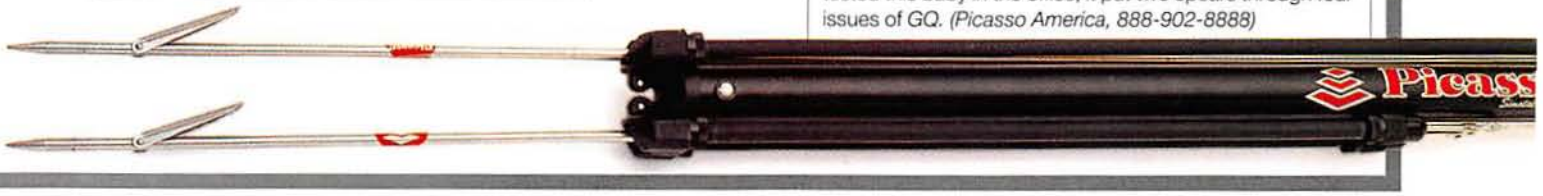
Note to face: Braun has produced the first self-cleaning electric razor! Just turn it off, place it in its special base, then hit a button—an alcohol-based fluid moves through the shears, cleaning the goop out. Says hirsute *Maxim* staffer Sam Syed, "Unlike my last filthy razor, which was like rubbing a block of blue cheese on my skin, this number shaved a good five years off my face." That's what *he* thinks. **Bonus:** The cleaning fluid doubles as a lubricant. Insert your own joke here! *(Braun, 800-272-8611)*

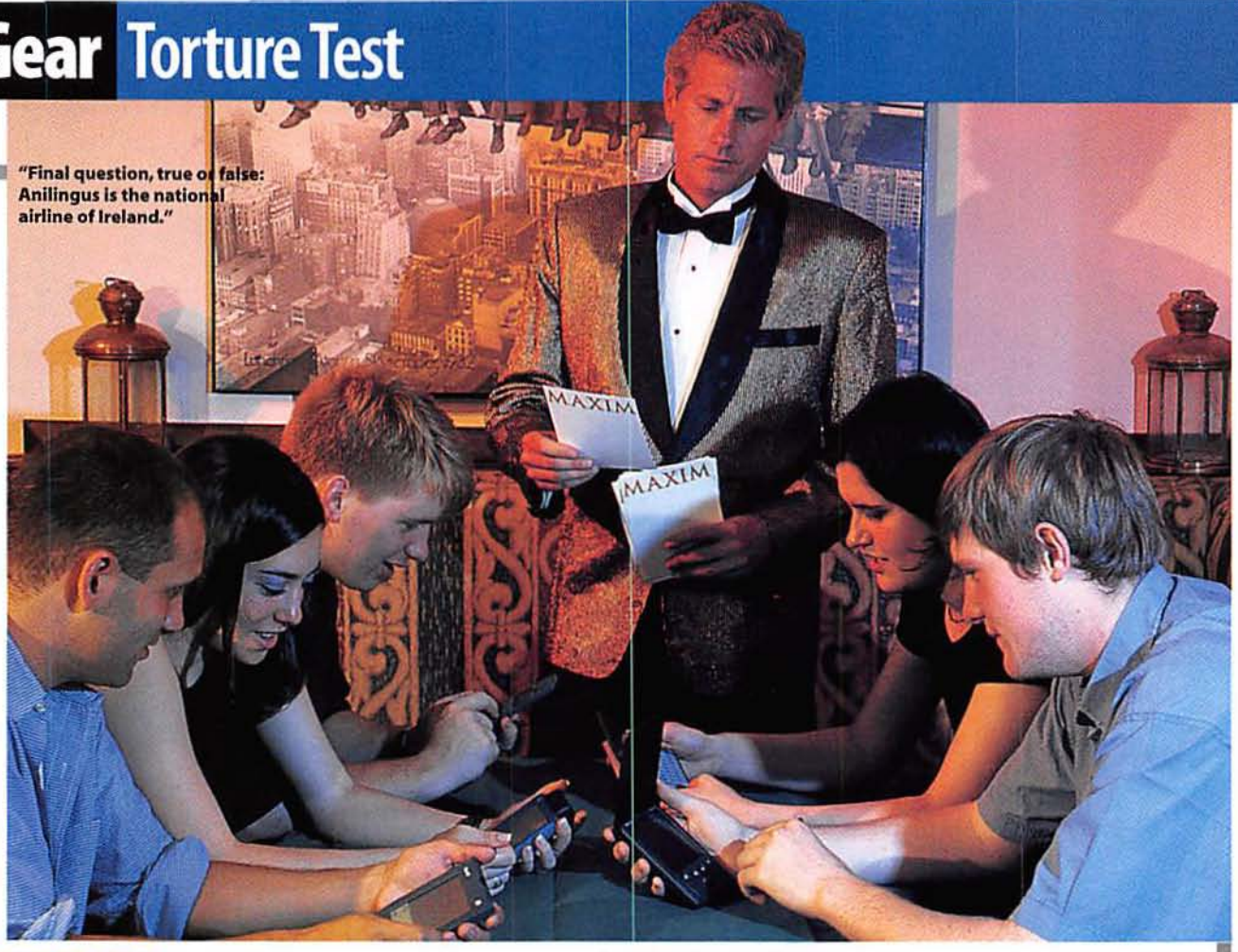
AGGRESSOR 2000 KITE GLIDER ($99)

What do kites and foreplay have in common? They both get boring after two minutes. But with this remote-controlled Kite Glider (the latest from Big Bang Products), taking off is only half the fun. We got this baby airborne from our 24th-floor roof. Then we hit a button and—bingo—it detached from its string and we were flying a hang glider...straight into the Empire State Building! **Bonus:** By the way, if you liked Bette Midler's "The Wind Beneath My Wings," you're what's wrong with America. *(Big Bang Products, 410-534-6320)*

PICASSO TWIN SPEAR GUN ($375–$407)

Think shooting fish in a barrel is easy? Try doing it with a double barrel! The Picasso Twin is the world's first spear gun that can fire *two* spears, at once or successively. The barrels range from 60 to 100 centimeters, depending on how badly you want to mangle your dinner. **Bonus:** We tested this baby in the office; it put two spears through four issues of *GQ*. *(Picasso America, 888-902-8888)*





"Final question, true or false: Anilingus is the national airline of Ireland."

WET & WIRED

Hairy Palms!

To test today's wireless Web-ready personal digital assistants, we set up a pilot of our own. It's called 'Who Wants to Do Their Work on a Barstool!?!' By Michael Dolan

Remember back in the day, when you felt, oh, a little disorganized? Forgotten meetings, lost hooker receipts, missed back-waxing appointments...Your life was a mess. If you were a smart guy, you solved those problems in '96 with a new gadget called the Palm Pilot—a personal digital assistant that stored all your numbers and appointments and fit in your pocket. But that was just the beginning. These days every tech company in town is hawking a PDA, and they're offering something new: wireless Web access. Now you can stick your entire friggin' office in your pocket and do your "work" on a barstool—log on to the Internet, E-mail your bookie, get directions to the nearest rehab clinic, and more.

To find out which PDA jets through cyberspace with the least turbulence, we gathered five techno-spazzes, assigned each a fully rigged gadget, and gave them 48 hours to figure out how to use the thing. Then we sat them down in a pub and grilled 'em game-show style to see which machine could perform the smoothest. First we tested the input features (stylus, keyboards, "graffiti" alphabets, etc.) by having our contestants enter a phrase from Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew:* "What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again, good Kate; I am a gentleman." Next we had them send themselves an E-mail—something dignified like, oh, "I molest oxen"—to see which would come in first. And finally we had 'em test the Internet feature by finding the nearest and next showing of *The Perfect Storm.* Here are the results:

PALM VII ($449)

Lowdown: This gadget's the first and only PDA to go wireless with an internal modem. And with a following that displays Branch Davidian–type devotion, Palm has some *70,000* third-party developers writing applications for it, so you can download anything from a Starbucks store locator to *Moby-Dick.*

Specs: Palm OS 3.2.0, 6.7 oz, 2 MB

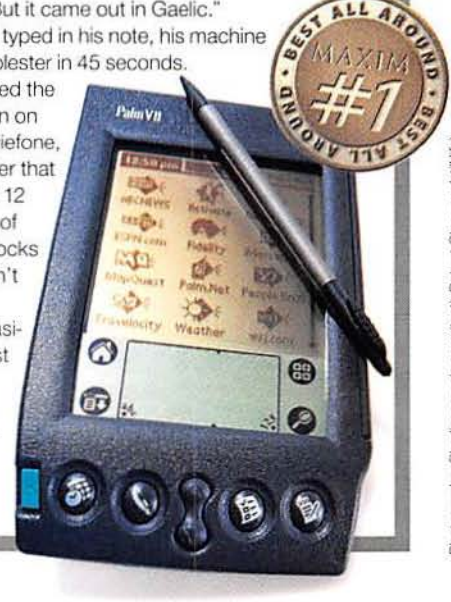
Setup: A virtual gadget numb-nut, our tester felt about "as confident as a hermaphrodite in a locker room. But setting up the Palm was no sweat." All he had to do was charge it up, connect it to a PC, download software from the CD-ROM that came in the box, and pick a payment plan for wireless service. Give yourself two hours.

Stylus: To input info, you can use the tiny on-screen keyboard or learn Palm's obscure graffiti alphabet. With the latter, "it took me five minutes to write out a line of Shakespeare in the queen's English," said our tester. "But it came out in Gaelic."

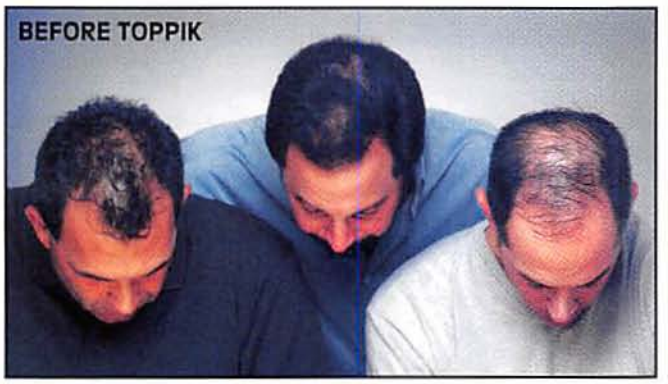
E-mail: Once our man had typed in his note, his machine was calling him an oxen molester in 45 seconds.

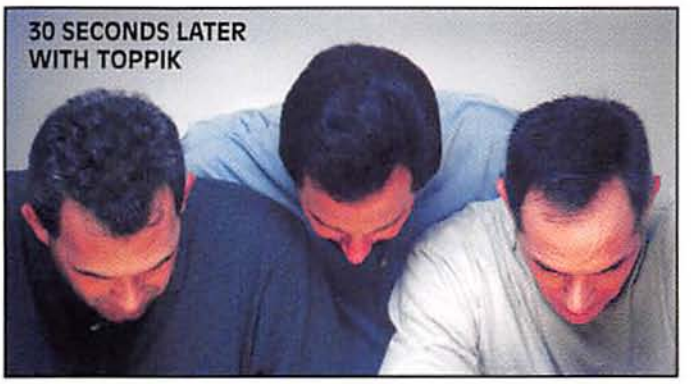
Movie time: Our tester used the Web Clipping Apps function on Palm.net to download Moviefone, which took 10 minutes. After that it took him one minute and 12 seconds to find a showing of *The Perfect Storm* three blocks away at 2:40 P.M. We haven't seen him since.

Overall: The Palm's the easiest to use and has the most download options. And because this baby's completely wireless (and therefore fastest and most idiot-proof), it stands alone—literally.



Photographs, Charlesmanuels.com (test); Robert Glasgow (still life)





A Full Head of Hair in 30 Seconds!

AT LAST there is a safe, natural way to eliminate the appearance of baldness and thinning hair. *It's not a spray, cream or cover-up.* In fact, it's so scientifically advanced that it is unlike anything you've ever seen before.

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Durable and Totally Undetectable

Toppik won't come off in wind, rain or perspiration. It is totally undetectable, even from as close as two inches. Toppik stays securely in place giving natural-looking thickness and fullness until the next time you shampoo. It is also totally compatible with Minoxidil and Propecia®.

A Safe, Effective Option

Speaking of medical treatments, Toppik is recommended by doctors because it is completely safe and works amazingly well with hair transplants. And it's great for both men and women.

No matter what your condition, if you are concerned about visible hair loss, Toppik will change the way you feel about yourself every time you look in the mirror.

© 2000, Spencer Forrest, Inc.

Mark Kress (center) created Toppik to solve his own thinning hair problem. After putting Toppik to the test, CNN reported that..."it's incredible ...and you can't even tell." With Toppik, nobody will ever suspect that you had a balding or thinning problem.

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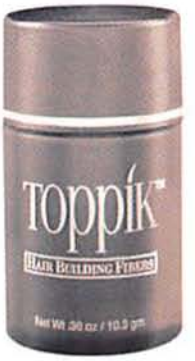

Spencer Forrest, Inc., is the 20-year leader in cosmetic treatments for hair loss. Toppik is recommended by doctors worldwide, and has given confidence to hundreds of thousands of men and women.

"An inexpensive product that can really hide thinning hair. It's fabulous."
—Sally Jessie Raphael, Sally Jessie Raphael Show"

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—CNN

"It really looks like my hair grew back."
—NBC-30 News, Hartford

"Replaces all that lost hair... brush away insecurities... awesome."
—KWTV News, Oklahoma City

"You can look years younger in less than a minute... Amazing and all for about $20. It really seemed like more hair was being created as the bald spots just disappeared. Toppik really does live up to its ads."
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"...You can have a full look on top... Say goodbye forever to bad hair days... It's one of Hollywood's Best Kept Secrets."
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HEWLETT-PACKARD JORNADA 548 COLOR POCKET PC ($599)

Lowdown: The Jornada was the first on the market with Microsoft's new Pocket PC software. The machine has 16 times the RAM of a Palm VII, so it processes faster than a Hormel slaughterhouse. It also has a color screen and MP3 capability. To surf the Web, you need a modem card and a cell phone.
Specs: Windows Pocket PC software, 9.1 oz, 32 MB
Setup: "I had to buy a Socket modem, which cost $119," said our tester. "Then I rigged up the software and the cell phone, which was about as fun as a funeral." Stopwatch: an entire day.
Stylus: Like the Palm, the Jornada features a digital keyboard and handwriting recognition. With the latter, said our guy, "you need practice, otherwise it's like writing Shakespeare in Hebrew and having a stripper translate it while sliding down a pole." He entered Shakespeare's pentameter with the keyboard in 90 seconds.
E-mail: "This baby's like a MiG," said our guy, who, once logged on to the Net, sent himself a perverted note via Hotmail in 45 seconds.
Movie time: Microsoft's mini-Explorer lets you go anywhere, "so you can ogle boobs while on the john," said our tester. "But you get the whole site, so you have to scroll all over to zero in." He scored listings for *The Perfect Storm* from Moviefone.com in 52 seconds.
Overall: With crystal-meth style speed and the option to surf anywhere, we could see ourselves using this beauty. But with the modem and phone needed, we may not be ready to use it in public.

PSION REVO ($399)

Lowdown: Once a video-game maker, British-based Psion is the only contender that doesn't use Palm or Windows software. The Revo has a fully stacked word program with spell-check, word count, and thesaurus—great for writing articles while getting chased by the cops!
Specs: Symbian EPOC software, 7.1 oz, 8 MB
Setup: Our tester set up an account with EarthLink using the software that came with the unit. Then the thing could surf through a cell phone that sits within a foot away. Stopwatch: half a day.
Stylus: This baby works on a real (albeit *tiny*) keyboard, which deftly handled Shakespeare as fast as our boy could type (58 seconds). "But I skipped the punctuation," he said. "Finding the comma was like hunting for a G spot. No luck."
E-mail: "I called myself an oxen molester in just one minute and 24 seconds," said our tester. His mom'll be so proud!
Movie time: Our guy logged on to Moviefone.com in a minute. But like the Jornada, the screen shows just a small portion of the site, "so you have to scroll around to find what you want," he said. "This made me more seasick than *The Perfect Storm* did."
Overall: A real keyboard! Great word processing! This baby's the John McCain of PDAs—a badass winner with out-of-the-box ideas that could come out on top if more folks start paying attention.

HANDSPRING VISOR DELUXE ($249)

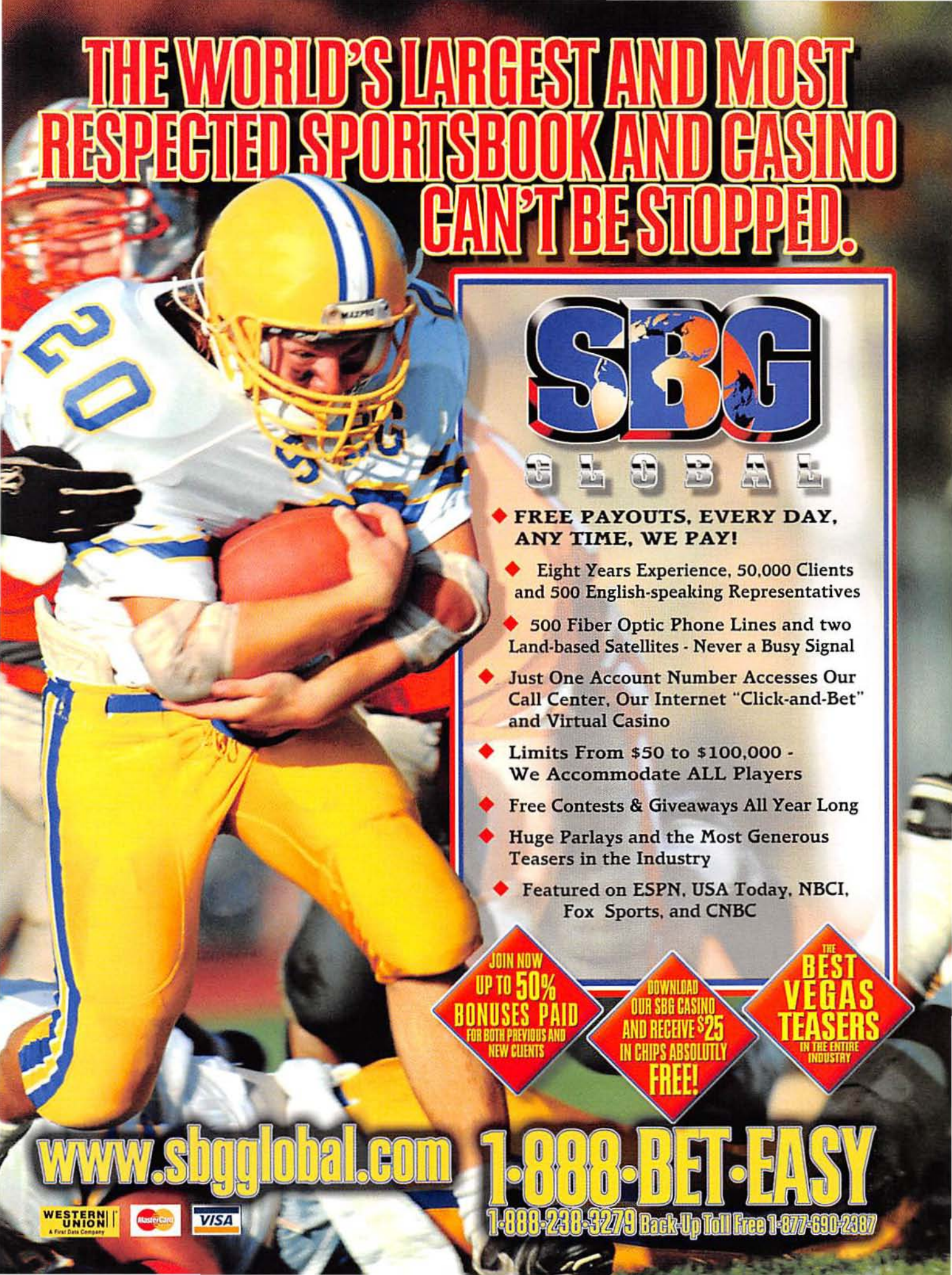
Lowdown: A new company started by the founders of Palm, Handspring sprang into the market in July 1998. The idea: a cheap gadget with tons of add-on options (modem, MP3 card, digital camera, etc.) so you can design your own machine.
Specs: Palm OS 3.1 software, 5.4 oz, 8 MB
Setup: It's not wireless—yet (new modems hit shelves soon). You need to plug a modem into a phone line. "In a bar, you stand a better chance of convincing the waitress to plug it into her nipple than to let you use the house phone," said our tester. Stopwatch: one day.
Stylus: Since this gadget runs on Palm software, it uses the same digital keyboard and graffiti alphabet. It took our tester four minutes to type in our Shakespearean passage. "Either this alphabet sucks or I'm loaded," he said. He later had trouble flushing the toilet.
E-mail: Our guy sent himself an X-rated message in four and a half minutes—a great time for the mile but a shitty time for E-mail.
Movie time: Yahoo! search: "*The Perfect Storm*" and "movie." Results: "See hot barely legal babes with nothing..." Search: "Movie, *The Perfect Storm*." Result: "Fatal Error, Fatal Exception, Reset." Tester: "What the fuck!!!!"
Overall: In terms of Web access, the Visor Deluxe ate a can o' whup-ass. But with visionaries steering the ship, we won't be surprised if this company is palms above the competition in two years.

SAMSUNG SCH-8500/SPRINT PCS ($199)

Lowdown: Send E-mail! Surf the Web! Crank-call the Pentagon! Bonus: This baby has 20-name voice recognition, so you can *tell* it who to call—in English or Spanish! Can this phone make PDAs go the way of Pong?
Specs: 800 MHz, 4.5 oz, lithium ion battery
Setup: The Minibrowser, with access to AOL, Amazon, Yahoo!, and Fidelity, is already rigged.
Stylus: Argh! You have to type info with the keypad—to type *A*, you hit *2*; to type *B*, hit *2* twice, etc. The T9 software (which tries to guess which words you're typing) helps, barely. "It took an hour to type in a line of Shakespeare," said our guy.
E-mail: "The directions for sending E-mail were so easy, the Baldwin brothers could follow them," said our guy. "I sent and received mail via Yahoo! in 30 seconds."
Movie time: For movie listings, just pop into the Movie function on the main menu, enter your ZIP code, and the phone spits out listings and synopses of nearby movies and directions to the theaters. "It took two minutes to find the nearest showing of *The Perfect Storm*. A minute and a half was spent typing in P-E-R-F-E-C-T..."
Overall: The screen is tiny, and entering info's like trying to give a rabid dog an enema. But if you're a guy who thinks PDAs are for geeks, this phone smokes!

FINAL VERDICT

PALM	✋✋✋✋✋
HEWLETT-PACKARD	✋✋✋✋
PSION	✋✋✋✋
HANDSPRING	✋✋
SAMSUNG/SPRINT	✋✋✋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"I gave my love a cherry..."

HIGH-STRUNG

Axe Grinder

He played in Frank Zappa's band. He played in David Lee Roth's band. He may just be the best rock'n'roll guitarist alive. So we showed up at Steve Vai's house with a handful of recording equipment and a van full of the hottest new models out there. Which ones did he wanna stroke? Stay tuned! By Albert Baime

WASHBURN PS2000FLMCRB ($2,999)

Lowdown: Washburn started whittling kick-ass guitars, banjos, and mandolins back when yo' mama was wearing a corset (the 1870s, to be exact). These days the company bills itself as *the* hot alternative to Gibson and Fender—the two top sellers—for folks who want top-notch stuff that looks a little different. This number is the new Paul Stanley signature (of Kiss fame, you idiot). It's geared more to the classic vibe than to the metal sound. You'll bust the bank trying to own it—but it might be worth it.

Specs: Flame maple top, mahogany body and neck, Seymour Duncan pickups, Buzz Feiten tuning system

Looks like: A medieval axe used to castrate infidels

Steve's take: "This is one suave-looking piece of art. A lot of times people do silly things with guitars trying to make them look unique. Most of them end up looking ridiculous, or they don't sit right on your body. But they did a great job with this one. It's well balanced yet exotic—like holding an Eskimo amazon woman from northern Europe in your arms. In terms of sound, this is a great meeting ground between a Stratocaster and a Les Paul—a well-balanced, dynamic guitar. Of course, it's a little phallic, but what else can you expect from Paul Stanley?"

PAWAR TURN OF THE CENTURY PLAYER ($2,500)

Lowdown: Unlike these other companies, whose guitars get plucked more often than Courtney Love, Pawar is a relative virgin—and pretty sexy to boot. For little more than one year, a handful of ambitious fellers working out of suburban Cleveland (uh, nice hood, guys) have been producing at a rate of just eight instruments a month. They designed this guitar to deliver 20 tonal options at the flip of a switch, so you can mirror the sounds of all the classic guitars—the Stratocaster, Telecaster, Jazzmaster, and Les Paul. "And we're making these things with hand-loving care," says company president Jeff Johnston. Hey, now they're speaking our language.

Specs: Maple top and neck, swamp-ash back, Seymour Duncan pickups; comes in three versions and an array of colors.

Looks like: Liberace's greased-up axe...if he played guitar...and were alive...and heterosexual

Steve's take: "This guitar has a very acoustic feel. It's got a lot of twang to it, and it gets a lot of its sound from the body. Ry Cooder would love this guitar—it's got his kind of sound. The thing is smaller and lighter than most guitars, so it sits easy when you're playing, but the neck is like a baseball bat: You can really get a grip on it. With this axe I'd do more rhythm-type strumming rather than soloing. It's not a very aggressive guitar; it's great if you don't wanna get kicked in the balls. The sound conjures up an image of a lady on a beach in tight jeans and a bikini top. Real tits. And not very big."

Photographs, Charlie Langella for Rosebudmedia.com (S. Vai; Robert Glasgow (guitars)

JACKSON USA SELECT SERIES SL2H ($2,195)

Lowdown: Unlike Michael, *this* Jackson has balls. The outfit specializes in badass smooth-toned metal axes played by the likes of Dave Mustaine from Megadeth and Scott Ian from Anthrax, but it's no one-trick pony. Mary J. Blige's guitar player uses a Jackson, as do the ladies from Drain STH. ("They're a super-hot Swedish girl band," says a Jackson rep. "I love it when they come to town.")

Specs: Alder body, maple neck, ebony fingerboard, mother-of-pearl inlays, Seymor Duncan pickups, original Floyd Rose tremolo; comes in 43 (yep, 43) colors

Looks like: Rattlesnake road kill

Steve's take: "If you wanna pick out an easy guitar to play, this is the one. The snakeskin? I don't dig that shit. I'd buy this one and have it refinished. As for the sound, this has a lot of chunk. You're not going to get any acoustic sounds out of it. And it's got the whammy bar, which is like learning a handful of new languages. I can do a little Indian chant with it. *[Riffs]* Or dive bombs. *[Wahhhhhhh!]* Or bagpipes. *[Etc.]* Bottom line: This guitar is elegant yet racy. It feels, sounds, and plays like a 22-year-old runway model—sharp attitude, and a real tight bottom end."

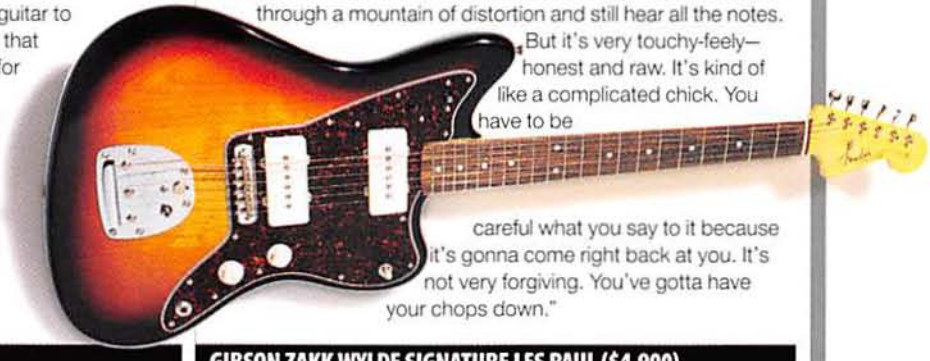
FENDER '62 JAZZMASTER ($1,750)

Lowdown: Back in '57, California-based Fender aimed this new ritzy picker at the pre–Beach Boys surf-groovy music scene. It went out of fashion with the British Invasion (friggin' limeys!) and came back into vogue with late '70s new wave, then again in the '90s when Kurt Cobain and Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore picked it up. Fender reissued the '62 model this year with all the original hardware—the first American-made (rather than Japanese) Jazzmaster in two decades.

Specs: Alder body, maple neck, chrome hardware, floating tremolo, rosewood fingerboard, two vintage single-coil pickups; available in six colors and patterns.

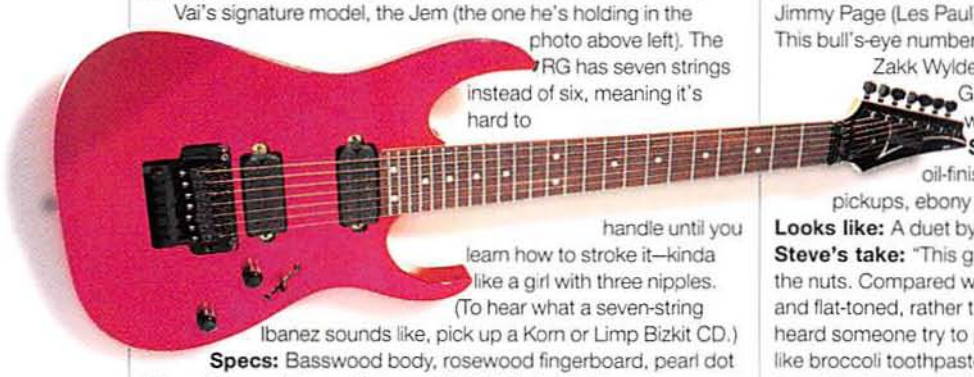
Looks like: An old pair of Clyde Frazier's shoes

Steve's take: "I played my first gig in Frank Zappa's band when I was 20. The morning after the gig, Frank said, 'You're a great guitar player, but your tone is like an electric ham sandwich.' Ever since then I've been a bit obsessed with tone. With *this* baby you can squeeze more tones out than you can with most other guitars. You can do that muted jazz thing, or you can put it through a mountain of distortion and still hear all the notes. But it's very touchy-feely—honest and raw. It's kind of like a complicated chick. You have to be careful what you say to it because it's gonna come right back at you. It's not very forgiving. You've gotta have your chops down."



IBANEZ RG7420 MC ($799)

Lowdown: Ibanez got started making Japanese knockoffs of American guitars in the early '70s. Now it's one of the hottest outfits going. This axe—out this year—is a cheaper grandchild of Steve Vai's signature model, the Jem (the one he's holding in the photo above left). The RG has seven strings instead of six, meaning it's hard to handle until you learn how to stroke it—kinda like a girl with three nipples. (To hear what a seven-string Ibanez sounds like, pick up a Korn or Limp Bizkit CD.)



Specs: Basswood body, rosewood fingerboard, pearl dot inlays, Ibanez pickups. Also available in black pearl.

Looks like: Jailbait wearing heavy lipstick and braces

Steve's take: "This guitar is designed to meet all my idiosyncrasies, so it's not for everyone. For instance, I have really big hands and long fingers. So the neck is designed to play up really high without obstructions. In terms of sound, it combines that tubey quality of a Strat with the smooth sound that a Les Paul delivers. These guitars are extremely easy to play. And you can beat the piss out of them and they'll stay in tune. If I were to give a feminine description to it, it would be kind of like my wife: It's a lot smarter than me. A lot hipper. And definitely—*definitely*—sexy."

GIBSON ZAKK WYLDE SIGNATURE LES PAUL ($4,900)

Lowdown: The two electrics that'll go down in history as *the* rock guitars are the Fender Stratocaster and the Gibson Les Paul. What's the difference? Think Jimi Hendrix (Strat) versus Jimmy Page (Les Paul)—two great sounds, a world apart. This bull's-eye number is a Les Paul revamped by metal-freak Zakk Wylde (Ozzie's former guitarist), released by Gibson last year. Kinda makes you wanna bite the head off a bat, eh?

Specs: Mahogany back, maple top, oil-finished maple neck, gold hardware, EMG pickups, ebony fingerboard with pearl inlays

Looks like: A duet by Stevie Wonder and Paul McCartney

Steve's take: "This guitar's like a dominatrix: It'll kick you in the nuts. Compared with a Fender, this is more streamlined and flat-toned, rather than dynamic and twangy. I've never heard someone try to play 'Little Wing' with a Les Paul. It's like broccoli toothpaste; it just wouldn't work. But this guitar has sharp teeth and claws. It feeds back a lot. *[Zahhh!]* And it's Zakk Wylde's guitar, so it has all the attitude. *[Our ignoramus photographer asks who Zakk Wylde is.] Agh! Get out of my house!"*

Wanna hear sound clips of Steve Vai with each guitar? Log on to...

MAXIM ONLINE
Read more at: www.maximonline.com

2

3. Bescor MP-101 remote-control motorized pan head ($90)

Wanna film a great car chase or a smooth slow-motion projectile-vomit scene? Sure, your tripod will add steadiness, but it won't completely eliminate human error when you pan your camera to follow speeding cop cars or launched chunks. The MP-101 screws in between any tripod and camera, so you can pan your lens at a steady speed using two remote-controlled adjustable-speed motors. Stick four AA batteries in this 27-ounce gadget and it'll glide your camcorder vertically and horizontally at 30-, 60-, and 90-degree angles. Now you can get the same unnerving tilts and slow, seductive pans that made Stanley Kubrick a household name (reputation as deranged sociopath comes later—sorry). *(Bescor, 800-645-7182)*

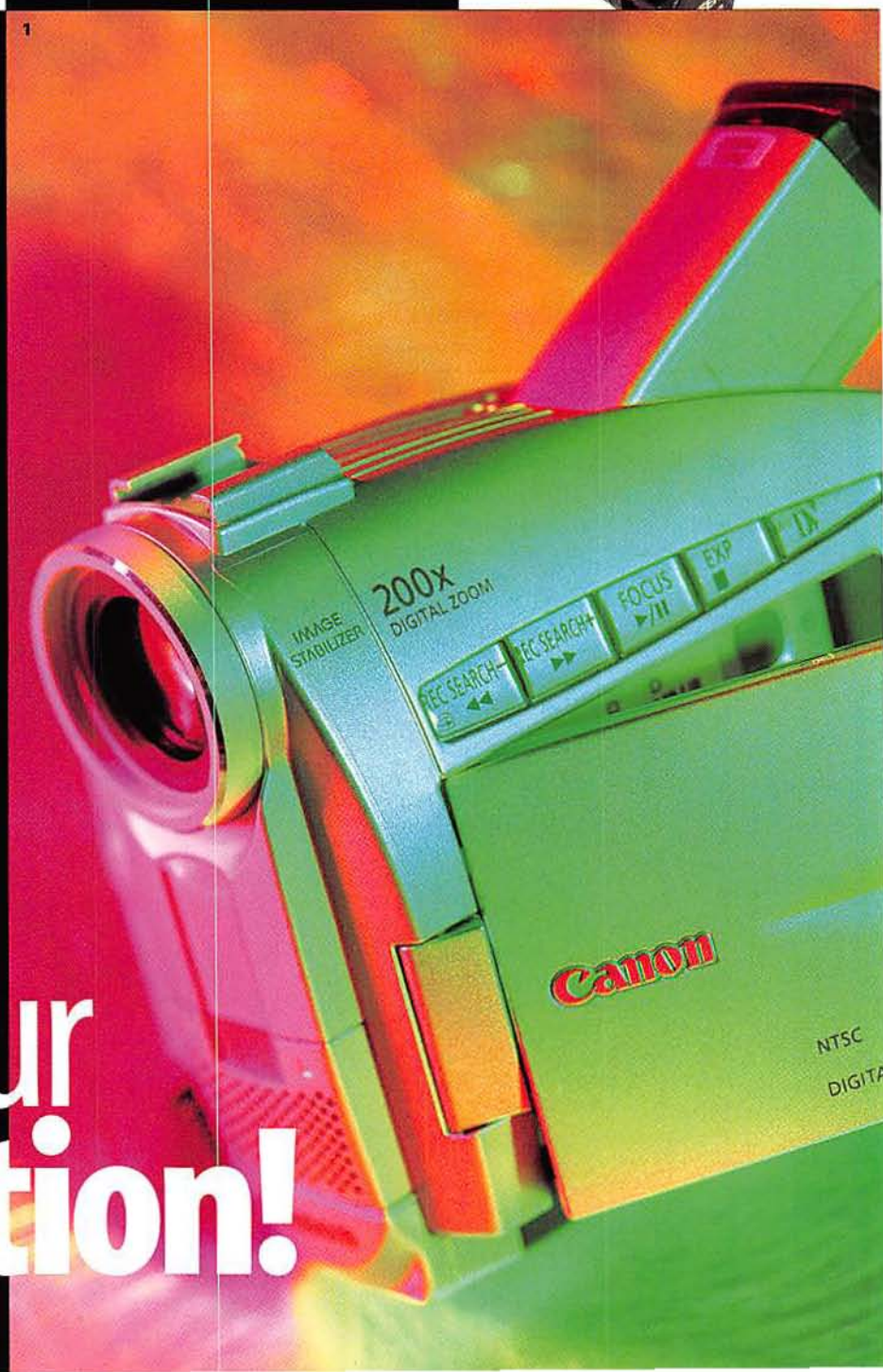
3

1. Canon ZR10 ($800)

So you saw *The Blair Witch Project* and said, "Hell, I can do that!" (And who couldn't?) Well, here's a start, Fellini: Canon's new pint-size 1.2-pound digital camcorder—a versatile, feature-loaded camera for the novice director with big-screen ambitions. This shooter boasts a flip-out LCD screen to help you frame your image, manual focus and exposure (so you can re-create last night's boozefest just the way you remember it), and an image stabilizer (essential if you wanna stream your flicks onto the Web). You also get a zoom so powerful (200x) we pray it doesn't fall into enemy hands, and a VHS analog input (so you can splice bestiality scenes into your folks' 50th-anniversary video…Ah, the memories). *(Canon, 800-652-2666)*

2. Tiffen Magnum XL tripod ($145)

It may not look sexy, but neither is watching video that looks like it was shot by Robert Downey, Jr., after a night at the Roxy. What truly separates amateur auteurs from the pros—aside from money, sex, and power, of course—are nice steady tripod shots. One of our writers shot two feature-length movies with this rugged, adjustable 5'9", six-pound aluminum workhorse and exults, "Even if you're just doing your garden-variety midget-amputee baseball documentary, this thing is handy to have around—if only to use as a sturdy bludgeon." *(Tiffen, 800-645-2522)*



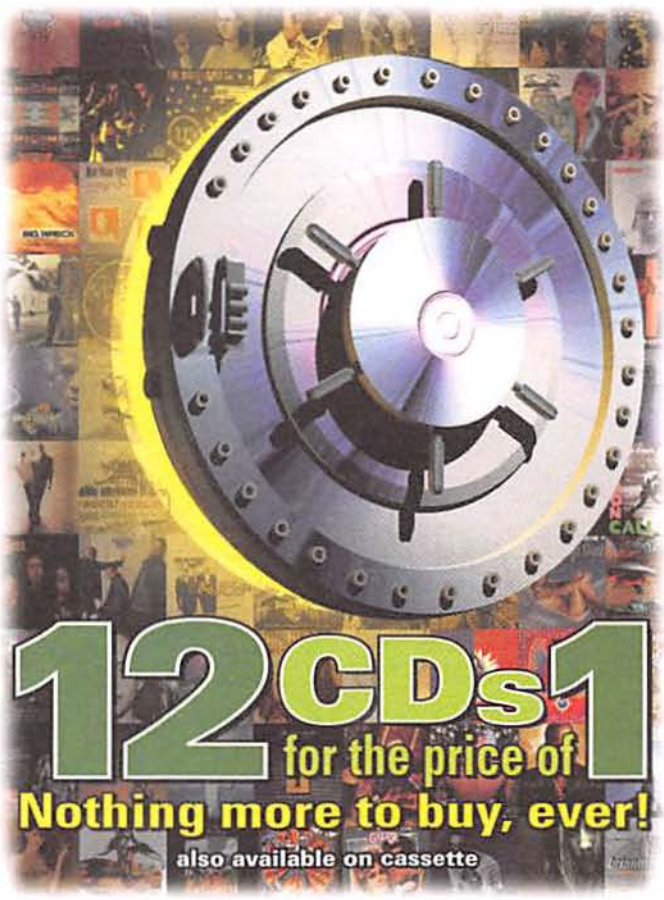
1

Nowadays tech companies are hawking movie gear for your average schmo. Wanna quit your job and make flicks? Max out one credit card for $7,500 and let's go.

By Dan Kraus

Amateur Action!

SOUND INVESTMENT



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Backstreet Boys: Millennium (Jive) 28753

Jazz For The Open Road Grant Green, Donald Byrd, more. (32 Jazz) ℄ 26925

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Destiny's Child: The Writing's On The Wall (Columbia) 31473

Blink 182: Enema Of The State *All The Small Things,* more. (MCA) ǂ 28886

Sisqó: Unleash The Dragon *The Thong Song,* more. (Def Jam) ǂ 34644

Slipknot (Roadrunner) ℄ǂ 30703

Mariah Carey: Rainbow *Heartbreaker, Thank God I Found You,* more. (Columbia) 32764

Dixie Chicks: Fly *Goodbye Earl,* more. (Monument) 31986

Korn: Issues *Falling Away From Me,* more. (Epic) ǂ 32837

Jay-Z: Vol. 3—Life And Times Of S. Carter (Def Jam) ǂ 34629

Goldfinger: Darrin's Coconut Ass—Live From Omaha (Mojo/Universal) ℄ 32116

DMX: ...And Then There Was X *Party Up,* etc. (Def Jam) ǂ 34619

Kid Rock: Devil Without A Cause (Lava) ǂ 26711

Lonestar: Lonely Grill *Amazed, Smile,* more. (BNA) 28860

The Fatboy Slim/Norman Cook Collection (Hip-O Records) ℄ 33321

Guster: Lost And Gone Forever (Sire) ℄ 32341

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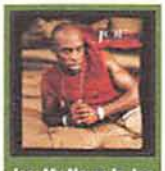

Joe: My Name Is Joe *I Wanna Know,* more. (Jive) 34843

Kenny Chesney: Everywhere We Go (BNA) 28126

Red Hot Chili Peppers: What Hits!? (EMI) ǂ 00144

Vertical Horizon: Everything You Want Title track, more. (RCA) ℄ 30091

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Tony Bennett: Sings Ellington—Hot & Cool (Columbia) 32288

Smash Mouth: Astro Lounge (Interscope) ǂ 28880

Coal Chamber: Chamber Music *Shock The Monkey,* more. (Roadrunner)ǂ 31615

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Bob James: Joy Ride (Warner Bros.) ¢ 31160
Puff Daddy: Forever (Bad Boy/Arista) ♭ 31217
Brian McKnight: Back At One (Motown) 31370
Beck: Mutations (DGC) 26276
Latin Mix USA 2 Elvis Crespo, Shakira, Ricky Martin, more. (Columbia) 31413
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Dave Koz: The Dance (Capitol) ¢ 31546
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The Best Of War And More... (Avenue Records) 11160
Beth Hart: Screamin' For My Supper (Atlantic/Lava) ¢ 31702
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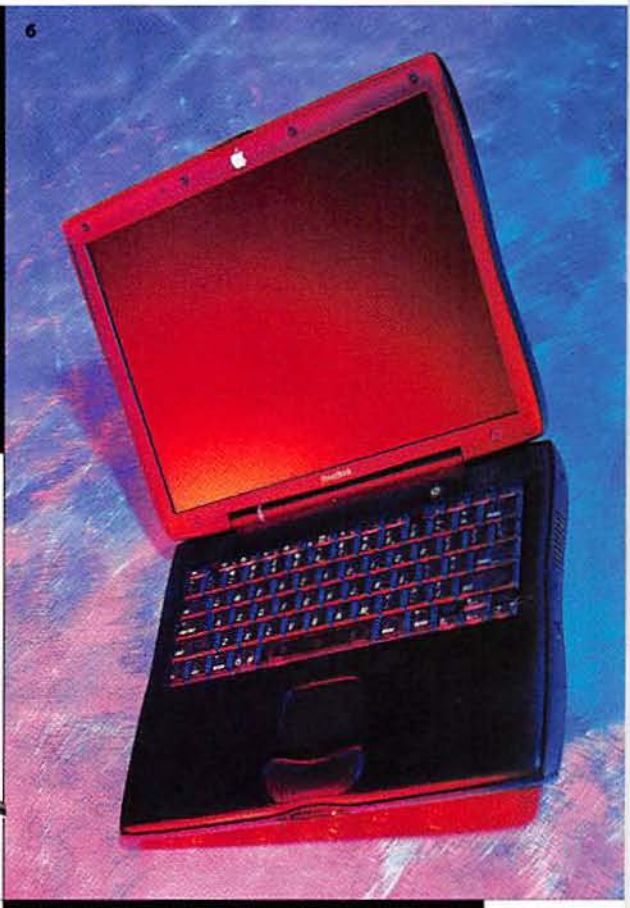
Roped into taping your sister's wedding? *(Again?)* Attach this sonuvabitch to your camera and let the blackmail begin! This two-ounce, 17 kHz, German-engineered mike blocks wind and has a pickup pattern like Hannibal Lecter's—at 50 feet or more. Just aim it at your target and—*bingo!*—all of your dialogue will come through loud and clear. Aunt Gladys whispering that the bride looks a tad, uh, "knocked up"? Uncle Vernon muttering that the groom's not the dad? Play your cards right and they'll fund your next movie! *(www.sennheiser.com)*

6. Apple PowerBook (starts at $2,499)

Apple's billing its new PowerBook as an entire film studio that fits in your underwear drawer. Fact is, the thing kicks ass in every category — speed (400 MHz, upgradable to 500), memory (room for 18 gigabytes), and display features (a 14.1-inch active-matrix monitor with more than a million colors). Just load up the editing software that's written for it (see below), put on your pompous beret, and get to work. There's more: Apple's new FireWire, which comes in the box—a single wire that's the fastest digital video connection known to bipeds. It connects your camcorder to your computer so you can download footage right into your editing system in no time, with no hassle. Bonus: Even Gary Coleman would look cool hunched over this suave, wafer-thin piece of hardware. *(Apple, 800-692-7753)*

4



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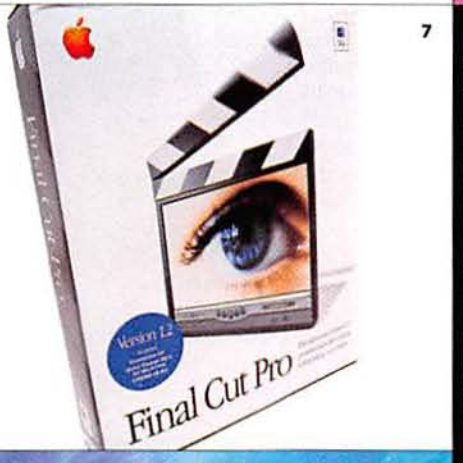


7

7. Final Cut Pro 1.2.5 editing software for Macintosh ($999)

The old way: Pay a guy named Jean-Philippe $200 an hour to edit your opus. The new way: Wallow in your own filth while editing it yourself on an Apple laptop. This newly upgraded editing software isn't for pansies (if you're intimidated, check out iMovie, rudimentary software you can snag from apple.com for free). The skinny: Download digital video from your camera to your laptop, slice it up, and chuck it together on a time line. Then you can smooth the edges with jump cuts, fadeaways, and page turns, manipulate sound, and add visual effects like 3-D titles. You can also use the "green-screen" background-swapping effect (situate your doggy-style bachelor-party antics on the deck of the sinking *Titanic*—your fiancee'll love it!). *(Apple, 800-692-7753)*

5. Cinema Secrets special effects kits ($3–$30)

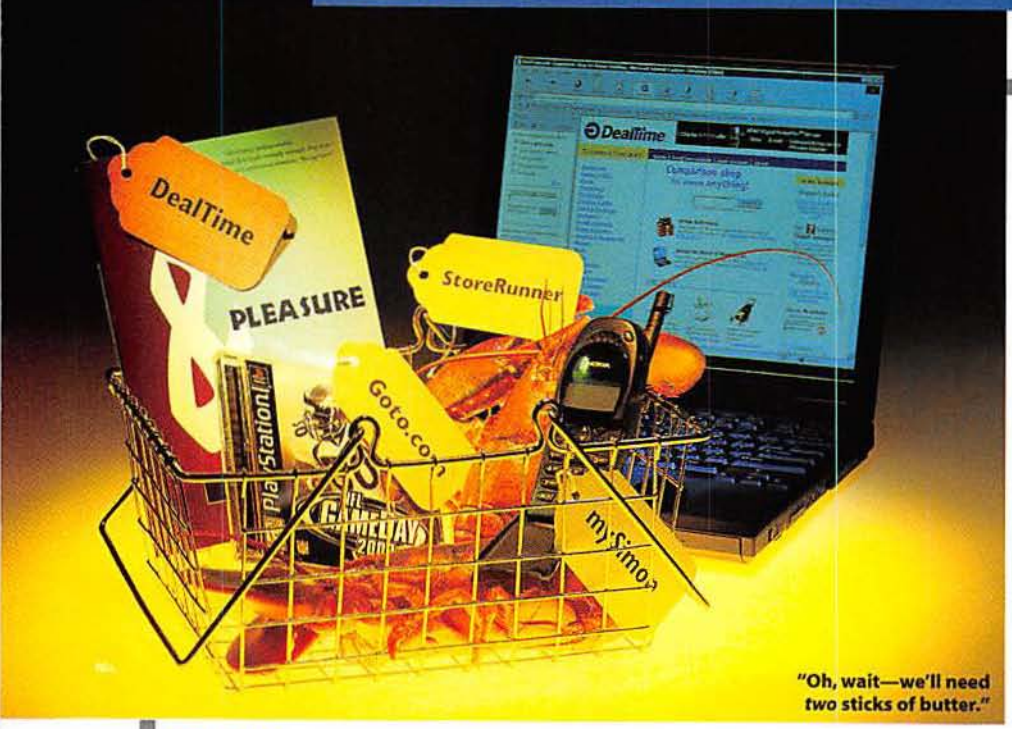
"Industrial Accident." "Skin Condition." "Impalements." No, it's not dinner conversation at a morticians' conference—it's a bunch of rubber-and-latex doohickeys you buy for peanuts that can transform your friends and family into the cast of *Evil Dead XIV*! A small Hollywood family business, Cinema Secrets has turned more humans into zombies than Jeffrey Dahmer (it supplied all the blood for *Wild Wild West*!). Wanna have a snake eating its way through your main character's eyeball? Go for it, you sick bastard! *(Cinema Secrets, 818-808-0579)*

8

8. Lightware Scout XL liquid crystal display projector ($2,495)

Now that you've completed your masterpiece, mopped up the mess, and buried the bodies, it's time to *watch* the damn thing. Just plug your laptop into the nifty Scout XL with a FireWire cable and you can project your edited film, crystal clear, across your entire wall—from 20 feet away! When you're done, plug this projector into your cable TV, DVD, or VCR, hit the Auto Setup button to reconfigure, and take a load off. Sure, this item seems expensive, but Lightware's brand new one-panel liquid crystal display technology makes the Scout XL the most affordable LCD projector out there, with no image quality lost. We didn't buy it, until we hooked it up to a DVD player in our office. Voila —Traci Lords, *life-size*! *(Lightware, 800-211-9001)*

Photographs, Robert Glasgow



"Oh, wait—we'll need *two* sticks of butter."

NET GAIN

Windows Shopping

Hunting for live lobsters and some back-door pleasure? Let an online comparison-shopping site score you a deal! By Dan Kraus

What's the best thing about the Web? OK, *besides* fatchicksinpartyhats.com? That's right, it's buying crap without getting outta bed. But just when you thought things were getting easy, the Web has found a way to make 'em *easier*—new sites called comparison-shopping search engines that comb the compost of online stores to pluck out the best deals on whatever you desire. Wanna buy jock-itch cream in the nude? Go for it—there's a sale in Iowa! To get you rolling, we tested four top sites by compiling a shopping list for a typical night in: a live lobster, a cheap cell phone, *NFL GameDay 2000* for PlayStation, and the book *Anal Pleasure & Health: A Guide for Men and Women*. Here's how we fared:

Shellfish bastard

DEALTIME.COM

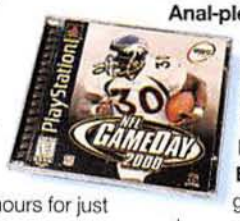
The deal: With 19 categories (electronics, booze, etc.), this site's got your needy ass covered. To shop, you pump the product name into the search engine. Or pick a category and surf for a deal. Bonus: The design is so organized and clean, you could eat off it. We did.
Live lobster: The only "bargain" we found was at SeaFoodNow.com, whose FedEx rate was $55. Does this include a futon and a blowup doll? We ate fish sticks instead.
Cell phone: We scored Nokia's TracFone for $50 at www2.jcpenney.com! Then we called DealTime to ask why they couldn't get us a lobster for less than a month's rent.
Video game: KBKids.com got us *GameDay 2000* in 48 hours for just $19.98. Touchdown!
Anal-pleasure book: We found a copy of *Anal Pleasure & Health*, used *(yuck!)*, for $3.95. We shelled out for a new copy overnight from Borders.com for $13.20.
Bottom line: Though it screwed us on dinner, this site proved solid in every other category, joyfully easing us down the road to bedsores and slothdom. Thumbs up!

MYSIMON.COM

The deal: This site operates on the concept that a guy named Simon will do your shopping for you. But Simon's ass-kissing mug made us wanna shop for a gun. That aside, the site sifts through 2,000 stores for damn near anything you want.
Live lobster: Simon landed us a 1.5-pound bug from Lobsterguy.com for $11.99. Dinner arrived in 24 hours and played the gooey-eyed sympathy card up to the end.
Cell phone: We weren't hunting for a phone that had E-mail and a stun gun. We just wanted a cheap phone! At mySimon we had to buy the action-packed Nokia 918 at 1cache.com for $86.95.
Video game: We scored a decent $29.95 deal at Mobshop.com, but the vid hadn't arrived as of press time. Hey, what the hell are we supposed to do in the meantime? Read?
Anal-pleasure book: We found several deals, not to mention anal-rific book reviews and anal-tastic commentaries. We settled for the simply anal-icious VarsityBooks.com overnight for $14.40.
Bottom line: This site's hit or miss, which is almost like having to go shopping for real.

STORERUNNER.COM

The deal: This site has neato features—a search engine by ZIP code that finds deals close to home and a Wish List option you can E-mail to relatives ("Dear Grandma, I want a chain saw, a mop, and Glad bags").
Live lobster: Clearwater.ca set us up with a $15.95 deal. And the crustacean had more pluck than a coke fiend!
Cell phone: To purchase the Nokia 918 for $99, we got bumped over to Decide.com, then to GTE Wireless, only to find that the plan we wanted wasn't available.
Video game: We paid $34.49 at GameFever.com—almost double what we paid at DealTime. Then the bastards sent us the wrong game!
Anal-pleasure book: StoreRunner couldn't find *Anal Pleasure & Health*. They suggested *Nature Walks in Eastern Massachusetts* instead (is there something about eastern Mass. we don't know about?).
Bottom line: Mediocre. The site gives up too easily. We want a shopping engine that's gonna go the distance—or die trying!



SHOP.GOTO.COM

The deal: With this shopping site, the difference between the "search" and "shopping" engines confused us. Ultimately it didn't matter, seeing that they both sucked.
Live lobster: We didn't catch a thing.
Cell phone: No one home. We hunted for 20 minutes and found dozens of cordless phones for home use—but no cell phone.
Video game: After what seemed like an entire NFL season, we found our vid at GameFever.com for $34.49.
Anal-pleasure book: Zilch. What a friggin' pain in the ass!
Bottom line: Stupid, lazy, and doesn't play well with others...We'd rather shop at Macy's on the day after Thanksgiving.

FINAL SCORE	
DEALTIME	4
MYSIMON	3
STORERUNNER	2
SHOP.GOTO	1

Photographs, Satoshi; prop stylist, Greg Meyer for Oliver/Piro

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BUYING GUIDE

REBELLIOUS BEHAVIOR

Page 180–181: Vest, $69, by Tommy Jeans, at department stores; trousers, $1,300, by Tommy Hilfiger Collection, at Tommy Hilfiger Beverly Hills. Suit, $1,150, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores; vest, $795, by Estate by Robert Talbott, and bowtie, $75, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott, both at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores, select Neiman Marcus stores and Robert Talbott stores; glasses, $485, by Lunor for Robert Marc Opticians, at Robert Marc Opticians, NYC. T-shirt, $110, vest, $180, and corduroy trousers, $360, by D&G Dolce & Gabbana, at D&G Boutiques, NYC and L.A.; sterling silver ring, $430, and cuff, $220, by Chrome Hearts, at Chrome Hearts, NYC

Page 182: Leather jacket, $1,600, by John Bartlett, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores, Jeffrey New York, and select Barneys New York stores; leather pants, $225, by Harley Davidson MotorClothes, at Genuine Authorized Harley-Davidson Dealerships, or visit www.harley-davicson.com; scarf, $250, by Tommy Hilfiger Collection, at Tommy Hilfiger Beverly Hills; ring, $430, by Chrome Hearts, at Chrome Hearts, NYC; boots, $140, by Dr. Martens, visit www.drmartens.com

Page 183: Jeans, $400, by Anglomania by Vivienne Westwood, at Jeffrey New York and Fast Forward, Seattle; shirt, $100, by Anglomania by Vivienne Westwood, at Jeffrey, NYC and Traffic, L.A.; sweater, $148, by New York Industrie by Staff Int., at Joli Jolie, Chicago; Gerry's Menswear, NYC; and Lisa Kline, L.A.; sterling silver ring, $430, by Chrome Hearts, at Chrome Hearts, NYC; boots, $130, by Dr. Martens, visit www.drmartens.com

Pages 184–185: Cardigan, $180, and pants, $165, by John Scher, at American Rag Cie, San Francisco and L.A.; wallet ball chain, $2,750, by Chrome Hearts, at Chrome Hearts, NYC; gloves, $22, by Harley Davidson MotorClothes, at Genuine Authorized Harley-Davidson Dealerships; or visit www.harley-davidson.com. T-shirt, $78, by Lascaux, at Intermix, NYC; pants, $165, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at select Polo Ralph Lauren stores; cuff, $290, by Chrome Hearts, at Chrome Hearts, NYC

Page 188: Checked kilt, $695, by Classic Burberry, at Burberry NYC; cutaway T-shirt, $78, by Lascaux, at Intermix, NYC; choker, $1,375, and silver band ring, $715, by Chrome Hearts, at Chrome Hearts, NYC. Kilt with crocodile belt, $875, by Jean Paul Gaultier Homme; (call (212) 632-9300; long underwear, $25, by 2(x)ist, at at Saks Fifth Avenue and Bloomingdale's; or visit 2(x)ist.com; tank, $15, by CBGB; visit www.cbgb.com; studded jacket, $430, by Harley Davidson MotorClothes, at Genuine Authorized Harley-Davidson Dealerships; or visit www.harley-davidson.com. sterling silver ring, $715, by Chrome Hearts, at Chrome Hearts, NYC

NEW CLASSICS

Page 194–195: All by John Varvatos: Shearling, $1,400, and shirts, $195 and $225, at John Varvatos store, NYC. Caps, $95 each, at Marshall Field, Barneys New York, and Steev 19. Belt, $125, at Charles Spiegel, Barneys New York, and Marshall Field. Trousers, $195, at Barneys New York; Neiman Marcus; and John Varvatos store, NYC. Poncho, $795, at Barneys New York, Marshall Field, and Saks Fifth Avenue. Jacket, $375, at Barneys New York; Tyrone; and John Varvatos store, NYC

JACKET ATTACK

Page: 190–191: Jacket, $79, by BC Ethic, at Bloomingdale's and Nordstrom; or visit www.bcethic.com. Jacket, $110, by Parasuco Jeans; call (877) PARASUCO. Jacket, $78, by Levi's Jeans; call (800) USA-LEVI, or www.levi.com. Jacket, $190, by Diesel, at Diesel Superstore, NYC; and Bloomingdale's, NYC; or visit www.diesel.com. Jacket, $79, by Tommy Jeans, at department stores; or visit www.tommy.com. Jacket, $102, by Guess?, at Guess? stores; or call (800) 39-GUESS. Jacket, $68, by Ecko Unltd.; visit www.ecko.com. Jacket, $85, by Nautica Jeans Company, at Macy's, Bloomingdale's, and Marshall Field; or visit www.nautica.com. Jacket, $259, by BCBG Menswear, at Bloomingdale's and Macy's. Jacket $110, by cK Jeans, at Macy's and Bloomingdale's

REVVED UP

Page198–199: Jacket, $2,600, and sweater, $1,190, by Tom Ford for Gucci, at select Gucci stores; or call (800) 234-8224

Page 200: Sweater, $1,195, and jeans, $195, by Ralph Lauren Purple Label, at Polo Ralph Lauren. Dolce Vita square chronograph, $1,195, by Longines; call (800) 879-2824

Page 201: Sweater, $895, and coat, $4,225, by Giorgio Armani, at Giorgio Armani stores, NYC, L.A., Boston, and Las Vegas; or call (212) 988-9191

Page 202: Sweater, $330, and trousers, $548, by Costume National Homme, at Costume National stores, NYC and L.A.; select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; and Traffic, L.A. Opposition watch, $850, by Longines; call (800) 879-2824

Page 203: Jacket, $19,500, at Calvin Klein, NYC. Shirt, $235, by Calvin Klein, at Calvin Klein, NYC, and Saks Fifth Avenue. Sweater, $523, by Dolce & Gabbana, at Neiman Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Giorgio, Couture, and pants, $1,039, by Dolce & Gabbana, at Dolce & Gabbana boutiques in New York, Houston, and Bal Harbour. Dolce Vita chronograph, $995, by Longine's, call (800) 879-2824 Sweater, $523, by Dolce & Gabbana; at Neiman Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Giorgio Couture Pants, $1,039, by Dolce & Gabbana at Dolce Gabbana stores in NYC, Houston, and Bal Harbour

THIRTY SOMETHINGS

Page 204–205: 30. Sunglasses, $475, by Chrome Hearts at Chrome Hearts, NYC; or call (212) 327-0707. 29. Pants, $44, by Levi's Jeans, call (800) USA-LEVI, or visit www.levi.com; shoes, $40, by Nike; visit www.nike.com. 28. Pants, $135, shirt, $193, and sweater, $132, all by BCBG Max Azria Menswear, call (8888) 636-BCBG; shoes, $65, by GBX; call (888) GBX-SHOE. 27. Shirt, $260, vest, $560, and pants, $460, all by Jason Bunin, at Jeffrey New York; Rolo, San Francisco; and Take Z, Washington D.C. 26. Jeans, $70, by Mecca USA; visit www.meccausa.com

Page 206–207: 25. Shirt, $170, by Slinky Vagabond, at Villains, San Francisco; PF, Portland; and American Rag , L.A. Pants, $195, by New York Industrie by Staff Int., at Lisa Kline, L.A.; Gerry's Menswear, NYC; and Barneys New York, NYC and L.A. 24. Shoes, $85, by Skechers Collection; visit www.SKECHERS.com. 23. Belt, $480, by Luxury Accessories International; call (877) 778- 4355; or visit www.luxuryaccessories.com. 22. Suit, $1695, and shirt, $275, by Baldessarini Hugo Boss, at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. 21. Pullover, $125, by Polo Sport Ralph Lauren, at select Polo Ralph Lauren stores

Page 208–209: 20. (from left) Sweaters, $821, by Brunello Cucinnelli, at Mario's in Seattle; Bergdorf Goodman Mens; and Scott Hill, L.A.; $148, by Gene Meyer, at Saks Fifth Avenue and Macy's West; and $128, by J Crew, at J Crew stores nationwide, and J Crew catalog, or visit www.jcrew.com. (from left) Pants, $195, by North 44, at Jacobson's in Michigan and Florida; or call (800) 295-7644, $158, by Gene Meyer, at Dayton's Hudson; $55, by J Crew; at J Crew stores nationwide and J Crew catalog; or visit www.jcrew.com. 19. Gloves, $20, by Ecko; visit www.ecko.com. 18. Turtleneck, $98, by DKNY at select Bloomingdale's and DKN, NYC. 17. Cell-phone holder, $25, by Body Glove, at Circuit City nationwide and Office Depot nationwide

210–211: 16. Both pants, $36, by Land's End; call (800) 356-4444; or visit www.landsend.com. (from left) Shirt, $95, by North 44; call (800) 295-7644. Shoes, $45, by GBX; call (888) GBX-SHOE. Shirt, $68, by Cullen; call (212) 575-1178. Shoes, $60, by Fila; visit www.fila.com. 15. Shirt, $175, by Theory, at Barneys New York and select Neiman Marcus. 14. Sweater, $80, by Timberland; call (800) 445-5545. 13. Socks, $45, by Dormeuil, at the Domeuil store, NYC. 12. (from left) Scarves, $88, by Gene Meyer, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Macy's West, and Dayton Hudson; $96, by NYBased, at Bloomingdales, NYC; Fred Segal, L.A.; and By George; $85, by BCBG Max Azria Menswear; call (888) 636-BCBG. (from left) Shirt, $148, coat, $538, and pants, $398, all by Gene Meyer, at Saks Fifth Avenue and Macy's West; boots, $225, by Donald Pliner; call (888) 307-1630. Sweater, $96, jacket, $89, and pants, $89, all by NYBased, at Bloomingdales, NYC, Fred Segal, L.A.; and By George; shoes, $45, by GBX; call (888) GBX-SHOE. Sweater, $191, pants, $159, and shoes, $150, all BCBG Max Azria Menswear; call (888) 636-BCBG

Page 212–213: 11. (from left) Sneakers, $36, by Reebok; visit www.rebok.com; or call (800) 648-5550; $60 by Fila; visit www.fila.com; $55, by Puma; call (800) 782-PUMA; or visit www.puma.com. (from left) Jeans, $58, by Mavi, at Nordstrom stores nationwide; Mavi store in NYC, and E Street Denim in Highland Park, IL. $44 at American Eagle Outfitters; or visit www.ae.com; $50, by Todd Oldham Jeans, at Todd Oldham stores, NYC and Miami; or visit www.toddoldham.com. 10. Pullover, $675, shirt, $60, pants, $135, and boots, $205, all by Joseph Abboud at select Nordstroms, select Saks Fifth Avenue, and select Bloomingdale's. 9. (from left) Tie, $40, by Claiborne, at The Bay, Canada; and Dayton's Hudson. Tie, $45, by Wilke-Rodriguez at Bloomingdale's, Macy's; or call (800) 44-WILKE. 8. Cuff links, $125, by Duchamp, at Bergdorf Goodman and Mr. Guy, St. Louis 7. Bag, $395, by Swiss Army; call (800) 442-2206; or www.swissarmy.com. 6. Sweater, $675, by Tommy Hilfiger Collection; call (800) 888-8802. Jeans, $58, by Levi's Jeans; call (800) USA-LEVI, or visit www.levi.com.

Page 214: 5. Jacket, $550, and belt, $35, by Reaction Kenneth Cole; call (800) KEN-COLE; or visit www.kc-reaction; shirt, $69, pants, $99, belt, and shoes, $185, all by Kenneth Cole New York, call (800) KEN- COLE, or visit www.kennethcole.com. Jacket, $595, by Andrew Marc, at Bloomingdale's. Shirt, $40, by Perry Ellis Portfolio, at Macy's, Dillard's, and May Company stores; pants, $52, by Dockers; call (800) DOCKERS; or visit www.dockers.com 4. Sweater, $975, and pants, $995, both by Marc Jacobs, at the Marc Jacobs store in NYC. 3. Pullover, $2,500, by Louis Vuitton, at Louis Vuitton, Soho, NYC, and Beverly Hills 2. Vest, $60, by White Sierra, call (800) 980-8688; or visit www.whitesierra.com. 1 (from left) Watch, $350, by Tissot; call (877) 879-5223; tie, $2,450, by Tag Heuer, visit www.tagheuer.com; or call (800) 321-4832

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Scott Schafer/Corbis Outline; Joan Obsorne: Paul Elledge/Corbis Outline; **p. 225:** Wyclef Jean: Cleo Sullivan/Corbis Outline **p. 230:** Cycle Sluts from Hell: Nick Elgar/London Features

CLOTHING CREDITS

p.124-125:sleeveless zip tee, Versus; leather hot shorts, Missoni; **p.126:** denim bikini, Liza Bruce; shoes, available at Diavolina, LA. **p.127:**cropped sweater, Missoni; knit briefs, available at Barneys, LA; shoes, available at Diavolina, LA; **p.128:**red t-shirt & zebra skirt, Roberto Cavalli **p.129:** jean jacket, Chaiken&Capone; "Red Cross" briefs, available at Super Red Balls, LA; red snake boots, available at Diavolina, LA**p.140-141:**oyster fake fur coat and scarf, Paola Frani at European Vertical NY; earrings, Yosca; **p. 142:**pink shirt, an'ge; black sequin skirt by Paola Frani at European Vertical NY; choker, Yosca; shoes, Agent Provocateur at www.agentprovocateur.com; **p.143:**green camisole top & blue lace skirt, Collette Dinnigan; **p.144:**red cardigan, Betty Jackson; top worn as skirt, Joop; shoes, DKNY; briefs, Agent Provocateur; **p.146:**black lace briefs & shoes, Agent Provocateur; **p.148:**multi fake fur coat, Collette Dinnigan; gold bikini bottoms, Joleynian; shoes, Jimmy Choo; choker, Delphine Charlotte Parmienter; **p.150:** on Dara, sheer blouse, DKNY; skirt, Avaria; shoes; Agent Provocateur; bikini; bottoms, Wolford; choker, Yosca; on Heather, black shirt, Collette Dinnigan; skirt, Dolce & Gabanna; bra, briefs & shoes, Agent Provocateur **p.156:**camo top, California Surplus, bullet mini, Hand Prop Room; **p.157:**bikini, BCBG, Everything But Water. **p.158:**bikini, Bisou-Bisou; **p.159:**bra & panty, CK Calvin Klein**p.172-173:**red lace bra and undies from Sara's Lingerie, Encino, CA, denim jacket by Diesel; **p.174:**black leather vest by Karla Dawn Behrle, Behrle Leathers, black/silvery briefs by Elisabetta Rogiani, LA, CA, black leather thigh high boots by Manolo Blahnik available from Montana Rader; **p.175:**white tank by Hanes, red patent leather mini skirt by Dolce & Gabbana, leopard boots by Jimmy Choo available from Montana Rader; **p.176:**leopard tank and briefs from Sara's Lingerie, Encino, CA, beige snake-skin thigh high booots by Gucci available from Montan Rader

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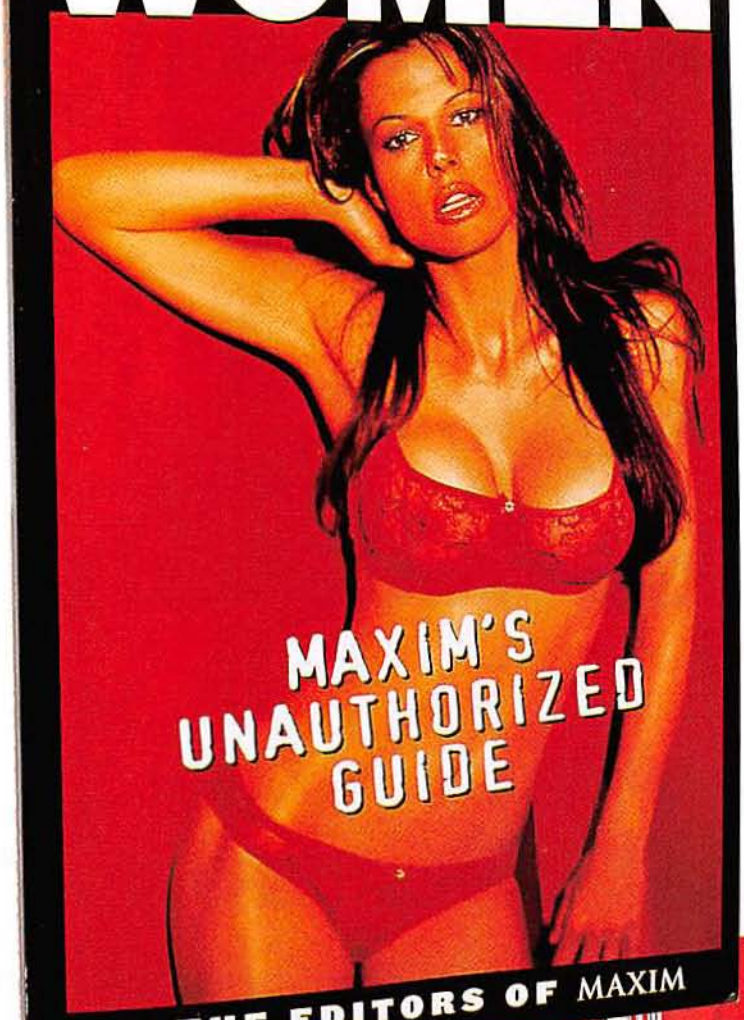

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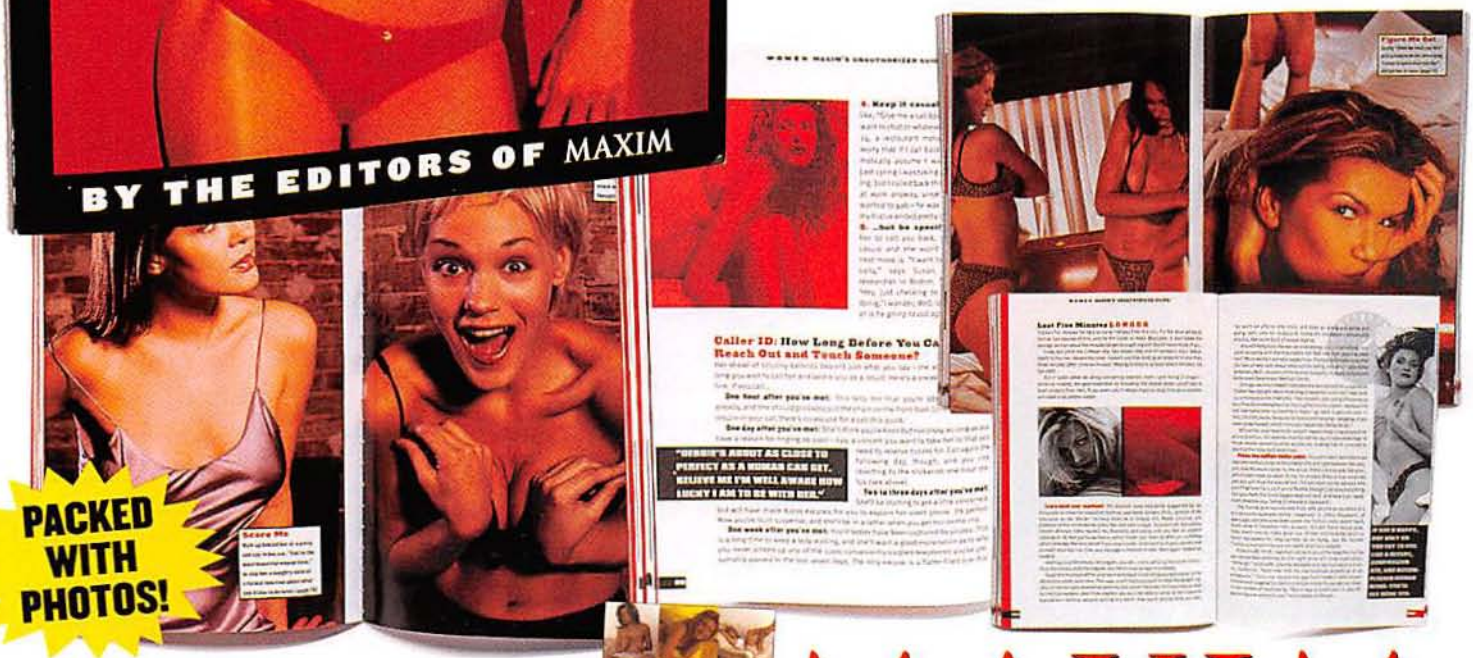
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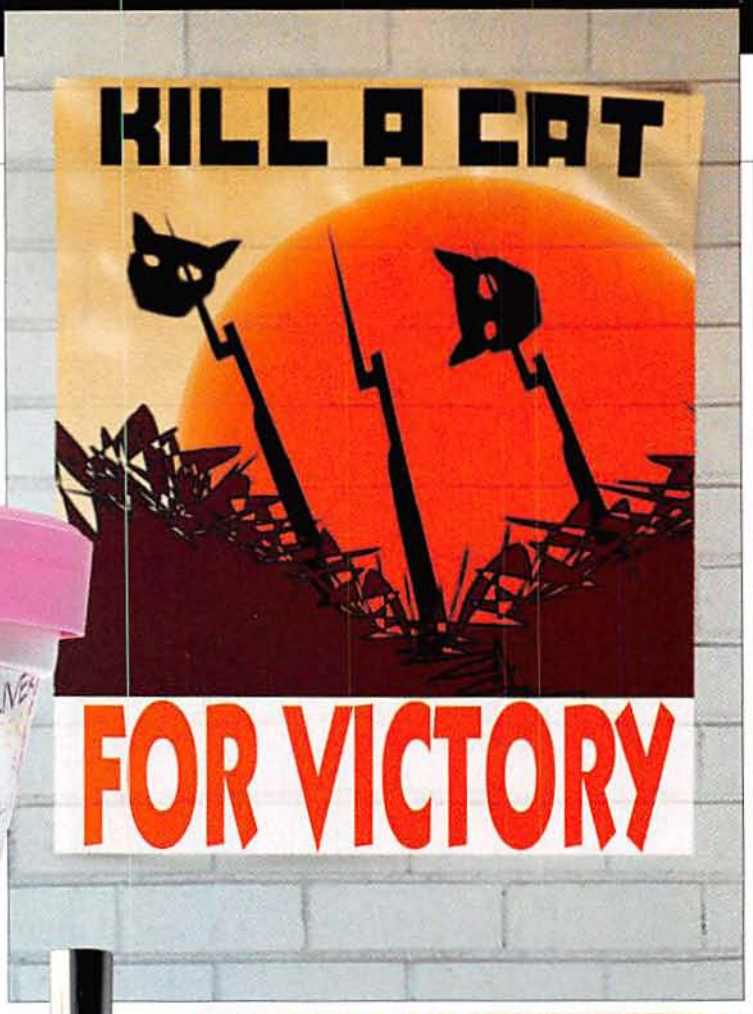

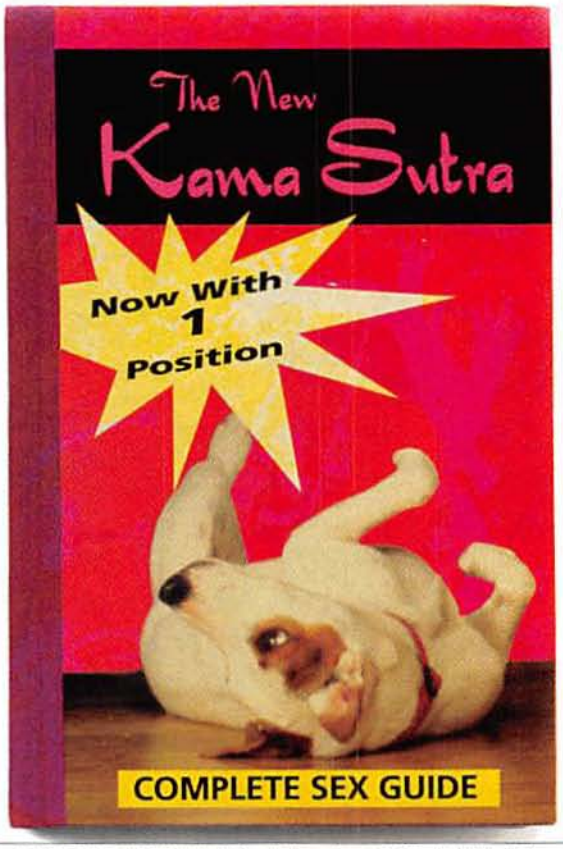

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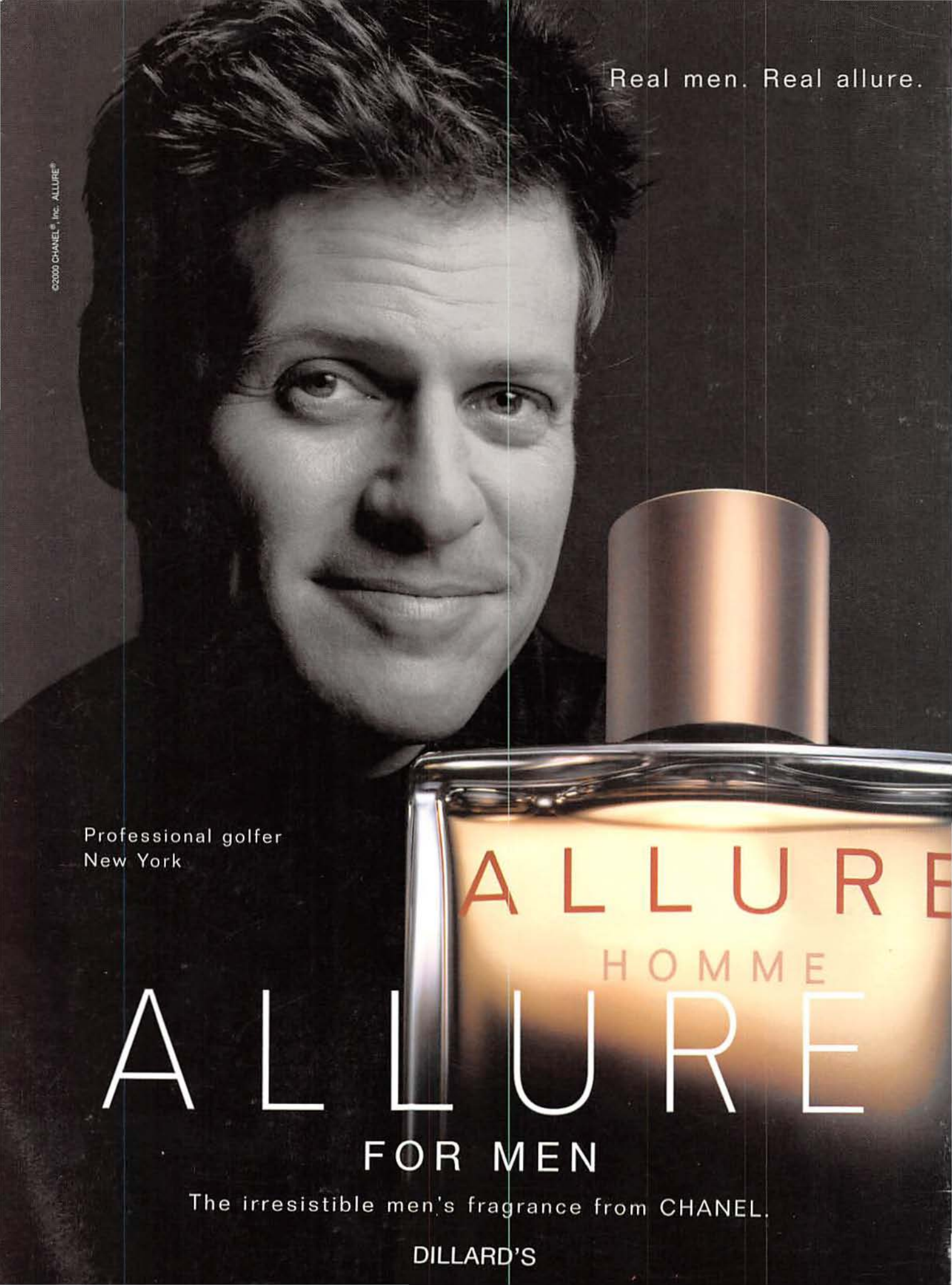
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